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1911

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1911



THE
NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

VOLUME V.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER INCLUSIVE.

1833.

Joseph Ficker
BY J. T. BUCKINGHAM.

C'
BOSTON:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
J. T. BUCKINGHAM.

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MISS LUCY ANN, CHD.

DEAR MISS LUCY ANN,

Affectionately Yr Son
(Edwin)

THE
NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1833.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

RETROSPECTION.

Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays — — —

Two years have now passed away from the calendar of Time since the first number of the New-England Magazine was presented to the public,—a candidate for their approbation,—and with them one of its editors has also passed away from the face of the Earth. The intelligence of this event was received while the last sheet of the last number was passing through the press. The period and the occasion seem to demand a brief explanation.

The New-England Magazine was the offspring and the property of EDWIN BUCKINGHAM. In projecting the work, the idea of making money was no part of the consideration. The elder of the editors had previously had sufficient experience in the publication of literary periodicals to enable him to feel how uncertain and delusive are all calculations of that sort. The other was just then passing that point in age where the law sets up a distinction between the man and the minor—ardent, ambitious, active, and panting for a pecuniary independence that should correspond in some measure to the fearless moral and intellectual independence, which had, from the days of childhood, been an imposing and distinctive trait in his character. He had, already, for several years, been co-editor of a daily newspaper—an employment that is usually supposed to demand labor enough, of both mental and physical powers, to relax the assiduity of an ordinarily industrious individual; but for HIM something more was needed,—and he sought this,—as a field for improvement in the pleasanter departments of literature, for the cultivation of a better taste, and for the development of faculties, that have no kindred with the noise and bustle of trade and the turbulence of politics. Such was the origin of

this Magazine. No promises were made, to win the favor of the public, except that it should be continued for *one year*, in order that none, who contracted to receive it for that period, should be disappointed. It has not failed to make its appearance on the first day of every month for *two years*; consequently no pledge was given that has not been amply redeemed.

But *HE*, by whom and for whom the Magazine has existed, is no more. Brief as its term has been, it has yet outlived its parent. In consequence of his declining health, for more than a year, the responsibility of conducting it has rested solely on the senior editor. It has met with all the favor that was expected—it has escaped the perils of earliest infancy, and is able *to go alone*. The surviving editor feels that natural affection, as well as duty to its generous friends, will not permit him to desert it now. It will, therefore, be continued by him.

To gratify the curiosity of some of the friends of the Magazine, it may be proper to mention, that the *political essay* under the title of “United States,” in No. 1,—the *original papers*, entitled “Letter on Orthography,” in No. 2;—“The First Day of April,” in No. 10;—and “A New Chapter in Natural History,” in No. 12, together with most of the *Literary Notices* in the first eight numbers, were written by the deceased editor. In the same numbers, also, the matter arranged under *Politics and Statistics, Universities and Colleges, Deaths, and Miscellanies*, was arranged and epitomized by him.

But a brief record and a passing remark remain to be added. EDWIN BUCKINGHAM was born in Boston, June 26, 1810, and died on board the brig *Mermaid*, May 18, 1833. His funeral rites were performed by an American sailor, in the presence of an unlearned but kind-hearted crew of foreigners; and his remains were committed to the bosom of the Atlantic ocean, which must be his grave and his monument, till time shall be no longer. Of the character of a son it does not become a father to speak; but he would wrong a parent’s feeling—nay, he would be less than man—if he did not acknowledge, with deep respect, the sympathy of cotemporaries, old and young.

Could Honor’s voice provoke the silent dust—

Could the regrets of friends and the kind sensibilities of less familiar acquaintance tempt the deep to surrender up its treasures—

Though Love itself had ceased to Heaven to pray,
And Grief had wept its fill, and Hope turned sick away—

then might the dead revive, and the living cease to lay it to his heart.

But, why should this be? The prison-wall of mortality is dissolved; he has tasted the wormwood and the gall; the bitterness of death is

passed, and "ages of happiness are bursting on the soul." Why should bereaved survivors wish to fix again upon earth that eye, which has already "caught the vision of God?" Who would turn back the footsteps of him, whose "march of eternity is begun?" J. T. B.

E. B. Spence

SPARE him one little week, Almighty Power !
Yield to his Father's house his dying hour ;
Once more, once more let them, who held him dear,
But see his face, his faltering voice but hear ;
We know, alas ! that he is marked for death,
But let his Mother watch his parting breath ;
O let him die at home !

It could not be :

At midnight, on a dark and stormy sea,
Far from his kindred and his native land,
His pangs unsoothed by tender Woman's hand,
'The patient victim in his cabin lay,
And meekly breathed his blameless life away.

* * * *

" Wrapped in the raiment that it long must wear,
His body to the deck they slowly bear :
How eloquent, how awful in its power,
The silent lecture of Death's sabbath hour !
One voice that silence breaks—the prayer is said,
And the last rite man pays to man is paid :
The plashing waters mark his resting place,
And fold him round in one long, cold embrace ;
Bright bubbles for a moment sparkle o'er,
Then break, to be, like him, beheld no more ;
Down, countless fathoms down, he sinks to sleep,
With all the nameless shapes that haunt the deep."

* * * *

Rest, Loved One, rest—beneath the billow's swell,
Where tongue ne'er spoke, where sunlight never fell ;
Rest—till the God who gave thee to the deep,
Rouse thee, triumphant, from the long, long sleep.
And You, whose hearts are bleeding, who deplore
That ye must see the Wanderer's face no more,
Weep—he was worthy of the purest grief ;
Weep—in such sorrow ye shall find relief ;
While o'er his doom the bitter tear ye shed,
Memory shall trace the virtues of the dead ;
These cannot die—for you, for him they bloom,
And scatter fragrance round his ocean-tomb.

C. S.!

STANZAS.

BY REBECCA THE JEWESS.

If I had Jubal's chorded shell,
 O'er which the first-born music rolled,
 In burning tones, that loved to dwell
 Amongst those wires of trembling gold ;
 If to my soul one note were given
 Of that high harp, whose sweeter tone
 Caught its majestic strain from heaven,
 And glowed like fire round Israel's throne :
 Up to the deep blue starry sky
 Then might my soul aspire, and hold
 Communion fervent, strong and high,
 With bard and king, and prophet old :
 Then might my spirit dare to trace
 The path our ancient people trod,
 When the gray sires of Jacob's race,
 Like faithful servants, walked with God !

But Israel's song, alas ! is hushed,
 That all her tales of triumph told,
 And mute is every voice that gushed
 In music to her harps of gold ;
 And could my lyre attune its string
 To lofty themes they loved of yore,
 Alas ! my lips could only sing
 All that we *were* but *are* no more !
 Our hearts are still by Jordan's stream,
 And there our footsteps fain would be ;
 But oh, 't is like the captive's dream
 Of home his eyes may never see.
 A cloud is on our fathers' graves,
 And darkly spreads o'er Zion's hill,
 And there their sons must stand as slaves,
 Or roam like houseless wanderers still.

Yet, where the rose of Sharon blooms,
 And cedars wave the stately head,
 Even now, from out the place of tombs,
 Breaks a deep voice that stirs the dead.
 Through the wide world's tumultuous roar
 Floats clear and sweet the solemn word,—
 " Oh, virgin daughter, faint no more,
 Thy tears are seen, thy prayers are heard.
 What though, with spirits crushed and broke,
 Thy tribes like desert exiles rove,
 Though Judah feels the stranger's yoke,
 And Ephraim is a heartless dove ;—
 Yet, yet shall Judah's Lion wake,
 Yet shall the day of promise come,
 Thy sons from iron bondage break,
 And God shall lead the wanderers home !"

REFLECTIONS ON MAN, HIS RELATIONS AND INTERESTS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF FREDERIC ANCILLON.

[Frederic Ancillon is a native of Berlin, was born in 1766, and is still living. He is a diplomatist, and is well-known on the continent of Europe for his political writings. The work, from which we have made a few extracts and translated them, was published in Berlin, in two volumes, in 1829. He writes both in German and French; but the character of his mind appears rather German than French.]

REPUTATION may be factitious, for it is the opinion of contemporaries; but Fame is never, for it is the judgement of posterity.

NOTHING is more noble than a woman of talents and high character who, from principle, devotes herself to petty household cares. The generality of women go through with such duties from instinct or from habit; they are not obliged to descend to find themselves on a level with their occupations. They neither see, nor desire, nor suspect any thing beyond.

PRINCIPLES are fixed, primitive and directing ideas, which have the more influence in proportion as they are more simple and less numerous. A want of ideas is often a reason for want of principles; but often, on the other hand, a number of ideas distracts our attention, and diminishes our power, and prevents any one of them from becoming the ruling one.

THERE are jesuits in politics as well as in religion. The principles of both are the same; both maintaining that the end sanctifies the means, and that every thing is permitted, or at least allowable, which contributes to the acquisition of power or the spread of particular doctrines.

THE whole art of war consists in the comparative calculation of the space and the time which alone give the means of directing large masses with safety and despatch towards a given point. To direct superior masses towards a weak point, or to render a strong point a weak one, both by rapidity and force, is the whole secret of victory.

ONE of the principal causes of the originality of the English poets is, that they do not pass their lives in society; that they do not write for society; and that, above all, they do not write to please women. They study the ancients; they understand the Latin and Greek poets much better than the French do; but they study nature still more, and are exempt from the ruinous influence of drawing-rooms.

It is not the perfection of Plutarch's style, which gives it its charm; it is rather its carelessness, arising from that delightful good-nature, which attracts us to the man and makes us feel sure of his veracity.

HOMER has been in ancient and modern times the immortal and unfading source of high and great poetry. All poets have read him again and again, studied him and owe to him, more or less, their most happy inspirations. He has, in particular, exerted a most magic power, over those poets, who have written epic poems. But it would be absurd to suppose that these poets would not have existed without him, and that, without him, we should not have had epic poems. On the

contrary, we might have had more bold, striking and original ones. Homer may have kindled the genius of poets, but he has perhaps prevented them from striking out new tracks. They have imitated him too much, to become themselves inimitable. In every career, especially that of poetry, the first one has an immense advantage.

BONAPARTE and Augustus have often been compared, but they resemble each other in only two respects. Both owed their elevation to the weariness of spirit induced in the minds of men by civil discords; both began by adopting republican forms and took shelter under them in order to destroy more surely the republic and to gain absolute power. In other respects, there was more prudence, calculation, and craft in the character of Augustus; more of abandonment, impetuosity and daring in that of Bonaparte. Not that he was a stranger to artifice, hypocrisy and political arithmetic; but he was, in the main, courageous and violent. Augustus, on the other hand, was cold and pusillanimous. This difference explains every thing. Both were deficient in elevation of soul, in enthusiasm, and in a certain natural magnanimity. Cæsar had them all, to a great degree.

I LOVE books, which make me forget the present. All new books, especially those of a troubled period, have more or less the impression of the times, which is an impression of confusion, because passions and interests do not permit either the opinions or the thoughts to become calm and fixed. Ages alone can accomplish that. It arises from this that ancient literature is like a cloudless heaven, under which we breathe an air more tranquil and more sweet.

THE language of the Greeks was at the same time the most poetical and the most metaphysical. Hence, they equally excelled in mythology, which is the philosophy of the imagination, and in metaphysics, which is the poetry of the reason.

ONE of the worst effects of civilization is, that in the actual condition of society, men eat too much and read too much. We do the one without appetite and the other without interest. We do not wait for the impulse in either case. The organs of the body and the powers of the mind are equally palsied under the quantity of aliment with which we load them.

THERE are some men who have not so much genius as ambition. Others have not so much ambition as genius. The first are ridiculous if they do not obtain their ends, and dangerous if they do. The others excite our admiration, both for what they are and for what they do not wish to be, but we lament their indifference and wish they had less of haughty disdain. Those, whose genius and ambition are equal, become easily masters of the world, for either circumstances favor them or they conquer circumstances.

THERE are two ways of arriving at the highest personal liberty; one is to have few wants and the other to have abundant means of satisfying them. The first method is easier than the latter, and yet it is the one most rarely made use of.

IT is often said that genius is the power of creating. It would be more proper to say that genius is the power of combining, for all the creations of genius are combinations of forms and images, of actions and events, of thoughts and deeds.

THOSE men who have more imagination than sensibility live much in the future; those who have more sensibility than imagination, live much in the past.

No man does in the world either all the good or all the evil he is capable of. This is not always to be attributed to the want of principle or the strength of it, but to the force of inertia, which is as real in the moral as in the physical world.

MEN who are not on good terms with themselves are not with any body else. They accuse the whole world in order that they may not be under the cruel necessity of accusing themselves.

Loggere
THE WOOD-DEMON.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GÖTHE.

According to an ancient superstition of the North, there were Demons, or Duses, of Fire, and Duses of Frost. When a person was frozen to death, it was supposed that he was seized by the Duses of Frost,—from whom we suppose our friend Jack Frost is a lineal descendant. Upon this superstition is founded the following simple ballad of the *Erlkönig*, which, for want of a better word, we translate Wood-Demon.

Who rides so late through the night-storm wild?

It is a father with his child.

He has the boy close in his arm,

He clasps him safely, he holds him warm.

"My son, why hidest thou thy face in fear?"

"Seest thou not, father, the Wood-Demon near?"

The Wood-Demon wild, with his crown and his train?"

"My child, 't is a wreath of the mist and the rain!"

'Thou lovely child, come go with me;

The prettiest games I will play with thee;

All kinds of sweet flowers are blooming there,

My mother has golden dresses to wear.

"My father! my father! and dost thou not hear,

What the Wood-Demon whispers so soft in mine ear!"

"Be quiet—be quiet, my poor little child!

Through the dry leaves whistles the night-wind wild!"

'My pretty child, wilt thou go with me?

Kindly my daughters shall wait upon thee;

Around thee their nightly dance shall they keep,

And rock thee, and dance thee, and sing thee to sleep!

"My father, my father! and seest thou not

The Wood-Demon's daughters in yon shady spot?"

"My son, my son! those forms I behold—

They are nought but the willows so gray and so old."

'I love thee—thy figure doth please me so,

That art thou not willing, by force thou shalt go!"

"My father! my father! he seizes upon me!

A dreadful hurt has the Wood-Demon done me!"

The father shudders; he hurries on,

And holds in his arms his groaning son.

He reaches his home with pain and dread,

And lo! in his arms the child is dead.

L.

THE PHILADELPHIA LADY.

ATHENÆUM GALLERY—NO. XX.

LADY! some missioned angel smiled
 Upon thee when thou wast a child;—
 For, in that pensive eye of thine,
 Celestial colors softly shine;
 And on that sweet, expressive face,
 The lustre of a quiet mind
 Mildly reposes—like the trace
 Of starlight trembling, as the wind
 Breaks the smooth mirror of the sea—
 Or like that strange, delusive light,
 When sleep has set the Fancy free
 To soar beyond the veil of night.

Can'st thou be real? art thou not
 Too beauteous for this earthly spot?
 Upon that brow so clear and high
 Has sorrow rested? has a sigh
 Or tear been thine, or any shade
 Of grief upon thy spirit laid?
 O yes! if in this dreary world
 One,—so divinely fair, around
 Whose form soft pinions should be furled,
 Like a dove's plumage—can be found;
 In hours gone by, some change to pale
 Thy morning splendor must have passed;
 Yet, all life's woes, like shadows, fail
 Before thy happy smile to last.
 Joy, tranquil joy, and mild content,
 In those angelic features blent,
 Tell, like some fountain's sparkling flow,
 That all is pure and bright below.

Still, thou hast crossed youth's flowery verge;
 And well I deem relentless Time
 Doth towards that path thy footsteps urge
 Where, just beyond their sunniest prime,
 The ripe fruits of the season fall,
 And purple clusters on the vine
 Droop from the greenly-mantled wall,
 In rich maturity, like thine.
 A perfect woman—fairest, best,
 Of all this world holds fair and good—
 If man, without thee, were unblest,
 How dark would be his solitude!

When, to the ancient sculptor's gaze,
 The perfect figure, that his art
 Could from the massy marble raise,
 Appeared like light,—his thrilling heart
 Could not have felt a deeper bliss,
 Than, when with life and beauty warm,
 Thy pencil, Sully, traced a form,
 So lovely and so true as this!

P. B.

MONTFORT AND ISABEL.

A TALE.

MONTFORT was the son of a wealthy and eminent citizen,—one of the Patricians of the Republic. Despite of the best paternal counsel, and the influence of domestic example, he early contracted habits of dissipation. His tastes seemed low by nature, and his irregularities had little in them to extenuate or redeem. The opulence of a too indulgent father yielded him the means of gratifying his vicious propensities; and, brought up with the notion,—which there are those always ready to instil into the ear of such a youth,—that his parent was possessor of immense riches to a large portion of which he would one day succeed, he plunged into every species of juvenile extravagance.

As Montfort advanced to the period of early manhood, his deportment was more painfully marked, and the admonitions of affectionate solicitude were redoubled. But vain were the remonstrances of kindred and friends,—vain the parental endeavor to change, or effectually to check, his depraved inclinations, to inspire him with a corrective sense of shame, and to induce him both to cultivate, by an altered demeanor, self-respect, and to lay claim to the confidence and the favor of the wise and good. Once, indeed, he seemed—it was but an illusion—to listen to the urgency of these appeals, and a favorable impression, it was hoped, had been wrought upon his sensibilities. To encourage him the more—as capacity for commercial pursuits was not wanting—and to disengage him from the meshes wherein he had been entailed, especially by removing him from the accustomed influences of profligate companionship, the kind father furnished him with a ship, which we will call the *Mermaid*, and, freighting it with a valuable cargo, sent him abroad in its charge, and for the purpose of general traffic. Instead of impressing specific directions, he inculcated the lesson, that the issue of the voyage would depend on Montfort's own prudence and integrity. As a still higher proof of confidence, and a motive to generous enterprise, the ship itself was made over to him as a free gift.

Thus provided, and followed by the parental blessing, the son, now arrived at mature age, embarked in a ship navigated, indeed, by the nautical skill of others, but all, both officers and men, under his sole command. He sailed first for the Canaries, and, after a prosperous voyage, put into one of the loveliest of those sweet isles. The usual letters and credentials, which, as a stranger, he brought, and which were tenderly silent respecting his past flagrant aberrations, gave him a ready pass to the hospitable attentions of many respectable colonists.

The father of Isabel was one who opened the door of his modest mansion to bid Montfort welcome. Vasquez (the name of that parent) was a descendant from one of those brave and spirited adventurers, who, not deterred by the unsuccessful attempts of the daring Herrera, at an earlier period, followed the fortunes of Fernando Lugo in his endeavor to subject the last and largest in the Canary group, and annex it, as a perpetual dependence, on the crown of Spain. This was in the year 1493, a few months subsequent to the brilliant discoveries of Columbus in the New World. Though many of the earlier

settlers in these islands, or their descendants, attracted by the fame of the Western Hemisphere, wandered thither and took up there a permanent abode; others, among whom were the ancestors of Vasquez, preferred a quiet heritage within the soft, sunny retreats of these insulated shores. The fertility of the soil, the salubriousness of the clime; the aromatic airs, breathing from groves of ever-blooming flowers; the happy position, moreover, of the Canary Cluster, in the track of the fleets, outward bound, or returning with the riches of Peruvian mines, and the spices of the more distant east,—these various advantages made a residence on these spots so desirable, that a home there came no longer to be looked upon in the light of banishment, nor removal from the land of their fathers, a separation of pain or of sacrifice. No greener isles gem the ocean; no shores, embosomed in emerald waves, salute with lovelier aspect the sun in his rising. Happy the dwellers on those little sea-girt domains, whose tranquility has seldom been invaded by the stormy influences of those distant wars, which have so often swept and ravaged the territories of either hemisphere; doubly happy, if erst their frank and courteous hospitality had never been abused by the greeted guest, to wound the peace of those affections, of whose unsuspecting warmth he was made the unworthy object.

Calmly and contentedly the ancestral family of Vasquez in their successive generations had lived. They were blessed with a competency that put them above ordinary vicissitudes, until the period of the disastrous checks of all colonial trade produced by the spreading wars resulting from the revolution of regicide France. The lucrative commerce, which had flowed through the channel of the Canaries then ceased. Vasquez was himself a conspicuous sufferer. Reduced in wealth, yet, rich in conscious integrity, the inheritance of good birth, and an unbroken feeling of independence, he still continued to occupy the same reputable sphere in society to which he was born. An amiable family of daughters repaid the solitudes of a fond parent in their behalf, with the tenderest devotedness of affection. Isabel, one of these, was a maiden of touching loveliness of face and person, possessed of a singular sweetness of disposition and manners, and a heart warm and susceptible. The latter communicated a slight tinge of enthusiasm to her character, heightening the general interest, which a first acquaintance with her other engaging qualities inspired. The fervid suns of sixteen summers, which her age had numbered, had embrowned her dimpling cheek; yet, uniting with the glow, which youth and health and buoyant spirits imparted, they lent her the complexion of an attractive brunette, the charm of whose features was completed by the sparkling lustre of dark and joyous eyes. Montfort saw and admired her; and, yielding to the influence, which his heart at once felt when brought within her presence, he sought her society and the sweets of a frequent converse. Such intercourse, with a creature so fair, and so love-inspiring, could not fail, in no long time, to ripen admiration into a deeper and softer sentiment. Montfort's inclinations, though fickle, were susceptible of quick and lively impressions; and, though purity had no seat in his soul, it is probable that, in the present instance, his attachment took the complexion of an honorable affection; and, despairing of making the possessor of so much grace and innocence his own on any other terms than those of virtuous, wedded

love, he conceived the project of such proposals as might be listened to with propriety, and place him in a situation to claim her as bride should his affections wear a stability. While these thoughts were passing in his mind, days and weeks of intoxicating bliss stole by with feathered step. The charm of hospitable courtesies within the delightful abode of Vasquez,—the social entertainment, the gay song and the light dance,—rural promenades in the embowered walks without, and the occasional romantic drive,—these and various other amusements succeeded in cheerful round, and Montfort felt, or fancied himself, happy.

As he was possessed of no unprepossessing person and address, and as his attentions were marked and constant to the innocent object of his growing attachment, Isabel, from the moment she perceived the interest she inspired, and marked the warmth of that interest daily augmenting, began to view her suitor with feelings of complacency, and a natural return of affection was the reward of the preference which Montfort manifested. A stranger to the arts of coquetry, and the practised lures well known in the crowded saloons of fashion,—with a bosom ignorant of guile, and unsuspecting of deceit or change in others,—she yielded to the impulse of her heart, and the whole warmth of her ardent soul repaid love for love.

As time thus waned, the season of opportunity was wasting to obtain a favorable disposal of the Mermaid's valuable freight. Intelligence was brought of the demands of a certain mart in the west of Europe, for the chief commodities which the cargo comprised, and the captain urged repeated and respectful solicitations, that the voyage might forthwith be resumed, and be prosecuted thither. Montfort at length saw the propriety of this, and resolved, seriously, upon leaving the enchanted isle. The hope of securing a father's approbation, which motives of selfishness, in the absence of all other considerations, might be enough to produce in the mind of common reflection, and the desire of obtaining future opportunities of indulging a wandering taste, to which he found himself thus early attached, were inducements to him to listen favorably to the suggestions often repeated, and to seek the port already intimated. When this intention was made known to Vasquez and his family circle, kind regrets were expressed for the necessity of Montfort's departure, but no obstacles were thrown in his way, no solicitations to induce a change in his determination. It was naturally deemed that he best understood his responsibilities, and what duty required of him; and the kind friends, in whose society he had passed so many happy hours, prepared themselves to acquiesce in the speedy separation announced. The feelings of Isabel may, indeed, be conceived; her heart was at length unveiled to her, and she saw that her peace and happiness were wholly in Montfort's disposal; but she hid her emotions, or at least did not indulge their utterance, and the sighs, or the tears, which escaped her, were breathed, or shed, in retirement.

Montfort, however, was otherwise resolved than to part from so lovely a creature if any means presented themselves of inducing her to follow his fortunes. He availed himself of an occasion to make formal declarations of his love, and protestations, if his addresses were accepted, to make Isabel his own,—his wedded, honored bride, as

soon as circumstances should admit of this step. He represented the propriety of communicating first with his father, whose consent, nevertheless, to his marriage, he doubted not of obtaining ; but alleged that it was expedient that, in addition to the opportunities of education she had already enjoyed, which, though the best that her native isles offered, were necessarily inferior to those obtained in the polished kingdoms of France or England, higher facilities ought to be placed within her reach. With this view, in order, moreover, to her acquiring a familiar acquaintance with his own language, along with other accomplishments, to fit her the better to enter the sphere, which he finally proposed for her, he urged the request that Isabel would accompany him in charge to the port whither he was shortly to proceed, to be established in some suitable seminary, till such a time as he could claim her under the fond and sacred title of wife. He besought the assent to this, not only of the fair maiden, whose inclinations already pleaded in his favor, but of him to whose counsel she ever looked as law ; and, to give Vasquez higher proofs of his perfect fairness, and the sincerity of his heart, he pleaded permission to exchange a solemn affiancement of future marriage with the daughter, which guarantee, if unredeemed on his own part, would subject him to the criminality of blackest perfidy. What placed his intentions above all distrust, and rendered them apparently the most honorable and high-minded, Montfort further proposed that a younger sister of Isabel should go with her as a companion, for whose comfort and education he would in like manner make provision in the interim till the marriage.

The proposals were at length assented to ; Montfort plighted his sacred vow one day to lead to the hymeneal altar the blushing young creature, who, in return, was affianced to him, and the necessary arrangements for the departure of the now happy Isabel, and the scarcely less happy Annette, were soon completed. Leave taking only remained. The pain of this, keen as it was to Vasquez and the other members of his before unbroken little family, was naturally diminished to the fair sisters, one of whom felt that she was thenceforth to have a protector for life in the person of her loved Montfort, and both anticipated romantic delight from the new scenes in the wide world shortly to open upon them. They experienced much the same joyousness of animation in quitting the isolated territories wherein their peaceful lot had been cast, that the feathered warblers of their own isles are wont to manifest when temporarily released from their wiry prisons to flutter in the free air. A few pearly drops rolled from their suffused eyes when they threw a last look on the sweet and verdant shores now receding from the ship's gallant track ; but the thought of pleasures soon to be tasted amid other scenes, and of shores prouder, if haply less lovely, that ere long would be viewed, upheaving themselves from the blue main, restored cheerfulness to their hearts, and the glancing light of smiles shortly succeeded to the passing shades of sadness.

The voyage was attended with no accident. Propitious gales filled the swelling canvas ; and the Mermaid bounded blithely over the gentle waves as though conscious of the new and precious charge which she bore. Montfort observed a becoming decorum in his attentions, and Isabel and Annette knew not as yet what sorrow was.

The haven was now approached. The bold promontory, which marks its entrance, was seen lifting its brow above the green and heaving surge, and at length the ship was safely moored within the circling shores of a bay, which expands its bosom to the fleets of every nation.

In the neighborhood of H— a desirable retreat for Isabel was found—a seminary, managed by a kind and accomplished governess, who took the charge of a limited number of misses, instructing the elder in the higher branches of a polite education, and receiving such rather in the light of companions than of pupils. Her affectionate little sister—the sweet-tempered and sprightly Annette—was placed in the same abode, and a new vista of happiness seemed opening to their view.

Montfort was a frequent visitant ; and, in his interviews with Isabel, renewed again and again declarations of impassioned love, and avowed an impatience under the cruel delay,—so he termed it,—of the period when he could call her *his* by the tenderest earthly ties. He spoke of her to all as his destined wife, as already his own by solemn verbal betrothment, and Isabel was regarded as questionless the bride elect of Montfort.

His stay at H— was protracted for some weeks, during which, however, circumstances occurred, which developed to the eyes of many the deformity and recklessness of his character. He found there incentives to many irregularities that were denied opportunities of indulgence among the comparatively primitive and virtuous residents of those secluded isles he had so recently left. His early depravation of tastes revived on the baneful aliment presented anew, and, by rapid relapse, he fell into divers shameful excesses. Still he was noticed and flattered by not a few, who knew by report the distinguished respectability of Montfort's father, and whose attentions to the son were a tribute of deference to the parent's honored name. In the families of these he was presented to several brilliant fair ones, the superior finish and studied display of whose attractions seemed to reproach the modest unobtrusive beauties of the simpler Isabel. His vain and fickle heart gradually opened to new impressions, and his attachment to the confiding innocent, whom he had conducted to a land of strangers, began first to fluctuate, and next to cool. The love, contrarily, of that pure being knew no other change towards him than that of daily augmenting fervor. His indiscretions,—to apply no harsher term,—reached not her ear ; and *had* they been reported they would have gained no credence in a bosom that could not admit a thought derogatory to him whom her soul loved. In her eyes he was all excellence. She dreaded, moreover, no abatement nor wavering in his affections, for she measured their strength and fidelity by the conscious fervidness and unchangeable durability of her own. Guileless herself, she suspected and dreamed not of possible deception in another so entirely dear.

Though Montfort's visits, therefore, became less regular and frequent, Isabel imputed the circumstance to some good cause, and regretted the change only as a deprivation in part of what had constituted her chief pleasure. When he appeared, she but redoubled her own expressions of gladness and affection, and, instead of chiding, sought only to solace one, whose attention she supposed was, in the intervals of absence, anxiously occupied by the cares of business. If,

in his manner, there was more of an air of hurry, and less of a lover's warmth than she had been wont to observe,—if an impatience to abridge the periods of interview was occasionally perceived, still her love was a stranger to alarm, and peace was no less an inmate of her bosom. Did he hint at times that obstacles unforeseen might prevent his father's sanction of a union with one so utterly unknown to him as the gentle creature, who, nevertheless, with hope of such sanction, had been wooed away from home, and kindred, and country! the faint shade, that flitted across her mild features, was succeeded by the beaming expression of confidence in her own Montfort; nor could she doubt that the same paternal indulgence, whereon he had so often expatiated, would yield compliance with any wish or representation of a son so endeared. But the time was approaching, when her love was to be put to a severer test than she had yet known, or the ardor of any common attachment could have sustained.

Montfort, having resolved on a homeward voyage, and every arrangement for that purpose being completed, met Isabel on a final visit. She received the intelligence of his immediate departure with a gush of grief. Even he himself felt or well feigned a sadness suited to the occasion, yet sought to soothe the afflicted girl with tender, and honest accents. He reminded her that his return to America was necessary to bespeak and ensure his father's approval of the engagements he had formed with her. He encouraged her with the prospect that the period of their mutual separation would be short, and gave repeated and the strongest assurances, that, however protracted in any event its term should prove, one happy effect of absence would be a constant increase of his own affections for his lone and doubly-deserving Isabel. She listened, and assumed composure along with a certain degree of cheerfulness. Perchance, doubting not the painfulness of her Montfort's feelings, she struggled the more to subdue or disguise her own,—anxious lest concern for herself might deepen the sadness, which already she believed was preying upon his heart. But was it the presentiment of evil to come,—the influence of which the drooping spirit well *knows*, when often it is unable to define it,—that gave languor to every smile which essayed to play from her sweet lips? The heart it is, which is conscious of its own bitterness, and its firmness may effectually be unmanned by shadowy forms of impending ill, whose agency is no less imperceptible to itself than to the eye of others. In the present case, the partial melancholy, so soft and touching as it was, which stole over her features, communicated to them new interest, and Montfort silently felt that never had Isabel appeared more engagingly lovely, than in those moments of approaching separation. At length, the deferred adieu was exchanged, and Montfort turned from the abode of the saddened exile, the door of which he was never after to enter.

Isabel was left but scantily supplied with funds. Promises, indeed, were liberally made of timely and suitable remittances; how these were fulfilled, the sequel will show.

After a prosperous voyage, Montfort was restored to the paternal roof. He was welcomed with affectionate warmth on his return, and the results of the voyage appeared, at least in a pecuniary view, to have been sufficiently satisfactory to his provident parent.

Whether the latter was apprised of the promises and engagements, which the son had plighted to the virtuous Isabel, may be questioned. If the information were imparted, we must presume, either that Montfort basely gave, or permitted to be entertained, impressions derogatory to the pure and blameless character of the forsaken girl; or else that the pride of the patrician, coupled with other and favorite views in behalf of Montfort, impelled the father to exercise his parental authority in forbidding a connection with the fair stranger to be thought of more. The latter was the inference, it is proper to state, which Montfort himself was desirous to have received by those, who were acquainted with his previous conduct and professions towards Isabel; and, if true, his volatile attachments, which time and absence had united more effectually to estrange from her modest charms, made submission to the paternal will no ways difficult or objectionable. But, on either of the foregoing suppositions, it cannot be doubted that the opulent and high-minded father made provision for the remittance of adequate supplies to enable the hapless maiden to defray the pecuniary demands which her continued residence at H— had, in the interval, rendered unavoidable, and to furnish her and the equally unoffending little partner of her disappointments, with the means of returning to the distant home they had left. Yet, certain it is, not one dollar of such provision ever reached its intended destination; and, if entrusted to Montfort, it was diverted and abused to his after flagitious courses.

Another voyage was arranged for Montfort; and once more in the *Mermaid* he embarked, to proceed first to a West-Indian port. Alas! could the eye of the father have followed him thither, the hopes and encouragements he had begun recently more fondly to entertain, had been bitterly dashed, and the last cheering augury had forever been crushed. Montfort there gave himself up to the most shameless revels. He was equally notorious for libertinism and intemperance; and so offensive was his conduct at a respectable boarding-house, where he took residence shortly after his arrival at the port, that the other guests made unanimous representations to the conductor of the establishment, that they would all leave and seek accommodations elsewhere, unless Montfort were forthwith dismissed.

And thus this young man,—gentleman he cannot be called,—who, by his connections, might have enjoyed an honorable reception in many of the best families of the populous and flourishing city where this occurrence took place, had his deportment but proved tolerably decorous, was expelled with disgrace his very boarding-house. He then betook himself for quarters to the *Mermaid*. Whether by the influence of similar propensities, or the contagion of sottish example, the officers and others of the ship's complement had become, in like manner, noted for gross irregularities, and the former were known, together with their reckless young master, to soak themselves frequently to complete ebriety.

Among the vessels then in port, it chanced that Capt. Ashton's was one. During his visits on shore, accident threw Montfort repeatedly in his way, and it was there that his acquaintance with him commenced. He sedulously shunned, however, a familiar intercourse with the unblushing profligate, and ever declined the invitations, which were pressed upon him to visit the latter on ship-board.

Not long after, Capt. Ashton set sail for Europe, bound to the port which Montfort had visited on his former voyage, and in the neighborhood of which he had left, as related, the faithful Isabel. Montfort knew of his going thither, yet sent her, by this convenient medium, neither letter nor message. It was not, indeed, till Capt. Ashton's arrival at H— that he learned any of the circumstances of the union contemplated between that now neglected lady and her former suitor. He was apprised of the particulars from several benevolent friends, whose sympathies and respect for the unfortunate Isabel had been awakened by her many amiable qualities, her interesting appearance, and the unmerited and as yet inexplicable desertion of her by Montfort. For it appeared that hitherto no communications had been transmitted to her from him, and she was left to pine under the injuriousness of such silence, and vainly to conjecture the causes which induced it. Still she clung to the unshaken conviction of his fidelity and truth, and would listen to nothing that reflected even distantly upon, or, in the least, criminated, the honor or the worth of her idolized Montfort. During the tedious interim since his departure, as one weary month succeeded another, she had diligently availed herself of every opportunity for improvement. Personally, her accomplishments and charms now admitted of no further grace. Lovelier than the blushing morn of early May, she seemed the sweet abstraction of beauty's self; but, all unconscious of such fascination, she only sought to add to the embellishments of her mind. In pursuit of these, her ever stimulating motive was to render herself more worthy the admiration, and of the respectful as well as tender homage of her absent Montfort. If the unbidden tear occasionally started to her eye and dimmed its lustre, as the thought of his protracted separation and silence arose in her mind, it was quickly brushed away. For she reassured herself by the remembrance of his parting, impassioned declarations, and reflected that the lengthened delay of his return would enable her, by unabating ardor for higher improvement, to appear doubly estimable in his eyes when the period of absence should once be terminated. Already she had made distinguished proficiency in the English tongue, and had obtained a competent knowledge of the French, in addition to a polished accuracy in her own familiar and silver-toned Spanish. The accomplished governess, in whose charge she remained, contracted the sincerest friendship for her fair protégè, and nought but respect to the character and expectations of an affianced bride of the wealthy Montfort, prevented her from making proposals to Isabel to assume with her a partnership in the responsible and yet lucrative cares of her popular seminary.

Capt. Ashton, on learning her situation, and the lively interest it inspired, communicated the fact of his having recently met with Montfort; and, though he had little information to impart of an encouraging nature, and, withal, naturally surprised in finding himself the bearer of no tidings,—not even a kindly salutation,—from Isabel's reputed lover,—yet expressed a willingness to visit the lady and give such intelligence as might tend, in some measure, to allay her anxieties. Accompanied, therefore, by a respectable inhabitant of H— he called and was introduced. Had not a sense of delicacy withheld him from wounding more deeply the peace of Isabel, by disclosing what he

knew of the flagrant misdemeanors, and the unprincipled habits of Montfort, he could not have found it in his heart to break the information after witnessing the state of her mind and the unfaltering strength of her attachment. He spoke not, therefore, of the dissipation and dissoluteness of that recreant; or, if he did, it was only in cautious and distant allusions, which Isabel would but faintly comprehend. Her affections seemed so confiding and ardent, that the plainest disclosures would probably have been little credited; and who would blast at a word that comfort in another, which the slow canker of time would full surely corrode and consume?

The appearance of Isabel, as described by Capt. Ashton, was at this time interesting in the extreme. Her countenance exhibited an expression slightly pensive, and perhaps, thereby, it was more peculiarly winning; and the traits of character, which it disclosed, bespoke irresistibly both favor and respect. Her manners, which were simple and graceful, were marked by that air of due modesty and feminine reserve, which can never be successfully affected. Annette was present at the interview, a pretty little Miss, scarcely less engaging for her years, but whose sprightlier looks indicated that she was a stranger at least to much of that anxiety, which had begun so early to waste the joys and shadow the once fair hopes of her elder sister.

Isabel inquired anxiously of her visiter concerning Montfort. She asked if no letters were entrusted from him to Capt. Ashton to be delivered to her hands;—what prospects there were of Montfort's speedy coming to H—, and whither the calls of business had led him during his lengthened absence. She interrogated him most tenderly respecting his health and welfare; and all the love of a betrothed maiden flashed from her full dark eyes as she pursued these and other inquiries.

Capt. Ashton, it should be noted, was trained up, like most of his profession, with no tincture of sickly sentimentality in his composition; nor more of weakness could his feelings ever betray than any heart susceptible of generous emotions at all. But he confessed to the writer of these sketches, that the interview just recorded was one of the most affecting incidents of his life. He added, with a sensibility, which did honor to his character, that he left the interesting Isabel with grief that he could not more effectually relieve her solitudes, nor save her the further disappointments she must feel in the continued mysterious silence of Montfort.

While Capt. Ashton remained at H—, there was a public exhibition of the state of the seminary and the progress of its pupils, at which the two sisters had been placed. It was attended by numbers of the respectable gentry from the vicinity. He was also invited to be present. He represented that the appearance and attainments of Isabel attracted peculiar attention, and were remarked by all with applause.

From H— Capt. Ashton shortly proceeded to another port, whence he sailed direct for the United States. Leaving him for the present we will next turn to inquire for Montfort.

The latter, meanwhile, had left the West-Indies and departed for A——, in the Low Countries. His term of stay there is not known; but it appears that, during it, he transmitted thence not one line, nor one farthing of remittance, to her, all whose hopes centred in him. His going thither was not even known to Isabel, much less his prox-

imity, while there, dreamed of by her. In proceeding to, and returning from A——, it was necessary for Montfort to pass almost within gunshot of the harbor of H—; and can it be supposed that no sympathy, not one stirring of compunction, wrought within his breast as he looked upon those green hills, within whose seclusion that gentle and guileless spirit still nursed her languishing hopes?

Tracing his further wanderings, we next find him making a port in the Brazils. From motives, which it is vain to examine, and perhaps scarcely known to his own wayward mind, he there determined on a stay of some months. By an unlooked-for channel, intelligence of this was brought to Isabel. The resolution, which she framed in consequence, marked the ardor and adventurousness of that love of woman, "stronger than death," which conscious of purity, when in quest of its chosen aim, no obstacles can withstand nor no dangers appall.

Her long experience of the bitterness of "hope deferred;"—despair of at least soon seeing, otherwise, him whom she had fondly and faithfully loved;—the surviving faith of that unsuspecting affection, which led her to presume that she must be of equal estimation in the eyes of one, whose image reigned triumphant in her bosom,—all impelled her to the purpose of undertaking a voyage, remote and dreary though it should be, across the Western Ocean, that she might once more behold and rejoin the object of her attachment. Perhaps the consciousness of the straitened state of her still narrowing stock of funds—a fact which could not be disguised from herself, and which threatened, if she continued in her present situation, the humiliating alternative of dependence,—this, to repeat, may have lent the color of reasonableness to her views of the propriety of the step which she planned. But she justified her decision on other grounds. Did any whisper the unworthiness of Montfort, or hint the rumors of his criminal courses? Her presence might admonish and reclaim him. Did they suggest the possible decay or alienation of his affections, and that all his former protestations of undying attachment would only prove as the "dicer's oaths?" Could she doubt on being restored to him with those charms still blushing, which first won his love, and with that proof of devotion, which her following him over a mighty waste of waters would heroically offer,—that his tenderness would not revive and put forth anew, and under the shade of its spreading canopy her own fond spirit might find repose, and taste the sweets of returning happiness? As she dwelt on these gladsome anticipations, she recked not for the privations or endurances that must be encountered ere realizing her bright visions; and ill could she have brooked any hindrance to the immediate execution of her purpose.

An opportunity was not long in presenting itself for the fulfilment of her wishes. At that time, in the harbor of H—, was the Loire,—a French vessel, destined for the very port in the Brazils whence tidings of Montfort had reached the ear of Isabel. It was navigated by Mons. Hilaire, a commander of experience and irreproachable worth. The friends of Isabel interested themselves in arranging for her passage, and recommending her to the kindly attentions and protecting care of that excellent man. Her chief solicitude was in behalf of her younger sister; but in this she was relieved by the cordial offer of the friendly and matronly governess, in whose charge they each had hitherto been,

to retain the affectionate Annette, and watch over her with parental concern till the return of Isabel, or till her further pleasure should be known. The inadequateness of the latter's means, altogether precluded the additional cost of another's passage. And, whatever might be the comfort of a sister's presence, Isabel would naturally have been unwilling, from mere selfish considerations, to have taken along with her so young a creature, and subjecting her to a share in those exposures and inconveniences incident to a long voyage, which, nevertheless, she herself was willing to brave, in hope of the ultimate happiness her heart promised her in store.

The day at length arrived when Isabel was to take leave of that dear retreat, in which she had spent so many pleasing hours followed by others, and more, of bitterness. A few impassioned kisses were exchanged with her beloved Annette, mingled with a flood of mutual tears; and kindest farewells were reciprocated with the amiable guardian, who esteemed them each as her own. Embarked under the protection of M. Hilaire, she experienced from him both the courtesy and deference she had been encouraged to expect. The vessel encountered two or three severe gales, which it safely outrode, and without other accidents deserving of note, arrived, after a passage of a few weeks, at the destined strand.

The mingled feelings, with which Isabel set foot upon a shore where she doubted not of soon finding her loved Montfort, we will not attempt to portray. She lost no time in inquiring his address; and, ascertaining that he had taken a residence in the suburban quarter of O——, she procured a conveyance to repair thither. As the vehicle wound up the rugged acclivity, crowned by that romantic bourg, how did she chide its tardy pace! Fain would she have taken wings, and flown to her Montfort's home. To repress impatience, or to still the crowding and yet joyous emotions, which agitated her breast, was all in vain. But already was she nigh the wished-for abode; soon was she to behold anew the form of her Montfort, and, after following him across an ocean of a thousand leagues, she persuaded herself that she was forthwith to have all her trials requited, and every dream of bliss abundantly realized. Like a dove, long separated from a protecting mate, weary of wandering, but happy in the prospect of soon regaining its peaceful haunt,—like such a lone fugitive, whom this friendless maiden resembled not more in simplicity than in constancy, she hoped ere long to drop her aching head on the bosom of one, whose affections she felt would only be redoubled by the steadiness of her own attachment,—of *one*, who, thenceforth, would never cease to protect her, nor “suffer the winds of heaven to visit her face too roughly.”

Alas, poor innocent! Little didst thou list the cruel reception, which awaited thee.

The dwelling of Montfort was beheld. In a moment, Isabel was at the door. She saw him whom her bosom idolized; and, almost fainting for excess of joy, rushed towards his embrace.

And how was she greeted?

Montfort at first regarded her with the appearance of real astonishment; then, without one sweetening word, or sign of kindly welcome, coldly inquired the object of her coming without a summons from him; demanded the particulars of her voyage, and whether alone or attended

she had undertaken it. He poured his questions with a volubility, which barely left momentary intervals of reply, intermixing them with sarcastic insinuations, which were followed up by the unsparing language of reproach and denouncement. Gratuitously he charged her with infidelity, asserting, forsooth ! that the virtue of no female is impregnable ; that it was impossible for the chastest of her sex to be a solitary cabin passenger on board a French ship, and yet be proof against the base advances, which its commander would be likely to offer,—(a presumption which his own libertinism naturally suggested ;)—at any rate, he affirmed that the suspicions he drew from the circumstances of her coming were such, that his distrust of her purity and fidelity could never be removed.

It was in vain that the poor girl essayed to remind Montfort of the comparatively lone and unprovided condition wherein he had left her at H— ; his long absence and unbroken silence ; and, withal, the expectations he had encouraged, and the confidence she had been taught to repose in him. Vain it equally was that she urged the sincerity of her wish,—on her resolving finally upon the step she had taken to seek him,—to procure a suitable companion for her voyage, if for no other purpose than the solace and pleasure of such society ; that this comfort, he must be aware, her slender finances would not permit ;—that she had mustered her little all to defray the necessary charges of her own passage,—and that the proof she gave of her inextinguished affection in encountering the inconveniences and perils of so tedious a travel across an ocean to rejoin him, was surely evidence enough that no additional panoply was needed for her virtue.

Still Montfort urged his taunts and his surmises,—and “ Part,” exclaimed he, “ forever we must !”

It was not in Isabel’s heart to recriminate ; yet firmly but mildly she spoke :—

“ Your words and your conduct, Montfort, betray assuredly an inconsistency. For fifteen long months you have left me almost unprotected at H— ; and you intimate, nevertheless, no suspicion that I have been guilty of improprieties there. Now, when I have given you the highest proofs of love and confidence and devotedness in my power to display, and when my weeping eyes and bursting heart bespeak my overwhelming anguish for your altered demeanor, your injurious mistrusts and your unfeeling reception of me within these doors, which I had fondly relied to call mutually *ours* ;—under such circumstances it is that you command me from your side, and forbid me to see, to think of you more ! O Montfort ! Can it indeed be so ? Has Isabel lived to experience the wretchedness of this hour ? Is she still longer to drink, and to the very dregs, the cup of bitterness ? Do you,—dearest, as you still are to your Isabel’s heart,—do *you* drive her from your presence *forever* ?”

The appeal was ineffectual. Montfort, unmoved, reiterated his opprobrious charges.

“ I take heaven to witness !” said Isabel. “ Nay, I protest,” she solemnly added,—“ I swear to you, Montfort, by all that is holy,—your suspicions of me are most injuriously false !”

Could the warmth, the glowing fervency of such asseverations be resisted ? They *were* resisted. Isabel was ordered instantly to withdraw !

Overwhelmed with grief and amazement, bereft of every support but the consciousness of innocence, she knew neither what to do, nor whither to betake herself. It is not wonderful that the whole which transpired seemed to her the terrible incoherence of a dream. Yet, burning though her brain was, and all but completely frenzied, the brutal voice, ("can it be," she asked herself—"the voice of *Montfort*?"") which thundered in her hearing, "*Begone!*" aroused her to momentary consciousness. She strengthened herself, and—dishonored, repulsed, and spurned—she prepared to leave that house, which a little before she had entered in the raptured belief that therein at length she was to find an asylum and a home.

As Isabel was moving falteringly away, the fierce and impatient Montfort, with still more savage vehemence, bade her *haste*, and threatened, if otherwise, the summons of a servant to compel and expedite her departure. Then it was that the conviction flashed with full and harrowing keenness through her breast,—that the heart of Montfort was indeed estranged from her—that time and absence had totally alienated his affections,—that, in short, he was no longer *hers*. Was it the desperation of grief, or the passionate working of a woman's pride,—herself of Castilian extraction,—that roused the resolution of prompt obedience? Yes. "Farewell!" she impassionately exclaimed—"forever," she may have added,—but the tones of her sweet voice could no longer be distinguished from the dying echoes of her hasty steps, already receding from the threshold!

By the same conveyance, which brought her to O——, but which, fortunately, had delayed its departure, Isabel returned to the port where she had debarked. Letters, recommendatory, with which her kind friends at H— had taken care to provide her, introduced her to the knowledge, the ready hospitalities, and sympathizing tenderness of several families in that place. The story of her wrongs quickly noised and was circulated. The base conduct of Montfort naturally excited a general and lively throb of indignation. M. Hilaire, whose appearance, behavior, and credentials, left no room to doubt his claims to the nicest honor and highmindedness, warmly resented and repelled the implied aspersions, which had been cast upon him. Some very respectable merchants interfered and endeavored to mediate between the several parties. Conspicuous in these disinterested efforts was the Consul of his Most Christian Majesty. He sought, but unavailingly, to influence Montfort to a sense of duty; to soften his headlong passions; to unmask the delusions to which he had surrendered himself, and the manifest injustice of his procedures. Montfort would listen to no terms predicated on the resumption of his former, though sacredly plighted, relations to the innocent lady he had so shamelessly renounced. As the latter could not, with propriety, remain among those, on whose courtesies she was thus unexpectedly thrown, but would be compelled to return shortly to H—, to seek thence a passage for herself and the equally friendless Annette, to the home of their birth, it was next proposed to Montfort that he should furnish the funds,—a reasonable amount being named,—to meet these indispensable outfits. But no;—"he would supply no such sum;"—"he would disburse not one shilling, even to liquidate the expenditures authorized and in-

curred on his account at H—; no, *not he!*” and thus did he crown his remorselessness and perfidy.

The benevolent persons, who had already so feelingly and actively interested themselves in behalf of the fair and cruelly-wronged stranger, then generously raised a sufficiency, the acceptance of which they pressed with all the delicacy, which the exigency would admit, to aid the return of Isabel; and, after a few weeks of painful mental suffering, she embarked once more in the Loire,—again under the care of M. Hilaire, on the homebound voyage to H—.

It was not long subsequently to these events, that Capt. Ashton happened to arrive at the port,—well known in the commercial world,—where they took place. The particulars he gathered from the narratives of many, the subject being in almost every one’s mouth. Combined with his knowledge both of the respective characters and mutual previous ties of Isabel and Montfort, the recital which he learnt of the circumstances following, and the issue to which they led, made a deep and indelible impression on his mind. Montfort at that time had himself departed from the Brazils, probably divining that his further stay, in a neighborhood where he was marked with such merited reprobation, would be little conducive to his comfort. Whither he had gone, was not, however, understood. A rumor, Capt. Ashton elsewhere heard, that Montfort came to an untimely end,—a victim to his irregularities and vices. This impression may have been premature. Humanity hopes it, and would fain console herself with the trust, that a forbearing providence spared him to penitential and curative remorse; and that his mind was ultimately led, though by the waters of bitterness, to the attainment of that peace, which pardon whispered from above can alone infuse into the troubled conscience. The only palliation, which can be offered for his conduct in the transactions we have reviewed, is, that his mind had become in some sense stultified, and each better feeling and impulse worn and blunted by habitual excesses, and particularly by that of daily inebriation.

We turn with sadness from the dark portraiture of a character so sullied and defaced.

Star of a parent’s radiant hope! how art thou fallen! Alas, in the morning of thine ascension, sunk and quenched in the abyss of groveling sensuality!

Fancy reverts to the fair form of that beauteous spirit, which so lately receded from its eye. Born with charms and endowments, which, as they ripened and expanded, were fitted to grace any circle, and with a soul as much superior to that of the degraded Montfort as a seraph’s purity transcends the foulness of a nature depraved, is she lost to her appropriate sphere? The sequel of her adventures could not be learned from the benevolent friend and informant who furnished the particulars already communicated. But imagination seeks to supply the deficiency.

It anxiously follows in thought the injured Isabel during the dreariness of her homeward voyage. But who can picture the feelings, which agitated her bosom, as she reflected upon the light she might be viewed in, on her return to H—, and the possible constructions that would arise unfavorable to her character,—notwithstanding its spotlessness,—

through the treatment of Montfort? How must her heart have been stung, when, especially, the image of the paternal home would rush across her mind, and when the thought would occur, with what unmerited humiliation to *that* home it remained for her to repair—from which, not two years before, she had removed, a happy, affianced maiden? Could we allow the utmost to the weakness of feminine principle,—could we admit for a moment the supposition as barely possible, that this young creature, of a heart so warm and of charms so attractive, all which, in the eye of *one*, for whom alone she had accounted them of value, had been contemned and scorned;—could we believe such a being capable of fall, and of suffering the united principle both of innate modesty and of duty no longer to support her;—could we moreover think, however decorous and honorable he had been on the previous voyage, that the commander of the ship, which bore her away from the New World, and the sight of him, her presumed relationship to whom had before been sufficient protection,—should now have taken advantage of her desolate situation, and, with sympathy ripened into a wicked passion, have breathed unhallowed love into her soul;—could we, it is still urged, conjecture all this, on whose head mainly would the guilt of her frailty descend? Still more,—if next in despair of regaining peace and happiness, unwilling to confront in her humbled state the scrutiny of parents and kindred and the companions of her unstained youth, looking also upon herself as already a destined outcast,—she should commence, subsequently to her return to H—, a career of vice and infamy and wo,—ah, wretched Montfort! how awful the accumulation of wickedness entailed upon thee! not more for the sorrows, than the sins, of her, whose happiness thou hadst blasted, and whose virtue thou wert the cause of betraying!

But from such a contemplation of the mere possible fortunes of the unhappy Isabel, the heart instinctively recoils. In the absence of all knowledge of their occurrence, it would be cruelly injurious to indulge the supposition. Her previous pure and exemplary demeanor is a satisfactory guarantee for the continued, the sustained excellence of her principles and character. With a soul unsullied by crime, pure as the descending snow-flake, nay, adorned with brighter virtues from the very trials and conflicts she had triumphantly endured, it is gladsome to anticipate that at length she attained a merited and tranquil lot; that never was she deserted, nor left unstrengthened by a heavenly power; that “angels and ministers of grace defended her,” and that, safe in their protection, she ultimately found the asylum of a beloved home. Perhaps that comfort awaited her at H—. Perhaps it was reserved for her in her ancestral isles. In the latter event, indeed, it may be, that, heart-broken with the wrongs and the griefs she had endured, and taught the perfidy of one man, from whose example she might hastily infer the probable insincerity and treachery of all, she may have sought the retreat of a convent,—there to forget in the consolations of religion, especially in meditating on the joys, no less durable than bright, of a purer world, the bitter disappointments she had tasted ere the noon of the present life.

— Farewell, then, injured Fair One! Accept the sympathy of a heart, which has bled at the recital of thy sorrows; and refuse not its aspiration that a celestial balm may effectually soothe thy wounded affections,

and that peace may revisit thy bosom,—the peace with which a stranger can never intermeddle,—and which neither the world, nor the base ones of the world, can give or take away. —

* * * * *

If the writer of the foregoing narrative has succeeded in communicating to its readers a portion of that sympathy which he himself felt on learning the chequered events of the early life of Isabel, they may naturally be solicitous to know what subsequently befel her. When the sketch he has given was prepared, he was no less ignorant of further particulars, than those to whose attention it is offered. Accident, at a later period, brought to light some additional facts, which are annexed to complete the tale.

Time rolled onward—a considerable period having intervened,—when a tourist in France, in traveling through one of its beautiful communes, was forcibly struck by its picturesque scenery, and induced to rest there for a few days. Of the acquaintance, which he formed in its sweet neighborhood, was that of the family of M. St. Albyn. It happened, on one occasion, among the topics of social converse, that some anecdotes were given of several gentry in the vicinage. In the relation of these, mention was made of the name of M. Hiliare. It stimulated the curiosity of the traveler, and, on inquiry, it was ascertained that it was the self-same person, who had sailed master of the Loire. St. Albyn recited the particulars which follow.

The Loire safely accomplished its homeward voyage from the Brazils. Isabel was restored to the tranquil abode of that benevolent woman, who had been to herself and Annette, during each step of their trials, both protectress and mother. The once radiant features of Isabel wore a shade of deep melancholy. Her light form evinced the wastes, not only of harassing fatigues, but of her combined disappointments and sorrows. Happily there was a calm in her sadness, which indicated that reflection on the ill desert of her misfortunes, and the rectitude of her heart, together with a conviction of the worthlessness of the object of her late affections, had already operated favorably for her peace; and, united to the influence of time and the soothing offices of friends, the promise was given that the light of comfort would once more be shed in her stricken bosom.

The conduct of M. Hilaire had justified the trust reposed in him. Sympathy for Isabel, and unaffected admiration of her charms, could hardly fail to inspire him with tenderer emotions, when she was released from her previous engagements. But his homage was of a respectful nature, and he waited for a suitable opportunity and better titles, in order to declare himself. His family was respectable. By his enterprise, he had already amassed a moderate property, and, shortly after his return from the Brazils, the death of a near and wealthy relative, put him in possession of a competency. He retired from the “Loire,” the name of which he was wont in after time to say “was music to his ear;” and took a neat and tasteful tenement romantically situated in the commune of ———.

The delicate state of Isabel’s health, and the depression of spirits still left from the trials and scenes she had passed through, rendering her unfit to undertake as yet a voyage to her native isles, her assistance

was gladly accepted in conducting the seminary of which she had been a pupil. Opportunities of visiting her were frequently availed of by M. Hilaire, and his addresses assumed a more serious cast. His worth Isabel perceived and acknowledged; and as neither his face nor his person were unattractive, by degrees she began to regard him with wakening affection. She felt that he possessed, from the tenor of his deportment, his unostentatious kindness, and the protection she had received whilst under his care, a certain claim on her gratitude; and in process of time that reflection became not unwelcome.

M. Hilaire at length made formal proposals of marriage. The connection being deemed eligible, and receiving the cordial approbation of Isabel's friends, she accepted the offer of his hand, and, not long after, their nuptials were solemnized. Another legacy, not unexpected, devolved upon M. Hilaire, and he was happy in the ability of thereby placing his beloved partner in still easier independence. The friends, who had kindly aided her in the Brazils, were not forgotten, and suitable returns were made both to them and others, for the obligations, which their benevolence had conferred.

Isabel, now Madame Hilaire, was blest in her bridal connection. Her husband's attentions marked uniformly a fervent warmth of attachment; and often would she blush as his beaming looks of affectionate and manly pride were dropped upon her. A lovely little *olive-plant* was the fruit of their tender union, repaying their parental culture, and sharing equally their parental fondness. Annette had continued to reside with her sister. She was arrived at a blooming maidenly age; and, if report spoke true, was shortly to be conducted a happy bride to the hymeneal temple. No important changes were understood to have happened in the distant family of the amiable Vasquez. A voyage of visit thither, which filial piety and affection had led the fair sisters long to hope, was now in prospect of being realized, under the auspices of the wontedly inseparable attendance of M. Hilaire.

Is it asked, Did Isabel find complete happiness in her new situation? As much so, perhaps, as the mixed experience of any human lot can offer. If her heart was not as gay, nor her features as sunny with smiles, as in the sweet spring-tide of her earlier days, it was owing to the gentling influence of intermediate adversity. But if a sigh ever escaped her, it was heaved at the involuntary remembrance of past misplaced affection, but never in regret for the loss of the unworthy Montfort.

A. B.

FABLE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LESSING.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE NIGHTINGALE.

Dost thou tremble, favorite of the Muses, before the loud multitude, who crowd around Parnassus? O hear from me what the nightingale once heard.

"Do sing, dear nightingale!" cried a shepherd to the silent bird of song, on a lovely spring evening.

"Alas!" said the nightingale, "the frogs make so loud a noise, that I lose all desire to sing. Do you not hear them?"

"Yes," replied the shepherd; "but it is your fault; it is *your silence* which makes me hear them."

NEW-ENGLAND SUPERSTITIONS.

'T is a history,
 Handed from ages down ; a nurse's tale—
 Which children, open-eyed and mouthed, devour ;
 We learn it, and believe. THALABA.

AN elegant writer, in a late number of the New-England Magazine, has given us an interesting and philosophical essay upon popular superstitions ; and made particular allusion to those which may be considered peculiar to, or prevalent in, New-England. I cannot but wish, that some of our writers, (and I know of no one better qualified to perform the task than the gentleman I have alluded to) could be induced to embody and illustrate such passages of superstition, as may be considered in any degree peculiar to the New World. Our fathers had a theory of their own in relation to the invisible world—in which they had united, by a most natural process, the wild and extravagant mysteries of their savage neighbors, with the old and common superstitions of their native land ; and that stern, gloomy, indefinite awe of an agency of evil, which their peculiar interpretations of the sacred volume had inspired ; a theory, which mingled with and had a practical effect upon their habits and dispositions,—which threw a veil of mystery over the plainest passages of the great laws of the universe,—which gave a constraint and an awe to their intercourse with one another,—agitating the whole community with signs and wonders, and dark marvels,—poisoning the fountains of education,—and constituting a part of their religion.

The principal relics of these ancient superstitions, which still linger with us, may be classed under the following heads :—

I. *Haunted houses.* By which is not always understood the actual appearance of a spirit from the dead ; but, not unfrequently, a supernatural disturbance—noises in the deep midnight—the reveling of evil demons, &c.

I have heard but little of haunted houses in this vicinity for some time past. Our Yankee thrift, in truth, does not often allow us to keep houses merely for the accommodation of such ghostly tenants as never pay for their lodgings. One of my neighbors formerly complained a good deal of the disturbing revels which ghosts or witches nightly got up under his roof. All night long he could hear a dance moving lightly to the time of some infernal melody :—

Where hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels
 Put life and mettle in the heels

of the unseen revelers. Latterly, however, I learn that his tormentors have given him a respite.

II. *Ghosts.* The appearance of a departed friend or enemy ; a visible similitude of the dead, revealed to the living only upon some extraordinary contingency ; to publish like that of “buried Denmark,” some “foul and most unnatural murder,” or injury ; to settle without fee disputes between the heirs of the dead man's property ; and for various other “wicked or charitable purposes.”

III. *Witches*—including male and female, under the same general term. This class of worthies is getting very much out of repute. In

the county of Essex, which was formerly their head-quarters, there is not a single survivor, worthy of the name; although we have many most devout believers in their potency. Kingston, New-Hampshire, has been somewhat celebrated for a family of witches. Two eiderly sisters used, a few years since, to be seen wending their way to market, with a few small baskets of their own manufacture, mounted on horses as lean as their skeleton riders, the objects of great terror to all the urchins of the street. They were evil, malicious, malignant, and their appearance involuntarily reminded one of Otway's famous description in his "Orphan" :—

"I spied a withered hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;
Her eyes with scalding rheum were galled and red,
Cold palsy shook her head, her hands seemed withered,
And on her crooked shoulders, had she wrapped
The tattered remnants of an old striped hanging,
Which served to keep her carcass from the cold."

They are now, I believe, both dead. A person who attended the funeral of one of them, told me, with great gravity, that the coffin of her, who, when living, was seemingly as unsubstantial as the ghosts of Ossian, through which the stars were visible, was at first so heavy that eight stout men could not raise it; but, that after waiting for the *spell* to be removed, it could be easily taken up by a single man.

IV. *Fortune-Telling.* This is still considerably practised; not so much, however, by the professed disciples of astrology and palmistry, as by the younger classes of our inland community. It is usually called "*trying projects*," very much like those described by Burns, in his inimitable Halloween.

V. *Warnings of Death or Disaster.* This species of superstition is completely inwrought. It has most successfully resisted the operations of science and philosophy.

A very honest and intelligent neighbor of mine, once told me that at the precise moment when his brother was drowned in the Merri-mac, many miles distant, he felt a sudden and painful sensation,—a death-like chill upon his heart, such as he had never before experienced. I have heard many similar relations. Those who have read Walton's life of Donne, will recollect the theory of that quaint and excellent old author on this subject; that there is a sympathy of soul,—an electric chain of mental affinity—upon which the emotions of one spirit thrill and tremble even to another.

VI. *Spectres.* I use this term in the sense in which it was made to apply, during the memorable era of 1692, to the appearance or phantom of a living person, who, at the time of its visitation, is known to be absent. Such appearances are supposed to denote the speedy death of the person whom they represent.

A widow lady, residing in an adjoining town, is clearly convinced that she saw the spectre of her daughter a little time before her death, yet when she was in perfect health. It crossed the room within a few feet of the mother, and in broad day-light. She spoke; but no answer was returned; the countenance of the apparition was fixed and sorrowful. The daughter was at the time absent on a visit to a friend.

VII. *Supposed preternatural Appearances*, unconnected with any circumstances peculiar to those who witness them; lights dancing in lonely places and grave-yards, meteors, &c. &c. These are usually denominated "*sights*."

I have listened, hour after hour, of a winter's evening, to minute descriptions of these appearances. A much-lamented friend of mine,—a sober and intelligent farmer,—once informed me, that, while engaged in sledding rails for his spring fence, many years since, his team suddenly stood still, apparently unable to proceed. It was a night of cold, clear moonshine; the path was smooth and slippery as glass; and the pause was made about midway in the descent of a hill. He examined the runners on all sides, but no obstruction was apparent. He lifted up the runners in front, and urged forward his oxen at the same time; the cattle exerted their whole strength—the very bows of their yoke cracked with the effort; but the sled remained immovable, as if bedded in a solid rock. After repeated trials had been made, and the farmer was on the point of leaving his sled for the night, a sharp report like that of a pistol was heard—a strong blaze of fire enveloped the whole team; and the sled instantly glided down the declivity, with a speed which greatly embarrassed the oxen, which but a moment before had in vain endeavored to move it.

The farmer had never probably read Coleridge's poetical description of a somewhat similar detention of the ship of the "*Ancient Marinere*," which, held by the demon, in the teeth of the wind, kept swaying and struggling

"Backwards and forwards, half her length,
With a short, uneasy motion;"

and which, when released at last,

"Like a pawing horse set free,
Sprang forth with sudden bound;"

yet the *experimentum crucis*, whereby he attempted to ascertain the cause of such an extraordinary circumstance, led him to ascribe it to witchcraft, or some other supernatural agency. There were facts to be explained, which, in his opinion, could only refer themselves to such a cause.

A pond in my vicinity has been somewhat celebrated for its "*sights and marvels*." A middle-aged lady, of good intelligence, residing near it, states, that one summer evening, between daylight and dark, while standing by the side of the highway, leading along the margin of the pond, she was startled by the appearance of a horse, attached to an old-fashioned cart, and driven by an elderly man, plunging at full speed down the hill which rises abruptly from the water, and over a rough pasture where it would seem impossible for a vehicle to be conveyed. It passed swiftly and noiselessly over the high wall bounding the pasture, without displacing a stone, and crossed the street within a few yards of the astonished looker-on. Behind the cart, and bound to it by a strong rope, fastened to her wrists, a woman of gigantic stature was dragged furiously onward, writhing like Laocoon in the clasp of the serpent. Her feet, head, and arms were naked; and grey locks of wild hair streamed back from temples corrugated and darkened.

The horrible cavalcade swept by, and disappeared in the thick swamp which touches the western extremity of the pond.

I could mention half a dozen other places within a few miles of my residence, equally celebrated for the "unco' sights" and sounds which have been seen or heard near them. The Devil's Den, in Chester, N. H. is among the most prominent in this respect. How his satanic majesty came in possession of it, I have never been able to ascertain; but that it is a favorite resort of his, is incontestibly proved by the fact, that he always keeps a smooth foot-track to its entrance, whether in summer or winter. The following rhymes, if they answer no other purpose, will serve to show that the place and its legend are enjoying as comfortable a chance of immortality as Yankee poetry can give them.

"The moon is bright on the rocky hill,
But its dwarfish pines rise gloomily still,—
Fixed, motionless forms in the silent air,
The moonlight is on them, but darkness is there.
The drowsy flap of the owl's wing,
And the stream's low gush from its hidden spring,
And the passing breeze, in its flight betrayed
By the timid shiver of leaf and blade,
Half like a sigh and half a moan,
The ear of the listener catches alone.

"A dim cave yawns in the rude hill-side
Like the jaws of a monster opened wide,
Where a few wild bushes of thorn and fern
Their leaves from the breath of the night-air turn;
And half with twining foliage cover
The mouth of that shadowy cavern over:—
Above it, the rock hangs gloomy and high,
Like a rent in the blue of the beautiful sky,
Which seems, as it opens on either hand,
Like some bright sea leaving a desolate land.

"Below it, a stream on its bed of stone
From a rift in the rock comes hurrying down,
Telling forever the same wild tale
Of its loftier home to the lowly vale:
And over its waters an oak is bending,
Its boughs like a skeleton's arms extending,—
A naked tree, by the lightning shorn,
With its trunk all bare and its branches torn;
And the rocks beneath it, blackened and rent,
Tell where the bolt of the thunder went.

"'T is said that this cave is an evil place—
The chosen haunt of the fallen race—
That the midnight traveler oft hath seen
A red flame tremble its jaws between,
And lighten and quiver the boughs among,
Like the fiery play of a serpent's tongue;
That sounds of fear from its chambers swell—
The ghostly gibber,—the fiendish yell;
That bodiless hands at its entrance wave,—
And hence they have named it THE DEMON'S CAVE!

"The fears of man to this place have lent
A terror which Nature never meant;—
For who hath wandered, with curious eye
This dim and shadowy cavern by,

* See

And known, in the sun or star-light, aught
Which might not beseem so lonely a spot,—
The stealthy fox, and the shy raccoon—
The night-bird's wing in the shining moon—
The frog's low croak ; and, upon the hill,
The steady chant of the whippoorwill?—

“ Yet is there something to fancy dear
In this silent cave and its lingering fear,—
Something which tells of another age,
Of the wizard's wand, and the Sybil's page,
Of the fairy ring and the haunted glen,
And the restless phantoms of murdered men :
The grandame's tale, and the nurse's song—
The dreams of childhood remembered long ;
And I love even now to list the tale
Of the Demon's Cave, and its haunted vale.”

One of the most striking instances of the effects of a disordered imagination recently occurred in this vicinity. The following are the facts :—

In September, 1831, a worthy and highly-esteemed inhabitant of this town died suddenly on the bridge over the Merrimac, by the bursting of a blood-vessel. It was just at day-break, when he was engaged with another person in raising the draw of the bridge for the passage of a sloop. The suddenness of the event ; the excellent character of the deceased ; and, above all, a vague rumor, that some extraordinary disclosure was to be made, drew together a large concourse at the funeral. After the solemn services were concluded, Thomas, the brother of the dead man,—himself a most exemplary Christian,—rose up, and desired to relate some particulars regarding the death of his brother. He then stated,—and his manner was calm, solemn, impressive,—that, more than a month previous to his death, his brother had told him, that his feelings had been painfully disturbed by seeing, at different times, on the bridge, a quantity of human blood ;—that, sometimes, while he was gazing upon it, it suddenly disappeared, as if removed by an invisible hand ; that it lay thick and dark amidst the straw and litter ; that, many times, in the dusk of the evening, he had seen a vessel coming down the river, which vanished just as it reached the draw ; and that, at the same time, he had heard a voice calling in a faint and lamentable tone—“ *I am dying !* ” and that the voice sounded like his own ; that then he knew that the vision was for him, and that his hour of departure was at hand. Thomas, moreover, stated that, a few days before the melancholy event took place, his brother, after assuring him that he would be called upon to testify to the accounts which he had given of the vision on the bridge, told him that he had actually seen the same vessel go up the river, whose spectral image he had seen in his vision, and that, when it returned, the fatal fulfilment would take place ; that, night after night, he had heard what seemed to him the sound of the horn, from that vessel, calling for the raising of the draw, and that it was to him very solemn and awful. “ You all know,” continued the narrator, “ how my brother died,—that he died fulfilling the vision,—that his blood lies even now upon the bridge, as he saw it before his death ; and that his last words were heard by the captain of the vessel—‘ *I am dying !* ’ ”

There was something in the circumstances of this narration,—the church crowded with faces bent earnestly on the speaker,—the evident sincerity and deep solemnity of the narrator,—and the fearful character of his communication,—while the yet unburied corpse of his brother lay before him,—which was calculated to revive every latent feeling of superstition; and to overpower, at least for the moment, the convictions of reason and the arguments of philosophy.

It is altogether foreign to my purpose to enter into any deliberate analysis of the nature of these superstitions. I have briefly alluded to a few instances, of my own neighborhood and times, for the purpose of showing that, even in our enlightened age and community, the delusions of the past still linger around us; and that there is no lack of materials for an amusing and not uninformative work of the character I have already mentioned in the beginning of this article. J. G. W.

Haverhill, 1st of 6th mo. 1833.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

It is very common to hear persons, advanced in years, speak of the pleasure they derive from glancing back and surveying the diversified events of their past lives. To reflecting minds, this employment must evidently be exceedingly pleasant, and remove many hours of, otherwise, unavoidable *ennui*. They trace the course of their existence, mark the developments of character and thought, observe the innumerable contrarieties of incident, that have combined to make them what they are, and learn the slight and almost imperceptible causes, that have wrought important changes in their final destination. Memory may do much in cheering the days of *creeping stupidity* with these agreeable reveries; but it cannot effect all that is desirable. How then can man attain this important object? how, better than by recording the incidents of his life as they occur? With such records in his hands, he again passes through the innocent pleasures and unchecked gaiety, the glee and hilarity, of childhood—the ardent fancies and buoyant hopes of youth—the strong attachments and absorbing solitudes of manhood—and the fading and chastened enjoyments of receding energy. Every thing, by being inscribed at the moment of its occurrence, with the power of its impression full upon him, will be recalled with a reality and a vividness, that unaided retrospective thought could never produce.

But the pleasure of reviewing the events of life, need not be restricted to him with whom they transpired. Friends will seize with avidity, and with mournful satisfaction pore over these mementoes of the departed. By such annals, they recall, with the distinctness of renewed existence, scenes of interest and endearment, of which themselves have been partakers.

Biographies, by whomsoever prepared, always win attention. Yet who has not remarked, with how much deeper interest the simple and artless disclosures of Franklin and Barrington are read, than any of the most labored encomiums upon the most eminent men, that have

lived. It is to children, however, that such memoirs furnish the most intense delight. Every one has seen and felt the eagerness with which they hang upon the lips of their decrepit ancestors, to learn the stories of other times. Every one has heard, and, perchance, been wearied with their searching questions into the circumstances and feelings of his own life. How will their insatiable curiosity pause, then, in temporary satisfaction, when all, that they have so eagerly desired, is open to their admiring gaze.

If the only effect of a man's writing memoirs of himself were the pleasure, which he himself gains and confers upon others, there would be a powerful incentive for him to perform the labor. But the influence stops not here. It is extended to the intellectual and moral character, both of himself and of those who follow him. Whilst he is preparing a feast, wherewith to enliven the tedious hours of advanced age, he acquires the habit of self-observation. He notices the variations of his propensities, marks their mutual consistency, and models the future upon the experience of the past. From the habit of tracing the various connections and relations between thought and action, he will exhibit more of uniformity and stability in his pursuits. He dives more deeply into the workings of his own mind, and "brings order out of chaos."

He, who writes accurate memoirs of himself, enriches science in her most noble department. The intellectual, like the natural, philosopher demands facts, upon which to found his instructions. His only safe recourse is to life; but he can look upon life only as he sees it passing around him. He cannot penetrate the deep, dark veil, that shrouds the operations of a mind intent upon showing its fairest, proudest works, and eliciting applause. He cannot enter the great work-shop of others' thoughts, and survey the crude materials, that are there refined and polished to give them unreal worth. He cannot spy out the intricacies of the machinery, by which the same *apparent* impressions of external objects are made to produce results the most contradictory in different individuals. Those alone, whose minds were subjected to these operations, can unravel the mystery, and, by developing the progress of their thoughts, bring to light the hidden springs of action; and, if they will but be faithful in their work, they will give clearer, more correct, and more instructive views of the intellect, than all the beautiful theorists, who have ever occupied the arena of contention. Let the intellectual philosopher have access to such materials, and he may place his system upon an unyielding foundation. It may be attacked with all the power of the human mind—it can never be overthrown. Sophistry may gain partial advantages in its sinuous progress, but the truth will shine, and be clearer from temporary obscurations.

But a formal statement and a collation of the principles, that would here be displayed, would not be necessary. A better and more impressive knowledge of them would be acquired from the simple, expressive language of experience in the author. A collection of such works will be the most valuable, that can be brought together, so long as the cultivation of the intellectual and moral power shall be paramount to every other object. It is directly applicable to the grand purposes of education. The teacher of youth has before him an ex-

tended manual, opening to his inspection the results of the various measures, that have been practised. His models are emphatically *practical*. He compares the relative influence, that different circumstances exert in the formation of character. He rejects whatever is of injurious tendency, and adopts whatever will give a proper inclination to the pursuits of those under his care. He can do more. Contemplating the nature of their opening minds, he traces the resemblance between them and those, that have left their image for his guide, and learns what particular course to mark out for each individual, that he may make the largest advances in knowledge and usefulness.

But it is the youth himself, who will derive the most important benefit from autobiographies. The interest, that will be awakened, will be a valuable aid. It will withdraw his mind from the pernicious influence of those false views of life and character, that are so alluringly set forth in romance. He will learn the connection between means and ends, and not be taught, that all depends upon a fortunate adventure—and that time, and suspense, and trouble, are obliterated to him, on whom the stars shine propitiously. Thus he will make a pastime of improvement—he will take solid food for his dessert—he will imbibe, almost unconsciously, and with the utmost interest and delight, sentiments to govern his maturity.

When the life of a distinguished man is written by a friend, there is a dwelling upon the events of his childhood, the early developments of genius, and his indifference to the customary pursuits of those of his own age, which leads to the belief, that his eminence is not attainable by common minds. But in the autobiographer, the young reader sees another self. He recognizes thoughts, of which he has himself been possessed. He learns why his author forsook the ordinary pursuits of childhood—marks the bias of his mind, and admires the result; and, as he pursues the narrative, he learns, that it is labor,—persevering, all-conquering labor, which raised the master-spirit to the elevation it sustained. He longs for equal renown. He applies himself to his task with a fervid and an untiring zeal, and thus feels all the salutary influence of “so bright and so glorious an example.”

We know that vanity will be imputed to the man, who writes and publishes to the world the story of his life. But will he, whose soul is bent on the good of his race, be diverted from his purpose by such a charge? Will he regard the idle slanders of those meaner souls, that have not the concentration of thought to discern, nor the stability and strength of character to comprehend and appreciate the more noble motives, which guide the philanthropist? The memory of these short-sighted detractors shall be veiled in oblivion, while he, against whom the shafts of malice were aimed, shall erect a monument to himself in the shrine of humanity, imperishable as the intellect of man.

M. T.

MARRIED WOMEN.*

Why should not females be instructed in their social rights, and in the means of preserving what is their own? and why should they be deprived of the benefit of knowing, that they can protect themselves against the barbarism of laws, which crept into the social system when they were slaves?

WM. SULLIVAN.

While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shared and all is borne away,
Ready to starve, and dares not touch his own.

SHAKESPEARE.

Je ne suis pas de ceux qui disent, Ce n'est rien,
C'est une femme qui se noie ;
Je dis que c'est beaucoup ; et ce sexe vaut bien,
Que nous le regrettions, puisqu'il fait notre joie.

LA FONTAINE.

I had been taught to reverence the law as a sort of earthly Providence, as the great popular sovereign ; the unthroned and sceptreless prince ; the mild dictator, whose province it was to see that not a single subject of its sway received harm. ————— Protection against the law? protection against the protector?

EDWARD EVERETT.

Above all these is the moral principle ——— clothed with a kingly authority over man's whole nature ——— plainly given to bear sway over every desire. It is the principle of justice, taking the rights of all under its protection, and frowning on the least wrong, however largely it may serve ourselves.

CHANNING.

It is bad policy to depreciate women. I would sooner teach them to overvalue, than to undervalue themselves, so long at least as they are our companions for life, and the mothers of our children. We all act according to our own standard of self-estimation ; and the more sensitive we are, the more are we influenced in our behavior by the opinions of others concerning us. Women are more sensitive than we, and therefore more at the mercy of opinion. It is women, after all, that form our character.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

At first view, one might imagine moral rules unnecessary to well-meaning people, that the impulses of a benevolent heart might be safely trusted for just views and due performance of our social duties ; but our own experience, at length, and what we learn of others, show us our mistake. We are taught to thank Heaven, that it has not left us, with our limited views of the consequences of actions, to decide upon measures according to their apparent utility—that since nothing less than a vast and altogether unattainable extent of observation and experience would constitute us accurate judges of general expedience, there has been conferred upon us the most precious of all gifts, a set of infallible rules to mark out our path ; a code, that, by its authority, hinders the ingenuity, which finds as many arguments for the wrong as for the right from being an evil, instead of a boon. The records of our race testify, how often, by not borrowing this light divine, they have gone astray. The woes of Africa originated in mistaken humanity. “ To save the weaker natives of America from servitude, Las Casas proposed to the Flemish ministers, to purchase a sufficient number of negroes from the Portuguese settlements on the coast of Africa, and transport them to America, that they might be employed as slaves in working the mines and cultivating the ground. While he contended earnestly for the liberty of those born in one quarter of the globe, he labored to enslave the inhabitants of another region ; and, in the warmth of his zeal to save the Americans from the yoke, pronounced it to be lawful and expedient to impose one still heavier, upon the Africans.” We learn of the laws of morality, to condemn the unhallowed policy,

* This article has been long in our possession. Its publication was at first postponed, to afford us an opportunity to look at the work by Dr. Cooper, which seems to have suggested the subject to the writer. Such an opportunity has never occurred. The subject is interesting in itself, and is well treated, and can have lost none of its interest, by the inadvertent procrastination of publicity to which it has been doomed.

which tolerates what is wrong, because it appears to be beneficial ; a principle, which is the parent of religious persecution, which prompted the elaborate arguments that have been employed to show that private vices are public benefits, to which the custom in certain countries of exposing children and aged persons may be traced. It was this false principle, as we believe, which actuated Dr. Cooper to censure the legal protection granted to women, from the oppressive law, depriving them, when married, of their property. " In Great-Britain," he says, " the courts, as I think, instead of looking with a jealous eye upon every kind of precontract that tends to impair the unity of interest between married people, and the dependence of the wife upon the husband, have leaned somewhat too strongly in favor of precontract, by marriage-settlements, trust-estates, testamentary powers to be exercised by the wife, and by enforcing equivalent settlements on the receipt after marriage of a wife's property." We have reflected with increasing surprise upon his views of the law, divesting women of their property, and upon his undoubting objections to all mitigations of it. From his statements we learn that the law is recommended to him by the following considerations :—" The natural prevalence on the part of the husband of mental energy as well as of corporeal force, independent of the means of acquired knowledge ; the precepts of Christianity, which have settled the subordinate situation of the wife, and civilized expedience." These reasons appear to us to contribute but a specious support to the law. We cannot perceive the force of the argument founded on the inferiority of the sex, even if this inferiority amounted to an incapacity, which would make it necessary to appoint a guardian for every woman, married or unmarried. A woman does not stultify herself by wedding, so that if her inferiority be good cause for the interference of the law with her property, it ought to be no more at her own disposal before, than after marriage. And guardianship, the only legal measure applied with propriety to incapacity, stops entirely short of the power assumed by law over a woman's purse, which does not give in trust, but transfers. A more generous deduction from the inferiority of the female sex would be, to enjoin, that their fortunes should be confirmed to them, by way of compensation, to insure them a consideration, which they are in danger of losing with their beauty. We should not apply Dr. Cooper's inference even to the matches described in the early history of man, where beings of a higher order wedded the daughters of men, much less to those made by women with the sons of women. We see no more propriety in taking away a woman's property on this ground, than in taking away the property of a man, to give it to one wiser or stronger than himself. To make a law just, which should merely give a man the administration, instead of the possession of his wife's property, incompetence on her part should be proved ; inferior discretion, on the part of women, cannot confer authority, which nature has denied, cannot license men to be unjust, because women are imprudent ; but we do not accede to the inferiority of the female judgement, as regards expenditure. Women do not paint and write so well as men, but, as a mass, they excel, in our opinion, in a wise management of expense ; from habits of self-denial, and the absence of an enterprising temper, they, better than we, " match their wants and means." Their sensitiveness to opinion, and the high

standard of female purity, save them more generally from the expense of vicious pleasures; their superior tenderness of heart, concentrated from their comparative seclusion, on a few objects, inclines them more generally to the best object of expense, household good. But, in repelling the pretence of incompetence, we fear we obscure the question, which is not whether men or women are most likely to be spendthrifts,—but what is justice? Whatever a woman possesses, whether by labor, donation, or succession, the law upon her marriage wrests from her entirely; yet, nothing but an inferiority, amounting to incompetence, which would make it for the best good of the wife herself, as in the case of a minor, an idiot, or a lunatic, could justify, in the eyes of those who have not adopted the opinion of Hobbes, that unlimited power confers an unlimited right, a law, restraining her, in any degree, in the use of her property.

We cannot understand how Dr. Cooper applies the Christian precepts to the support of this law. Christ, in the only instance where he refers to the relative rights of the sexes, puts them on the same footing. Mark x. 11, 12. The Christian maxim, of doing as we would be done unto, is utterly at variance with the legal disadvantages under which women are placed in their relations with the other sex. What man would avail himself of his legal powers to appropriate to himself the fortune of his wife, who weighed her rights, advantages, and detriment in the same balance, in which he weighs his own? We do not think it possible for the man, who places himself as Christianity requires, in the situation of the woman he marries, to make the law his guide; he would do violence to himself, in not interposing to save her from its action. The man, who takes the property of his wife, is either deficient in proper sentiments towards her, or has not been accustomed to make that use of his imagination, on which morality principally depends. He has not learned to put himself, according to the leading maxim of the Christian religion, in the place of others, to feel their feelings and apprehend their desires, to do as he would be done unto. We think reference must be made by Dr. Cooper to the apostolic precepts, enjoining female subordination; but he cannot deduce correctly a right in the husband to the property of the wife from these precepts, any more than such a right in the father and ruler from the precepts enjoining filial and civil subordination. No man believes that Paul's injunctions to children to obey their parents, mean that whatever the child acquires belongs to the parent, or that his injunction of submission to the emperor means, that there was no private property in the empire. When we consider who the apostles were, when they flourished, and the condition in which they saw the female sex, we regard their unexpected liberality with respect to women, so far beyond the age, as one of the most convincing evidences that their wisdom was divine. Nothing seems to us more at variance with the laws, which alienate the property of married women, than the manner in which the matrimonial relation is treated in the New Testament. The apostle says, "Love one another." The operation of the law is to alienate the one from the other. The example of the tenderest love, which has ever been felt on earth, is held up by the apostle as a model for husbands. "Husbands love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it." Sentiments are enjoined,

which would make a man shrink from exercising the liberties with regard to his wife's possessions, appointed by law. We hold, with Jeremy Taylor, "husbands should rather be fathers than lords; that the wife ought by all means to please the husband, and he must by no means displease her." In fact, it appears to us, nothing can be more hostile to the Christian religion, than the law we have been considering, whether we regard the duties that religion requires of us, as men, or as husbands.

As to the argument derived from civil expedience, before it can be admitted to any consideration, the practice in question must be proved innocent. Let those who, in a case of ethics, make expedience of any sort a rule of action, pause over the admirable words of Bishop Butler: "The happiness of the world is the concern of Him who is the lord and proprietor of it; nor do we know what we are about, when we endeavor to promote the good of mankind, in any way but those which he has directed."

Dr. Cooper objects to any evasions of the law, as tending to impair the unity of interests between married persons. Now, where this unity of interest subsists, ideas of property will be so far relaxed, as to put the parties at ease with regard to its mutual use; where it is unhappily wanting, no circumstance tends more to widen the division, than the operation of this law. When the interests of the husband and wife are the same, no disadvantage can arise to him, from her retaining her property; when they are not the same, what monstrous injustice that his should be promoted by the ruin of hers, the privation of her all, that she, as it may happen, should be devoted to penury, to "gild his waste!"

From Dr. Cooper's remarks, we perceive that he objects to the wife's retaining her property, as placing a sanction on wrongs, of which such prudence shows the fear. He seems unable to imagine any motive to such a measure, but the foresight of a divorce, and objects to any legal steps in anticipation of such an event, as weakening the public sentiment of the indissolubility of marriage. Among the causes which ought, in our opinion, to enforce legal protection of the wife's property, he selects circumstances of more rare occurrence, perhaps to show how little this protection is needed; and the most flagrant, perhaps, to heighten, by the offensiveness of the suspicions intimated, the odium of the measure. However, the wrongs he enumerates, being not utterly unknown, it is prudent on the part of the lady's friends to make the best provision against the event; other objections to the free course of the law, both weighty, and founded on events of frequent occurrence, establish still more fully the necessity of precaution, such as prodigality, rashness of speculation, alienation of property from the children of the mother by whom it came. Nobody would believe, from Dr. Cooper's representations, that a man's spending his wife's property was an every-day case. He seems to think that men partake, without ever wasting, the property of a wife. Had he been at our side when we once attended, at the former residence of a man, who had married a woman of fortune, and soon failed,—in one of our cities, where bankruptcies have been frequent,—one of those auctions of rapine, natural successors of the abandonment of the wife's property to the husband, those scenes which give an insight into the deep, domestic wretched-

ness, and violation of justice, wrought by the law he supports so warmly, he would have been visited with a new sense of the subject. He would have been affected, we hope, as we were, in traversing the desolate apartments, thrown open to the general gaze, in looking round upon the materials of domestic comfort, displaced, and all forfeit to this oppressive law,—sofas, carpets, beds of down, the select library, the silent piano, with half-worn music books, the kitchen utensils, every thing indicative of taste, past plenty, and hospitality. A friend was struck to see the elegant little presents, received by the wealthy bride from her young friends, counted among the property of the husband's creditors; but we were more moved at the sight of the worn furniture of the nursery, the defaced toys of the banished, disinherited descendants of the wealthy grandfather. Every thing marked the stunning suddenness of the shock; there was oil remaining in the lamps, cards in the card-racks. A female friend pointed out the half-filled drawers of the work-table, the remains of various condiments in their appropriate vessels. Amid the melancholy scene, a Canary-bird was recommending himself by his songs to a new owner. We looked mournfully around, and thought this a sorry sight for a well-governed country.

Could Dr. Cooper, with a full view of the subject, have defended a law, which shows so unreasonable a partiality to the descendants of a man through one child, in preference to those through another? The law transmits a man's property to his son, and again to the children of that son; the law transmits a man's property to his daughter also, but instead of carrying it forward to her children, delivers it, while she yet breathes, to her husband, and divides it finally, after his death, between his last wife, and the various progeny of all his wives. Often a mother willingly denies herself every luxury, even comforts, to educate and provide for her children; dies, and leaves the fruit of her self-denial to be diverted frequently to a new family, reminding the spectator of the rifled hive. We pity even bees, who, after collecting a sweet hoard for their young, have it diverted to other mouths. We do not patiently see this economy of tenderness deprived of its natural reward. Many an amiable woman's temper is soured by the foresight of this injustice; for even the dove would peck her mate, should he snatch from her bill the food she was hurrying to the open mouths of her young. It is not strange that a woman should spend profusely, whose children are not her heirs. Whether an estate should remain within the family of the ancestor, from whom it came, or, according to law, go, while grandchildren yet survive, into another family, no one is likely to hesitate. Some are ready to say the moral sense of the husband will prevent this. Not so; perhaps he will imagine—the predominant influence of the living wife strengthening the opinion—that his duty lies that way, though the property inherited by a deceased mother should make but a comfortable provision for her children. A woman, married to a man enriched by this former wife, knowing the law, unless she be a woman of an upright mind, expects and is willing to be, with her children, the heir of the property of her predecessor. These expectations, a man easily persuades himself, he ought not to disappoint; out of a vicious law grows a vicious morality. We were pleased in perusing *Redwood*, with the just picture of the law given by such an intelligent moralist as the author; it is represented

as a temptation to a crime in one sister, and to reject its operation, is made a duty in the other. Alas, that the law which professes to be intended for every body's preservation, should in so many instances openly sacrifice the weaker to the stronger ! that the legal relation between the sexes, the highest moral interests of society, should form so affecting an exception to the touching eulogy of Hooker : " All things in Heaven and earth do her homage ; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempt from her power !"

We, with Dr. Cooper, wish to see the marriage-bond indissoluble ; we do not agree with him as to the means by which it is to be guarded and strengthened. We know too well, how much the law he approves, operates, with its degrading and unjust tendencies to weaken the natural sentiment of conjugal affection. Our aim is to extinguish with it the sparks, which light up implacable domestic dissensions. Domestic happiness, which forms the strength of the conjugal tie, must depend on the manner in which domestic life is constituted. Essential to it, is a sentiment towards the wife, which would insist on leaving her property at her own disposal. How many delightful homes have been ruined by a contrary course ! How often has a bad law deprived men of happiness in domestic life ! a happiness which supplies the place of every other, but for which no other can compensate. Often has this law hardened and sundered bosoms which, had it never existed, would have been

" Each other's pillow to repose divine."

Good men and wise will aim in their matrimonial institutions to promote conjugal affection ; and they know that the best way to preserve the union of hands is to secure the union of hearts. It is because the interests of the married pair are the same, we would annul the law, which, preferring one party to the other, mars the well-being of both ; its bitter fruits are inevitably shared by the husband. In married life, on whichever side the dissatisfaction begins, it must spread to the other. The law operated as unfavorably for Capt. Byron as for Mrs. Byron ; for John Wilkes as for Mrs. Wilkes. He, who does not study his wife's happiness, does not study his own. Which would a man choose in his wife, the

" Merry heart," that " goes all the day,"
Or, " the sad one," that " tires in a mile a ?"

—the ingenious and overflowing devotion of love, or the dull and stinted service of inanimate duty ? This law is one of the most striking of all exhibitions of the " ill-husbandry of injustice." The uncomfortable-ness of the tenure by which all property is held, acquired in a way not approved by the natural sentiments, generally renders the holder careless about its preservation. The law seems devised to promote idleness ; idleness produces bankruptcy. For the cruelty of its operation, it deserves as deep reprobation as a lottery. Men, who marry fortunes on the present legal footing, like those who gain the dear-bought prizes of a lottery, fancy themselves in possession of wealth which no prodigality can exhaust. The prizes of the matrimonial lottery are generally as evanescent as those of any other, and they bequeath in their passage heavier regrets. The moral sentiments are stronger than the artificial regulations of law ; and a sense of the violated claims of the

wife, which no perverse institutions can annul, or wholly darken, aggravates the sorrows of the prodigal husband, who has spent her fortune. The eagerness with which men possess themselves of a wife's property, and their subsequent chagrin, remind us of the mistake of Milton's fallen angels, in the showy fruit of the grove, that suddenly sprung up, hard by Pandemonium.

"Greedily they plucked
The fruitage fair to sight——

they, fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit
Chewed bitter ashes."

A confused sense of these evils has given many men a horror of marrying a fortune. When things are placed on a just footing, we think it as advantageous to marry a rich woman, as a rich man; the property being left at the wife's disposal, while it is to the husband an unmixed and material benefit, is at the same time, in the eyes of the public, no more than a reasonable and equitable advantage. The husband escapes in such a case, the attacks of envy, and finds in his wife, instead of a discontented slave, an attached ally. He escapes what is in our opinion dangerous to friendship, too heavy an obligation, and the chance of making it fatal to the happiness of the confiding party, a responsibility at which we should shudder. Few yet understand this. The law, by destroying in men all moderation, frequently prevents matches reciprocally eligible. If a suitor's extravagant desires for a woman's whole property are disappointed, the match is often rejected to the detriment of both parties. Inordinate expectations, that in these days would not have been conceived, unless suggested by the laws of a barbarous period, blind a man entirely to the only real benefit that can be derived from a wife's property, sharing her income. A happy marriage is often defeated, because the law holding out an advantage delusive, because incompatible with justice and domestic happiness, renders a man indifferent to the solid, real benefit which the case admits.

We should be glad to see, by a repeal of the law, the untowardness of the counteracting steps done away. There is something in this business of restitution, for so it may be called, not in harmony with the sentiments of lovers. It is one of the great objections to the law, whose downward course must thus be retraced, that it should cause such a discordant process to mingle with the fair hopes and tender devotion of the betrothed pair. We would annul the disagreeable necessity of this retrogressive step, by abolishing the law altogether. Perhaps to the desire of being rid of this uncomfortable warfare of the mind, is to be attributed the speech we hear from young, enthusiastic women: "Where I trust myself I will trust my property," as if a man might not have a good disposition, and make them happy, without any discretion; as if, also, men were unchangeable. The word *trust*, perhaps, deceives them a little. Let men remember, that with whatever apparent willingness the wife endures the operation of the law, a sentiment is sometimes chilled by the sacrifices it makes. Women often persuade themselves that the compelled sacrifice is voluntary; but this persuasion is apt to fade away, and to be succeeded by indignation, or a

cheerless, indurated passiveness. They perceive at length, and are hurt and chagrined by, the ungenerous terms, on which the marriage union is formed. The dimness of fancy is illumined by experience and reason,

“The beam pours in, for time and skill will couch the blind.”

One of these confiding wives, descrying the approach of poverty, was heard to say, a few years after her marriage, “I hate the name of wife.” Being censured on one occasion for negligence of her husband, she said, “I have been more sinned against than sinning.” Women have been known, on account of the insupportable laws which oppress them, to wish they never had any property.

One of the great English moralists, on the same side with Dr. Cooper, indicating, with his customary vivacity, any provisional arrangements on the part of a woman betrothed, as proving great folly, resigning herself, as she does, to a man on whom she is not willing to rely wholly, applies to such a one the phrase of “penny wise, and pound foolish;” but though he is of opinion that the requisite degree of regard, previous to marriage, is too confiding to seek any stipulations, he gives, by stating the propensity of the sex to many men, who, if “they even happen to be good-natured, serve only to dissipate their fortunes,” the greatest force to the considerations, which recommend women to the public care.

There is an apparent inconsistency here; and that such plausible objections should lie against the remedy one law provides against another, (as Dr. Cooper states them we found them almost irresistible) impresses us more deeply with the necessity of the complete abrogation of that we complain of. They owe their force with us and others to custom; and strange is the force of custom, we have thought, when we have heard men really generous say, without any suspicion, that, by such a declaration, they were showing a much greater deficiency of generosity, than that they censured—“I would not marry a woman who would not trust me with her property.”

Edward Everett tells us—referring to a case of less urgency than this—that “it is one of the worst effects of bad laws, that they corrupt public sentiment.” Such an evil must exist here, whatever side of the question is taken; for it is impossible that the principle of the law and the principle of evading it can both be right. It is true, as Bishop Hare says, that “Most men think they can do conscientiously whatever they can do legally. Men of refined and exalted understandings, who have a large compass of thought, and have looked into the principles of things, know that written laws are but deductions of the law of nature, which is prior to all human institutions; that these sometimes deviate from that unwritten law, and, when they do, are of no real intrinsic authority. They know that a thing is not just and reasonable because it is enacted, but in good governments is enacted, because it is just and reasonable; the generality think they can do justly, whatever they may do legally.”

Cities, the great torches, which light the way to the rest of the community, are beginning to understand this subject. In cities, the wife's fortune, where it is considerable, is now usually confirmed to her. A man is there blamed if he does not secure to a daughter the property he gives her. Fathers are no longer contented to follow the lead of

the law, that the real estate they expect to devise to a daughter be but a plank she can lay hold of in the wreck of all the rest; they no longer make the unfatherly difference, originated by law, between the married and the unmarried daughter; they reject, in behalf of their daughter, the legal conditions of the transfer of their property. "Necessaries,—in which term are comprised, by the law, food, drink, clothing, washing, physic, instruction, and a competent place of residence;" they have learnt there is no certainty that the husband will retain the ability to fulfil even these conditions, and they do not mean that an exorbitant price shall be given for a petty annuity, which is, after all, insecure. Now and then, a man might marry a daughter to one, in whom it would be safe to place unlimited confidence; but, as her sisters might not be equally fortunate, he generally deems it proper, and he ought to deal alike, with all his sons-in-law. In cases where the property is small, though often valued more on this account, by the possessor, this abuse continues every where in its original force. We heard a case detailed lately, in humble life, of peculiar hardship, where a sempstress, having furnished comfortably, by her earnings, her two rooms, her furniture, after her marriage, disappeared, article by article, sold by her profligate husband to buy liquor. The law, at one and the same time, snatched from her the reward of industry, and changed, in him, an evil propensity into a habit. His legal power of taking from her her chairs and tables, caused her not only the loss, but destroyed her just influence, by placing her in a contemptible light before him, as a creature, whose welfare was, in the eye of law, of no importance. We have often regarded this law as the ally of the tavern and the gaming-table. The little earnings of the laundress, the nurse, the school-mistress, the female fruit-seller, and the sempstress, are a common supply to the thirst of the intemperate. We have known repeated instances of a husband, absent for years at a time, sweeping into his empty pockets, on his occasional visits, the earnings of his wife in his absence. Those who are familiar with the state of the poor in this city, will call to mind repeated instances of this kind. This aiding of tyranny and profligacy by the forms of law, arming them with the legitimate authority, under the shelter of which they perpetuate the most cruel wrongs, is an abuse, we wonder that good men survey with such apparent indifference. Nothing but legislative interference can bring relief to this numerous and helpless class of sufferers. The law must retrace its steps, till it gets back within the moral boundaries of legislative authority.

In addition to Dr. Cooper's arguments in support of the law, that men are stronger, have better sense than women, that Heaven requires of the wife to render up her property to her husband, (we do not find the law in our Bible) that it is convenient she should do so, and that men will behave themselves ill, if it is withheld—we have met with a few additional ones. Some say that legal assurance to the wife of her property is impertinent. There is a large, well-meaning class, who adopt the arguments of Devorgoil, when he declares, he

"Never swerved from 'his' integrity,
Save at the voice of strong necessity,
Or such o'erpowering view of high advantage,
As wise men liken to necessity,
In strength and force compulsive."

There are others, whose sole argument is, that it is the custom; men, who, instead of considering, before they adopt a measure, whether it is right or wrong, ask what the custom is? Such persons will enter upon a very exceptionable course of action, and prosecute it, without consciousness of blame. "Custom makes a rectitude in their eyes; they imagine that a thing must be done, and ought to be done, because it always has been done; what they never questioned in their own minds, and never heard questioned, passes for an innate principle, a self-evident truth, needing no evidence to support it, and which no evidence can overthrow." We consider this the largest class of the supporters of this oppression, because of this character are the majority of mankind. They say the law is old. We know it is old; so old, that to which branch of the northern pirates, that overspread the island from which we deduce our origin, we owe this deleterious legacy, we know not; but it is well ascertained, that the most profound ignorance pervaded and darkened the land, when this law was adopted, or devised, by the "ignorant swordsmen" of barbarous Britain; men whose rule it was,

"That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can;"

that it was enacted when law, so far from making it an object to secure the weaker individual from the violence of the stronger, was but an expression of the mere good pleasure of power. It might be expected that it should have been deposited long since in the graves of the sea-kings; shred by shred has dropped from the English jurisprudence of the dark and barbarous times of old. We hope that the reforming shears will shortly lop off this part of the coarse and tattered tissue. The antiquity of a law has weight with us; but it is only of that law, "which has no date, which was never enacted, which is prior to all things, coeval with eternity, the law of rectitude,—that, to which all other laws owe their force, and in virtue of which alone they oblige;" we think it plain, this later law is a most flagitious repeal of the older.

There has been some mitigation of the state of women since the days of the heptarchy. "Dower is imagined by some to be the relic of a Danish custom, since, according to the historians of that country, dower was introduced into Denmark by Swegn, the father of our Canute the Great, out of gratitude to the Danish ladies, who sold all their jewels to ransom him, when taken prisoner by the Vandals." Swegn deserves the compliment, Scott puts into the mouth of Cœur de Lion, when he offers his hand to Robin Hood, and says, "There is mine, and I hold it honored by being clasped with yours. For he that does good, having the unlimited power to do evil, deserves praise, not only for the good which he performs, but for the evil which he forbears."

There is some hope of farther change in behalf of the female sex; that law will make the property of married, like that of unmarried, women an inviolable possession; that legislators will interfere to hinder men in their blindness from lacerating the left arm with the right; from doing what is as foolish and imprudent, as it is unjust and cruel. There are men, who distinguish between a moral and a legal right to property, who confess the unfairness of the advantages given them by

law, and whose forbearing integrity towards the women they marry, testifies the force of their convictions ; their example will attract attention. As society improves, the equitable temper, which is disposed to weigh the interests of others in equal balance with our own, must become more prevalent. Does any one view this subject in a just light ? Let him, who knows, pities, and abhors the evil, embrace that generous course of action,

“ Which smooths this life, and wins the next.”

Let him endeavor to produce that state of knowledge and feeling throughout society, which will draw forth legislative interference. Were once the veil withdrawn from the aberrations from virtue and the scenes of domestic misery, caused by this law, its folly and horror would strike all alike. Against it, there is the voice of reason, the demand of offended justice, the moan of wounded domestic peace, the pang, if not the cry, of outraged motherly love, and the law of God.

SIX VERSES.

I LOVED her, but there came a blight,
That seared my brain and chilled my heart ;
I love her, yet I do not grieve
That we are far apart.
And still I hope, before I die,
To look into her clear blue eye.

I could not meet her in the place,
Where once in better hours we met,
And look unaltered in her face,
Fresh in its beauty yet ;—
Nor speak unmoved the once loved name,
Now burning with the brand of shame.

The livid waves are murmuring low,
The lightning sleeps in yonder cloud ;
But soon the rushing winds shall blow,
And thunders rattle loud.
O then, upon the shivering sea,
I would I were alone with thee !

Alone with thee—but sea and air
Should raise around the dirge of sin,
And Memory's mocking lip lay bare
Her poisoned pangs within ;
And tardy Vengeance come at last
Upon the billow and the blast.

Then shouldst thou see how sleepless wo
Can scourge the lazy steps of time,
And hear, in accents calm and low,
The tale of buried crime.
Thou, who my earliest love didst share,
With me should die—like me despair.

Yet when the walled and tottering waves
Hung o'er us in their arching sweep,
If I could hear one word of grief,
For wrongs so dark and deep,
Though fiends had in thy bosom slept,
I could but weep as once I wept.

O. W. Hahn.

THOUGHTS ON THE STUDY OF THE GREEK AND LATIN LANGUAGES.

NO. I.

THE remarks in this and two succeeding essays were suggested on reading a pamphlet, entitled "Reports on the Course of Instruction in Yale College, by a Committee of the Corporation and the Academical Faculty." It is a pamphlet, calculated, for sundry reasons, to make no common impression, wherever it is read. It is from the pen of scholars, is written with ability, and, from having been long engaged in the business of "Instruction," most of those concerned in the authorship of it have a fair claim to be deemed qualified judges of the subject of which it treats. Hence, on most points embraced in their "Reports," we consider the sentiments of the Committee correct, their illustrations satisfactory, and their reasonings conclusive. And such we presume is the general opinion.

On one point, however, we are *not* satisfied ; and it is that on which the Committee appear to have bestowed most attention, and for the decision of which, in conformity to their own views, they were probably most solicitous. We allude to the *necessity* of a knowledge of Greek and Latin, as an *element of a liberal education*. Is it true, that that element is *indispensable* ; and that no form or degree of education is liberal *without it* ? May not an individual, without being versed in the dead languages, be so educated, as to be competent to the highest and most perfect achievements in science, literature, and the arts, as well as in professional life ?

These are questions of deep concern to the interests of society, education being the only means of fully developing the human faculties, and conferring on man the entire perfection, of which he is susceptible. The Committee have answered the first of them *affirmatively*, and the last, of course, in *the negative*. They have pronounced an acquaintance with Greek and Roman literature *essential* in the constitution of a liberal education.

Before offering any strictures on this decision, we shall simply remark, that we are friendly to the cultivation of ancient literature, under proper restrictions. We disclaim all connection and sympathy with that class of innovators, that would "drive the ploughshare of destruction" through *all* our academies and colleges, and uproot in them every remnant of the learned languages. Though advocates of a temperate and judicious reform on this subject, we deprecate revolution. Indeed, such are the evils inseparable from revolution, during its progress, that it should never be attempted in any thing of moment, except as the result of necessity, or under a prospect deemed infallible of great improvement. We shall only add, that we have never witnessed what we considered an unbiassed discussion of the topic before us. Notwithstanding our belief, that the learned Committee, whose "Reports" we are about to examine, endeavored to divest themselves of prepossession and prejudice, and to discover and communicate truth, on the subject of their deliberation, we are compelled to question their ability to do so. In saying this, we intend neither an impeachment of their integrity, nor a disparagement of their understanding.

In the former, we repose entire confidence, and have already acknowledged the latter to be of a respectable order. We simply mean, that men educated, employed, and habituated from their youth, to think, as they have been, must have had, from the well-known laws of the human mind, a bias and friendliness of feeling, *apart from their judgement*, in favor of the study of Greek and Latin. To have felt otherwise—we mean, to have felt *impartially*, would have been unnatural, and, perhaps we might add, *unamiable*—a susceptibility of attachment to familiar objects and customary pursuits, being one of the attractive features of the human character. Besides; not to have decided as they did, would have been a censure on themselves and their profession; some of them, we believe, being concerned in teaching the classics, and all of them sanctioning that course of instruction. And self-condemnation, always an unwelcome task, is much increased in its difficulty and repulsiveness, by having to grapple with pride of opinion, personal interest, and confirmed habit.

One more preliminary, and we shall commence our discussion. What are we to understand by a *liberal education*? Unless this question be previously solved, reasoning on the subject can be of no avail. It is fortunate, therefore, that the committee have given *their* solution of it in the following sentence:—

“By a liberal education, it is believed, has been generally understood, such a course of discipline in the arts and sciences, as is best calculated, at the same time, both to strengthen and enlarge the faculties of the mind, and to familiarize it with the leading principles of the great objects of human investigation and knowledge.”

To this solution we offer no other objection, than that it is not sufficiently full. The word *all* should have been inserted before “faculties.” A liberal education, then, we would define, that course of instruction, which is best calculated to prepare the mind, by expanding and invigorating *all* its faculties, for the highest achievements, of which it is capable, in science and letters, as well as in the learned professions and the arts. For, although it is true, as the committee allege, that a liberal is distinct from a professional education, it is equally so, that the latter should always include the former, and is defective without it.

It being conceded, then, that a liberal education consists in a competent cultivation of *all the faculties* of the mind, it must be also conceded, that whatever form of education thus cultivates them is *liberal*. The question may therefore be put, and the committee have an interest in answering it, What faculty, or what number of faculties are disciplined and strengthened by the study of Greek and Latin, which cannot be as highly disciplined and strengthened without it? Greek and Latin are but languages. The study of them alone, therefore, is far from invigorating *every* faculty of the mind. When pursued as it usually is, it invigorates only the faculty of language. It in no degree strengthens, or in any way improves either the reflecting faculties, or the general powers of perception and judgement. It adds nothing to the capacity of the mind to form ideas of number, quantity, weight, figure, size, duration, color, place, tune, or beauty. Nor has it any bearing on comparison, reasoning, wit, or imitation. Yet these are all ideas and operations, conceived and performed by distinct primitive

faculties, which education is intended to train and strengthen. We repeat, that the study of language, cultivates alone the faculty of language; and that can be cultivated as *certainly*, and we believe as well, by the study,—we mean the thorough study,—of modern as of ancient languages. This will be made to appear more fully hereafter. But we are running ahead of our inquiry; we are advancing some of our own views, before examining those contained in the pamphlet.

The Committee have assigned their reasons for deciding, that the study of the ancient classics is an indispensable constituent of a liberal education. If those reasons are conclusive, the controversy is settled, and any further agitation of it would be worse than nugatory; it would be a waste of time. If, on the contrary, the reasons are invalid, the question is still open, and invites to a stricter examination of the subject of it. Nor ought the invitation to be declined, relating, as it does, to matters of deep and general concern. Our first business, therefore, is to endeavor to test the soundness and sufficiency of some of the positions, which the "Reports" maintain.

The Committee first attempt to draw a parallel between the objections made by some persons to the study of mathematics, and those made to the study of Greek and Latin; and, having shown satisfactorily the invalidity of the former objections, they content themselves with the inference that the latter are equally invalid. In this effort, however, to maintain themselves, they have failed. Arguments founded on analogy should be advanced with caution. They are not philosophical. To illustrate is all they can do. Proof is beyond their sphere. In most instances, they do more harm than good, unless they are sustained by something solid, and direct to the point. In the present case, moreover, we deem the analogy defective. The attempt to show that there is an equal necessity for studying the ancient classics and mathematics, we consider a failure. A knowledge of mathematics, if not essential, is highly useful, in almost every department of life.* The power of man is greatly augmented by it, and his general efficiency in the same degree improved. It is an important element of practical science, and is not only indispensable in public and weighty projects, but facilitates and renders more complete the transaction of many private and domestic affairs. Its influence, like that of the sun and the atmosphere, is felt every where, without being always referred to its proper source. Were it necessary to illustrate or prove this, facts suited to either purpose could be collected abundantly from every quarter. Indeed, an extinction of the knowledge of mathematics, would not only arrest the progress of improvement, and render useless most improvements already made; it would reduce society to an infantile condition. Every man actively engaged in agriculture, commerce, or the arts, does many things on mathematical principles, whether he be educated in the science or not. Several other sciences,

* We do not mean to contend that every candidate for a liberal education ought to be *compelled* to study mathematics, to any great extent. Some knowledge of the principles of the science, and their application, he ought to acquire; and to this attainment every one is competent. But those alone who have the faculty of Number in sufficient strength, can attain a thorough knowledge of mathematics. Nor should the attainment be exacted of any others. A practice the contrary of this is unjustifiable, because it leads to an unprofitable consumption of time. Of every other study, the same is true. No one should be constrained to pursue it, unless he possesses a faculty for it. A strict observance of this rule would be an important improvement in the education of youth.

moreover, as well as most of the arts, are dependent on mathematics, if not for their existence, at least for the degrees of perfection they have attained.

As respects a knowledge of Greek and Latin, the case is different. To say the least, its usefulness in the *common affairs* of life, whether public or private, on a large scale or a small one, is very limited. Were we to deny it altogether, it is doubtful whether we could be convicted of error. Classical knowledge belongs to literature, and appears to us to have no necessary connexion with practical science. As a mere attainment in language, it deals in words and names, not in substantial ideas and things. True, it facilitates the making of additions, when required, to scientific nomenclature. Such additions, however, *might* be made without it, though not, perhaps, so conveniently—certainly not so learnedly. But no one will contend, that it contributes, in the slightest degree, to widen the boundaries of science, by leading either to further discoveries in the laws of nature, or to new and useful applications of those already made. Some of the most distinguished discoverers, inventors, and improvers, the world has produced, have been strangers to Grecian and Roman literature. In proof of this, many well-known names might be cited.* Of a knowledge of mathematics, it need scarcely be said, that the reverse of this is true. Science and the arts, we repeat, are immeasurably indebted to it, on the score of both discovery and improvement. We reiterate, therefore, our inability to perceive any analogy, at all available in the present case, between the necessity of it, and a knowledge of the ancient classics, constituting an element of a liberal education. Every enlightened people is, and always has been, indebted to mathematics for many of their means of prosperity and power. But nations and empires have been prosperous and powerful, without any aid from Greek or Latin. From reasoning by analogy, the Committee proceed to another ground of argument, which we think no better—that of *authority and fashion*.

“In the British islands, (say they) in France, Germany, Italy, and, indeed, in every country of Europe in which literature has acquired distinction and importance, the Greek and Roman classics constitute an *essential* part of a liberal education.”

This is begging the question; or rather, assuming positively the right to decide it, by the weight of opinion. The allegation made is true, only by construction—true, on the ground of human authority, but not, therefore, necessarily so, under the sanction of reason. In the countries mentioned in the extract, custom of long standing has established the *belief*, that “the Greek and Roman classics constitute an essential

* It would not, we believe, be difficult to show, that of the most illustrious discoverers, inventors, and improvers in science and the arts, a large majority have been ignorant of Greek and Latin. For this, there seems to be a good reason. Self-taught men are untrammelled by authority. They think for themselves, and take nature for their guide; whereas, the educated, being much under the influence of what they have learned in colleges, and other seats of learning, *think as they have been taught*, and are guided by example. Under these circumstances, the former can scarcely fail to take a lead, in the work of general innovation and improvement. The remedy for this evil in our colleges and universities is obvious and easy. Young men should be instructed *reasonably*, not *dogmatically*, or *authoritatively*. They should be taught independence of mind, to study nature as well as books, and, on every subject, to examine strictly, believe cautiously, and think for themselves. The following are a few, out of many that might be named, of eminent discoverers, inventors, and improvers, who had no knowledge of Greek or Latin: Franklin, Rittenhouse, Watt, Arkwright, Hutton, Hubbart, Brindley, Bramah, Leslie, Stevenson, Perkins, and Fulton. To these, dozens of others might be added—among them, Buffon, Davy, and Cuvier.

part of a liberal education." This belief, however, does not form a fact. No mere belief does so. If it did, fact and absurdity would be often identical.

That at the time of the Revival of Letters, and for centuries afterwards, an acquaintance with the "Greek and Roman classics constituted an essential part of a liberal education," is not denied. The reason is obvious. At that period, those works were, in Europe and most parts of Asia, the depositories of almost all recorded knowledge. But they are not so now. The amount of knowledge, which they lock up, at present, from the mere reader of modern languages, is extremely small; and, we may safely add, of little use. All the important information they contain, has been, long since, translated into other tongues. Hence they are no longer consulted as oracles of science. Had the Committee, therefore, pronounced a knowledge of them a *fashionable* or *conventional*, instead of an "essential," part of a liberal education, the term would have been more appropriate. If mere authority be waved, the propriety of the epithet, in the present condition of the world, is more than doubtful. But that authority is, in many cases, not only a fallacious, but a dangerous, basis of education, may be easily shown. Has not a belief in the infallibility of the Pope, in the performance of miracles by the relics of saints, and in the divine right of kings to trample on their subjects, been inculcated by authority, as an element of education? And, in some parts of Europe, is it not so inculcated still? Has there not been a period, when, had teachers refused to implant these notions in the minds of their pupils, they would have been deemed heretical, and deprived of their offices, if not of their lives? The reply to these questions must be affirmative. Were we inclined to press this matter further, we might add, that the time was, when no person but a clergyman was deemed sufficiently pure and holy to be at the head of a college or a university, because no other could procure for it the favor of Heaven; and the time also was, when no young man's education was esteemed liberal and complete, though he might be intended for holy orders, unless it included the art of defence. In fact, there is scarcely an error or an absurdity in discipline, so gross and striking, as not to have found advocacy in the same source. It is not perceived, then, in what the Committee have strengthened their cause, by a reference to fact or human authority. We shall appeal, hereafter, to a higher tribunal, that of Nature. The Committee employ another argument, the soundness of which we think equally doubtful. We shall give it in their own words:—

"The literature of every country of Europe is founded, more or less, on classical literature, and receives *from this source its most important illustrations.*"

Admitting this to be true of the literature of France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, and also of modern Greece as far as she has a literature, is it so of that of any other European country? Is it true of Great-Britain, Holland, Germany, Prussia, Russia, or any other northern nation? or, is it true of the United States? Is the literature of these latter countries founded on that of ancient Greece, or Rome? and is it dependent on "that source for its most important illustrations?" The Committee would hazard much, in replying affirmatively to this ques-

tion. In plain terms, if we comprehend their meaning in the paragraph quoted, the reply could not be sustained. The constitution of the English language, and every thing fundamental that belongs to it, rest much more on the Saxon, than on either the Greek or Latin, or on both united. And the Russian, and the German in all its dialects, are original tongues ; no more dependent on Greek or Latin, than the latter are on them. That many English writers have modeled their style and manner after those of the writers of Greece and Rome, is true. But, that the most pure and classical writers of the English language have done so, is not true. English literature has a character of its own, very distinct from that of either Greek or Roman literature. It cannot conform to both of them, they being widely different from each other. The truth is, that, when pure, it conforms to neither. This is proved by the prose works of Dryden, Bolingbroke, Swift, Addison, Taylor, Goldsmith, Scott, and other great masters of English style. Those compositions, and many others that might be referred to, derive nothing in manner or illustration from ancient literature, and but little in words. They are written chiefly in Saxon-English. We allude especially to the structure and spirit of the composition. Some of the most tasteless works in our language are modeled after the ancients. How can it be otherwise ? An effort is made in them to assimilate incongruous things. Attempts, moreover, to imitate bespeak inferiority, and contribute to perpetuate it. On that ground, ancient authors have injured many modern ones. No writer will ever be great, unless he aspire to originality, both in manner and matter. He must act according to the constitution of his own mind, not in imitation of the mind of another ; for his intellectual stores, he must draw on nature ; and, to acquire mental vigor and dexterity, he must exercise regularly, and on suitable subjects, the powers he possesses. But the adorers of the ancients will be the last to do this. Like the adherents to royalty, they will continue to recognize, in the Greeks and Romans, a *divine right* to instruct the moderns.

English literature will never attain the perfection of which it is susceptible, until it shall be cultivated, more than it ever has been, on the ground of the true constitution of the English tongue. Never until it shall be free from trammels ; and freedom is essential to perfection in every thing. We deem it fortunate that this sentiment has begun to prevail ; and that it has so begun, cannot be doubted. English and American writers, *generally*, are less servile copyists of the ancients, than they were fifty years ago. And, *as nations*, their writings have improved. Both in Great-Britain and the United States, more especially in the latter, there are *twenty* good writers now, where there was *one*, at the commencement of our revolutionary war. Yet, in neither country has the devotion to the ancient classics increased in the same ratio. It would be difficult to prove, that, in proportion to numbers, it has increased at all. Nor shall we ever have a truly classical literature of our own, until it shall have been formed out of our own materials, and on the constitution and construction of our own tongue. We might safely add, that when one writer copies or imitates the style and manner of another, he is apt to imitate his sentiments and mode of thinking, also, and to become a copyist and an underling throughout ; and such a degree of dependence operates as a blight on

the human faculties. That it may be able to act with its entire force, and achieve every thing, of which it is capable, the mind must be free, and must, therefore, do homage to nothing that is human. Aristotle and Plato among the ancients, and Newton and Locke among the moderns, checked originality of thought, and thus did mischief, through the excessive deference paid to them, by their contemporaries and those of after ages. Imitation and the restraint of authority chill the fires and deaden the elasticity of genius, and are fatal to all that is great or new. We do not hesitate to say, then, that, instead of being benefited by the homage once paid by them to ancient compositions, modern writers have improved, both in matter and style, almost in proportion as that homage has abated. As far as our acquaintance with German literature fits us to judge of it, we cannot perceive that it is any more "founded on classical literature," than the English. It appears to us to be very independent, and to have a distinct constitution and character of its own. To crowd a composition with what are called classical illustrations and allusions, is now deemed a mark of pedantry, rather than of good taste; to which might be added, that it is also a mark of a barren mind. The rich are not compelled to borrow; nor is the scholar, who is sufficiently versed in the book of nature, obliged to rely for his illustrations on the literature of the ancients.

The Committee make a further effort to establish, *by analogy*, the high claim of an acquaintance with Greek and Latin to enter as an element into a liberal education. The subjects of their analogy are architecture and sculpture. Those arts are stated to have been carried to such perfection in Greece, that their products are still unrivaled, and constitute the best models for modern imitation. True; as relates to sculpture, the Committee disclaim being advocates of *imitation*. To us, however, they seem to disclaim it only *in words*, while *in principle* they recommend it. When a modern statuary places an ancient bust or statue before him, and works *by* it or *after* it, to improve himself as an artist, we know of no other name, which suits him so well, as that of *imitator*. His object is not to *avoid faults* in the statue; because he always selects the most perfect specimen. If, then, he does not intend to imitate—to assimilate his work in some way to the model in his presence, why does he look on it as an exemplar? Why does he not copy directly from nature, the true inspirer of genius, and the finished pattern of all elegance and all excellence? By doing so, and depending alone on her, in conforming to her works, he would take the rank of an original. But as long as he relies for his improvement on human productions, he is a copyist. Every great artist has a *beau ideal* in his mind, the creation of his own genius; but all the elements of it are derived from nature. He only unites and fashions them to his taste; and, in his attempts to attain perfection, he works after the image he has thus created. His effort is to equal that, not to equal or surpass a pattern set by any other artist, either ancient or modern. After whose models did Phidias or Praxiteles work; or by what artist's productions did they improve themselves? The answer is plain. They worked after no models but those of nature, and deigned to imitate no productions but hers—and hence their works bestowed immortality on them. It is believed that the ancient artists,

painters, as well as sculptors, owed their excellence chiefly to their being *originals*. Nor could they be otherwise; because they had no highly finished works of preceding artists to imitate. Were the moderns to follow their examples of *originality*, instead of copying their works, they might equal them in the perfection of the art; but they will never do it on any other ground. It appears to us, that the chief, if not the only advantage, which the works of ancient artists can bestow on modern ones, is on the ground of competition and rivalry. They may excite in them a higher ambition to excel, than they would otherwise feel; and there, we apprehend, the true benefit ends. Our allusion is to artists of a high order. That inferior ones may improve their humble performances by imitation, is not denied. They are intended and fit only to follow in the wake of superior men. They are not, therefore, embraced in the present discussion. We are treating of artists qualified to be originals; and they are necessarily injured by imitation.

Be these things, however, as they may, we say of this analogy, as we did of the last, that it *proves* nothing, because it is an analogy—and not, we think, a very close one. In the reasoning founded on it by the Committee, the premises and the conclusion do not appear to us, to belong of right to the same syllogism. Modern architecture, say the Committee, has been improved by ancient architecture, and modern sculpture by ancient sculpture. But the Greeks and Romans were the great masters in these arts. Therefore, modern literature is improved by ancient literature, in which the same people were also masters. We confess our inability to perceive either the force or fairness of the inference.

There is yet another ground, on which the analogy of the Committee appears to us to have failed. Sculpture is a direct imitation of something in nature. The product, therefore, of the ancient and of the modern sculptor, when imitating the same object,—say, the human figure,—must be so much alike, that the latter, when possessed of but moderate abilities, *may*, perhaps, improve his style, by working after the model left by the former. He is still indirectly imitating nature, when he is imitating a well-executed image of her. But language, though founded in nature, resembles none of her immediate works. It is a creation entirely artificial; and, as products of art, the English, Latin, and Greek languages are, in their present condition, so dissimilar to each other, that it is difficult to conceive, how the former can be, in any way, improved, by an attempt to model it after either of the latter. That it must be injured by it, seems, on principle, the more probable result; and experience, we think, sustains the opinion.

“But, (say the Committee) the study of the classics is useful, not only as it lays the *foundation of a correct taste*, and furnishes the student with *those elementary ideas*, which are found in the literature of modern times, and which he *no where so well acquires as in their original sources*—but also as the study itself *forms the most effectual discipline of the mental faculties*.” * * * * “*Every faculty of the mind is employed; not only the memory, judgement, and reasoning powers, but the taste and fancy are occupied and improved.*”

The matter of this extract brings us into a more serious conflict with the Committee, than that of either of the preceding ones. We

are compelled to call in question the soundness of the whole of it. We cannot admit that "the study of the classics lays the foundation of a correct taste." Wherever that "*foundation*" exists, it is not the creation of any course of discipline. It is the gift of *nature*—laid in the original constitution of the mind. Education improves it, but does not and cannot *produce* it. There are many minds, some of whose powers are active and vigorous, in which no system of training can form a correct taste. Whatever they do is disjointed and out of shape. Yet they may be thoroughly imbued with Greek and Latin. Instances in proof of this are so numerous, that they must be familiar to every accurate observer. The elements of correct taste are as literally bestowed by nature, as the elements of beauty of countenance, or symmetry of figure. They consist in that form of mind, where all the faculties are active, and well-balanced, none of them preponderating much in strength over the others. Where these elements are wanting, no course of discipline can impart them. Nor are we convinced, that, when possessed, they may not be as well cultivated, without Greek and Latin, as with them. Females excel in all sorts of taste, without any knowledge of ancient literature. This point will be more fully considered hereafter.

Notwithstanding an attentive examination of the subject, we find it difficult to discover what the Committee mean by "those elementary ideas, which are found in the literature of modern times, and which the student no where so well acquires, as in their *original sources*." Nature,* not classical literature, we regard as the "*original source*" of all ideas, whether elementary, or of any other kind. We believe, moreover, that all mental philosophers concur with us in opinion. Other sources are but secondary, and derive all the value they possess from their conformity to the original source. But nature is as accessible to the moderns, as she was to the ancients. Had we said that she is much more so, the position could be maintained. For each well-informed student of nature possessed by Greece and Rome, modern nations furnish hundreds, in the same amount of population. Wherefore, then, must the latter depend on the former for "elementary ideas," or any ideas at all, to enrich their literature? Why can they not draw them from the same fountain, which is so much more liberally opened to the modern than it was to the ancient world? We ought rather to ask, Do they not thus draw them? Are not modern productions generally much richer in the truths of nature, and freer from fiction, than most ancient ones? This question must be answered affirmatively; else all the discoverers and philosophers, who have flourished and written since the Revival of Letters, have lived in vain. We feel justified, then, in calling on the Committee to specify those "elementary ideas," and show them to be of any value, which writers of the present day most readily derive from Greek and Latin. Nor will they find it an easy task to comply with the summons.

But we have not yet done with the extracted paragraph. Having, however, already filled up our allotted space in the Magazine, we must defer what we have further to say, until the next number.

* We mean that impressions made, directly or indirectly, by the works of nature, on the human mind, produce in it all the ideas it possesses. To the production of these impressions, the learned languages contribute but little.

LADIES' FAIRS.

WE are no friends to these Fairs; from the first moment we heard them proposed, we had our doubts, and these doubts, in the progress of observation, in studying carefully the effects and grounds of the establishment of the Fairs, vanished, one by one, till we settled down in a firm conviction of their impropriety. It will not be inferred from this, that we intend to eulogize them; and, on the other hand, we beg not to be apprehended as a determined enemy, who may have no hearing because suspected of prejudice; for it is worth while, when we enter upon any project, especially when it is different from our usual course, to inquire what are the principles involved, what are the immediate effects, and what may be the remote consequences of the act. By this view, let not only all our common actions, but also these Fairs, be tried; and if they stand not the test, if they rest on grounds, on which nothing else may stand, and which, in the abstract, militate with our *consciences*, we should be very careful how we enter upon them, lest we sanction principles, which derive all their credit from this particular connexion, and which we might not wish to have generally adopted.

We are aware, that we shall be considered as treading on holy ground, and trampling down, with ruthless step, the flowers that are supposed to give health and vigor. We know there is a holiness of purpose enlisted in these Fairs. We are not dead to the objects of the ladies, so actively and charitably engaged to carry, by these means, relief to the poor, knowledge to the ignorant, speech to the dumb, and sight to the blind; nor can we impeach their motives,—for we have too many of our best-loved friends, who follow the general fashion, to suspect, for a moment, that they could in this, or any other work, knowingly, act on principles which are false, or dangerous when applied to any other purpose.

But we will be more specific, and come at once to the material and the manner of the Fair. What are the articles offered for sale? Are they generally such as have any positive value? We will not say, that all, or even any considerable portion of them, are entirely worthless; but that many are mere gewgaws, trifles, which only give proof of ingenuity and nice workmanship, that have employed the delicate hands a few hours, and may tickle the fancy of the purchaser a few days. Most of these are ornamental articles; and we are glad to see it, considering that they are principally prepared by those who are cultivated and at leisure, by whose tastes we would cheerfully govern our own, and whose influence would tend very much to refine and improve the condition of society. But we doubt, sincerely, whether they best advance even this object; for many of the articles are of such singular design and fashion, that they would hardly gain admission to our notice, much less a permanent station in our parlors, except that they are offered and sold at the Fairs. We have every product of the earth and of art, manufactured into all sorts of fantastic oddities; we have fortune-tellers and fate-ladies; things new and strange, the likeness of which is not in the heavens above, nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth; things, too, which by their very strangeness attract the attention, and draw the money of the spectators, but

which, when carried home, serve no other purpose, than to show how curious was the invention that designed them, and when the Fair is forgotten, they will be laid aside among the things neglected.

But our objections to the kind and uselessness of the materials of the Fair, is light, compared with the graver one—to the price. If these articles should be sold at their actual value; if their makers stood in equal competition with the milliners and the shops, and asked no more than the real worth for their merchandize, we truly believe the Fair would never have been gotten up. But these sisters of charity have no idea of such competition. Value, worth, usefulness, cost, and state of the market,—these are terms and considerations entirely foreign to their purpose. Price, with them, has no such parentage; it owes allegiance to no principle, but that which gets as much as it can.

It would seem at least a lack of mercantile wisdom, in these votaries of charity, to offer such articles, confessedly not of general use, nor of permanent ornament, for sale at prices out of all proportion to their cost and worth, unless they had some enginery, by which they could induce their buyers to comply with their terms; and, true enough, their very success proves, that they have not reckoned without their host, but have weighed well their means, before they put their hands to the work. In ordinary affairs, men have an eye to the “quid pro quo,” and the scale of equivalents is studied with an assiduous care in almost every action, and especially in all their conduct relative to each other. Almost the whole of our lives is resolvable into bargain and sale; and for whatever we do, we look for a corresponding return. 'Tis very true, money is not always, nor in any large part of our actions, concerned; for as this is a mere representative of value, it is not needed, when we can have the value itself; nevertheless, when we cannot match our values, or when only one of the parties has it for exchange, we then call in the aid of money, which will purchase not only material substance, but also comfort and enjoyment, and indeed almost any thing which we may desire, whether tangible or intangible. The successful result of these Fairs is the strongest proof of this theory of the commercial nature of our lives. Now what is that, which the patronesses of the Fairs offer for the money, that they receive, if not the actual value of the article? The answer is easy, as will be shown,—*popular favor*.

So strong is the influence of the benevolent sisterhood, so powerful their control of general opinion, that they wield it at their pleasure, and sell it out to whomsoever will come to their bazaar, and give them a bauble, as a certificate of their acceptance. Primarily, every man stands on his own ground, and public opinion sets for or against him according to the tenor of his life and the correctness of his principles. But this new combination in society has a different gauge, and metes out its approbation in the ratio of generosity exhibited in their peculiar way; and he, who previously had discharged all his duties, and meritoriously enjoyed all the privileges of companionship, and cordiality, and esteem, now suddenly finds a new condition affixed to this enjoyment, with which he must comply, in order to escape importunity, the coolness of his friends, and even the imputation of meanness.

It is worth while to observe the machinery put in requisition to produce the desired effect. No exertions are spared, no measures untried.

Religion and charity, wit and fashion, combine together, and labor in the field. We are advertised of the countless varieties to be exhibited, of all sorts and of all values, to suit every taste, from the staidest utilitarian to the lightest trifle. It is heralded forth, that every body is going, and therefore every body goes. We are warned, beforehand, that we must buy this or that, at all events buy largely, to help on the sale, and induce others to follow our example. Such is the bustle and extent of preparation, such is the disciplined concert of all about us, that, when the day arrives, all are ready to strike, and, with one simultaneous effort, to carry their point; and wo be unto him, who doubts the expediency of the measure—for he that doubteth is condemned already—wo be to him that lags behind, or hesitates to pay the admission fee, and purchase articles at the extravagant prices; and few indeed are they, who do not submit; for the contumacious must be pointed at for their singularity, and be punished with at least a temporary ban of society. What wonder, then, that they succeed?

We may be considered over-nice in our morality, but we question very much the right of any individuals or society to demand our money on these terms. When a man charges us to take our choice between life or bodily ease, and our purse, we may indeed give up the latter, in order to save the other; another of equal power over us, yet of more gentle demeanor, threatens to deprive us of our good name, unless we give to him our money; others, still more refined, ask our contributions, or that we give up the blandishments of society. All succeed alike, because we care less for the money.

Now, there is no fundamental distinction between him, who demands our money or our physical comfort, and him, who gives us the alternative of our money or our social comfort: one is as much our natural right as the other, and whoever threatens to deprive us of either, or to mulct us in a certain sum of money, in both cases equally attempts to take from us that, which is unquestionably ours, without offering any equivalent.

Let us not be told that people go cheerfully and willingly to the Fairs, there to contribute their money for the charitable objects; for why is all this busy enlistment of every motive? Why this concert, ramifying co-extensively with society? Why this intervention of the Fair with all its exciting parade between men's purses and the benevolent object? Why is not this presented in its naked wants? Why are not our individual charities appealed to, and our contributions directly asked? Are not people as willing to give for the support of an infant-school, the blind, or for any other charitable purpose, that, which, it is said, they gladly and voluntarily give at the Fair? Is it not rather that these votaries of goodness, through a mistaken zeal, doubt their success, if they use direct means, and hence they resort to this system, so that, by a general combination, and united effort, they may produce an unnatural excitement, and compel the gift of what our free and reasonable charities would never have yielded?

It is natural for man, when he has for once left his usual track, to wander further than he originally intended. So, in these Fairs, having admitted one principle, which is not adopted in ordinary life, the door is opened for others, that, on more common occasions, would find no encouragement in our hearts. Hence we have not only compulsory

purchases at exorbitant prices, but wheels of fortune, lotteries, and fortune-tellers. Sometimes an article is put up in a lottery, and the discrepancy between the cost of the ticket and the value of the prize is offered as one inducement, and the excellence of the object, to which the ticket-money is to be appropriated, as another reason for the purchase of the chances. Sometimes a gold ring is put into a large cake, which, being cut into slices, is sold piece-meal at a large price, which the buyers are willing to give, each in the hope that he may be so fortunate as to obtain the slice containing the ring.

Public opinion has already thrown lotteries into the hands of the desperate, the wicked, and the ignorant, and our government has now taken strong measures to prevent even these from indulging in this uneven chance of fortune; and if the unfortunate be tempted, by this means, to escape a prison, or the poor to save his family from distress, should venture to purchase a ticket at the lottery-office, he becomes thereby a criminal, and so far loses his rank in, and the confidence of, society. But here, under the sanction of all that is lovely, virtuous, and charitable, in the advancement of that very religion, which proscribes the lotteries as gambling in the other case, we are urged to buy the chances of greater gain, and are virtually told, that this will be our best way of securing that favor and blessing of society, which a purchase of a like species of merchandize in another place would deprive us of.

The poor man wants bread, the desperate speculator wants money, the rich want other gratifications, and the fashionable want any thing, to which the whim of the gay company may give a temporary value; and if the one may, by the investment of a small sum, purchase a chance of obtaining that, which is to him of much more worth, and for the certainty of which he would give a very much larger sum at the fair—why may not the other, in the same way, seek the gratification of his desires, though of a graver nature, and at a place less approved of fashion and virtue? The principle is the same in both. And whatever principle is shown to be wrong, in the abstract, certainly no application, to however pure purpose, or in however virtuous hands, can justify its operation. These managers of the Fairs would be shocked if we were to propose to them to open lotteries for their private benefit; and yet, if their moral sense would reject this means of profit in their own behalf, how does it become so changed, that it will admit it in behalf of any public institution? What would be said, if one should set up a wheel of fortune, at his own house or office, and court the patronage of the public? We should have the whole police in motion to stop it. Suppose that this adventurer should offer to give half or the whole of the profits to some church or infant-school, even to the blind, would they not reject it in disgust, and spurn the insult, of an attempt to bribe them, to countenance a gambling speculation, by an offer of its profits? Suppose a gipsy to set up fortune-telling; our little children would perhaps beg of us a few cents, so that they might buy an insight into futurity; very probably we should not grant their request, but we should be much more likely to take up the impostor as a vagrant, and send her to the work-house, because, forsooth, she is wheedling the ignorant and the inexperienced to part with their money, without any adequate recompense. But if the poor gipsy is forbidden

to tell fortunes for her own support, how is it, that the same species of knowledge is to be sold for the benefit of any public charity? If the young and the ignorant are not allowed to learn coming events of the stroller, what shall be said to them, when, as an argument for our consent to their wishes, they quote the example of the intelligent and the gifted, the clergy, the lawgivers, and those that govern the moralities of the people—many of whom bought an insight into their future fortunes at the Fair? They cannot see the difference between their forbidden gambling at the lottery-offices in the by-places, and that public and allowed hazard in the midst of the assembled fashion and intelligence at the Fair. Nor is the distinction plain to them between the fortune-telling of the miserable old crone in our kitchens, and that of the fate-lady most tastefully arrayed and supported by all those, who commonly discountenance every vice. There is, indeed, a distinction in degree, but not in kind. We may perhaps feel secure that we shall never abuse our degree and proceed to the grosser extent of gambling, and so, too, those, who indulge the last, may look on this of the Fair with self-complacency, thinking they will never so squander their time and their money; for it was said, by a good observer, that one is always offended with that species of sin, which is not agreeable to his own taste. When we have indulged in a violation of principle according to our taste, others, who look up to us as the patterns of life, may indulge in the same violation according to their peculiar taste. Our blessed Savior, although he spared not the great sinners, yet was much more severe in his denunciation of those, who, from fashion or ostentation, broke the other points of the law: "Whosoever shall break one of the least of these commandments, and teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven." The rich, the virtuous, and the gifted, live not for themselves alone. They are responsible not only for themselves, but for the influence of their character, their actions, and their conversation. There are very many others, who look to these, as the guides for their own opinions and conduct, and adopt their principles, and imitate their example, so far as they can understand and apply them to their own condition. Those, who enjoy the superior advantages of education and influence, should avoid even the appearance of evil; their principles and practice should be so unequivocally correct, that no lack of knowledge may misinterpret the one, and by no change of circumstances may the other be misapplied.

We are aware, that we shall be met with accounts of the great success, that has already attended these Fairs, and of the thousands of dollars, which have thereby been raised for the relief of human misery. We grant these positions; but to them we offer one demurrer: "The end justifies not the means," however much the contrary may have availed in ages of ignorance and error; this reasoning has long been dead, and we are sorry to see it revived again, and we are confident, that, though it becomes the handmaid of benevolence, it cannot sear the public conscience, and make men openly adopt it, as formerly. Under the influence of the strong excitement attending these Fairs, when one all-absorbing anxiety engrosses every thought, and every word, look, and action point to the grand purpose, it is not strange, that no time is left to weigh the subsidiary means, or to observe those

niceties of moral distinctions, which temper men's conduct in other matters. There is such an undue preponderance given to the favorite project, such a requisition put upon the time of those, who prepare the articles, and upon the money of those, that buy them, that many of the domestic and social duties must necessarily be neglected, and many of the common, every-day charities must be forgotten; the heart is cold to the wonted objects of its benevolence, for it has exhausted its heat upon a single and public altar; the hand is poor, for it has emptied itself, and it can give no more relief; and many will find, after the Fair is over, that they have thus given time and money, which no private suffering and want, known to them alone,—no other form of charity,—nothing but the universal and imperious fashion could have drawn from them.

Without doubt, every friend of the Fairs would wish to carry them on by the most unimpeachable means; but when they find these to be inadequate to their purpose, they must have recourse to others; for money must be poured, through this channel, into the lap of ignorance and want. It is enough for them that the end is holy; the rectitude of the steps, by which it is attained, is of comparatively small consequence.

Let it not be supposed, that we have no friendship for all these excellent objects, which these sisters of charity have undertaken to patronize. We love the blind; our hearts are warm with affection for the sick; we would do all in our power to relieve the poor—to lessen human distress—to support the infant school; but we would not, even for these, take any step, which would, on common occasions, be repugnant to our moral principles.

We have no fears, that Ladies' Fairs, as they are now conducted, will be permanent. We confidently believe, that, ere long, they will have gone out of fashion, and other means of popular excitement will have taken their place; then will those, who are now their supporters, look back on them with a calm and liberal spirit, see clearly their whole nature, and, considering them as among the chimeras of the past age, wonder that they were ever engaged in them. J.

A REFLECTION.

I Paced the ocean shore,
At the hush of closing day,
And heard the low and solemn roar
Of waters in the bay.
The waves were crowned with foam,
As, borne by the coming tide,
They sought, far up the beach, a home,
And stretched them out, and died.

Methought—How like is Life
This restless ocean's flow;
The shifting tides of its ceaseless strife,
How like these waves they show!
My wave of life—I prayed—
By virtue's brightness be,
As towards Death's shore it speeds, arrayed
Like the white wave of the sea!

B.

NOTICE OF MR. SENATOR JOHNSTON.

THE melancholy tidings reached us, about a fortnight since, of the shocking death of Mr. Senator Johnston, of Louisiana. The circumstances of this most distressing event, as related in the newspapers, are substantially as follows:—The steam-boat *Lioness*, on her way from Alexandria, on the Red river, to Natchitoches, blew up, on the morning of the nineteenth of May, about day-light, and as the boat was passing the Rigolet Bon Dieu. Three successive explosions, following each other with great rapidity, were heard at a considerable distance. The fore-cabin, the deck above the boiler, (which in the western steam-boats is placed on the main-deck forward, toward the bow of the vessel,) and the hold under the boiler were scattered in fragments over the water. Many of the passengers, who were thrown from the boat, saved themselves, by laying hold of these fragments. In about two minutes after the explosion, the hull of the boat sunk, leaving a portion of the ladies' cabin floating on the surface. Several gentlemen and all the ladies, who were passengers in the boat, were saved in this part of the wreck. The disaster is said to have been occasioned by a quantity of gunpowder, which had been shipped in the boat, and which was ignited by a candle taken into the hold, by two of the crew. Among the passengers severely wounded or bruised, was Mr. Edward D. White, representative of the New-Orleans district in Congress. Of those who perished, was Mr. Josiah S. Johnston, one of the Senators of the United States from Louisiana.

The loss of this gentleman is justly to be accounted a public calamity. He sustained, in the Congress of the United States, a reputation for intelligence, candor, and probity, not surpassed by that of any other member. His death, in the prime of life, and at the meridian of his usefulness, by a most distressing casualty, and at a distance from his family, make it an occurrence, which cannot but strike the public mind, and must be regarded by his numerous friends, in every part of the Union, with the most painful emotion. The following brief outline of his active and useful career, will apprise those, who were unacquainted with him, of the extent of the loss, which the public has suffered from this most unexpected and distressing event.

MR. JOSIAH STODDARD JOHNSTON was a native of Connecticut. At the age of nineteen or twenty, he removed, with his father, the late Dr. Johnston of that state, to the neighborhood of Maysville, where his father continued to reside, till his decease, the last year. Mr. Johnston's professional education was received in Kentucky; but, after a short time passed there, he resolved to enter on the wide field of liberal adventure, which was opening in the south-western part of the Union. After a short time spent at Natchez, he determined to repair to the Red river country, where he established himself at Alexandria, in the parish of Rapides, in the profession of the law. Nothing could seem more uninviting than the state of society, which then existed in this part of the country. The population consisted of a remnant of Spanish colonists, and of adventurers from the United States:—the neighborhood of the Spanish frontier, rendered it a stopping place for many persons, whose relations to society, in the old states, were such,

as to make it very convenient for them to be able, at any moment, to escape into a foreign jurisdiction. The new government was, as yet, scarcely organized; and, in a population of this description, could derive no strength from that public opinion, which is the best support of all government. Something very near a state of nature accordingly prevailed, with very little borrowed from civilization but its vices. Fatal quarrels were continually happening. The neighborhood was distracted by feuds of the most embittered character. Affrays in the streets were of constant occurrence, and duels not less so. Every body went armed; and life was too easily taken to be of high account. Where life is so little regarded, manners of course are wild and reckless.

Such was the population, in which Mr. Johnston, a young New-Englander, established himself at the age of two or three and twenty, in the practice of the law, and with immediate and entire success. His native frankness of character made him the favorite of all classes; and his extraordinary discretion kept him from being entangled in their controversies. He never was engaged in a quarrel, in a community where it was so difficult to avoid it; but, on very many occasions, he had the good fortune, by his prudent umpirage between those who were at issue, to prevent a resort to the field. In a very short period, he was advanced to the bench, where he was equally successful, in maintaining the dignity and authority of the magistracy. He was soon elected as a member of the House of Assembly in the new state of Louisiana. When New-Orleans was threatened by the British troops, at the close of the war, a regiment was raised in Rapides, under Mr. Johnston's command as Colonel. He hastened to the capital, but did not arrive, till after the overthrow of the enemy. On his return to Alexandria, he resumed his judicial functions, daily growing in the respectful regards of his fellow-citizens. In 1821 he took his seat in the House of Representatives, as a member of the seventeenth Congress; and, on the appointment of Mr. Brown, a year or two afterwards, as minister of the United States at Paris, Mr. Johnston was elected to fill his place, and has been twice re-elected, to the Senate of the United States.

As a member of Congress, Mr. Johnston enjoyed a reputation of the most enviable character. Mr. Johnston's style of debate was business-like and conversational. He rarely rose except to speak briefly and closely to the matter in hand. He did not aim at oratorical display, but sought, by a pertinent statement of facts, and a common-sense logic, to satisfy and convince his audience. He rarely addressed the Senate, in what is called a set speech; but his speech on Foote's resolutions was one of the soundest, most elaborate, and most instructive, which was made in that debate. During Mr. Adams's administration, he filled with great ability the place of Chairman of the Committee on Commerce, in which capacity he made a very instructive report on the British colonial trade question, which he also supported in a speech. He was also a member of the Senate's Committee of Finance. He had paid particular attention to the great question of the bank of the United States, and understood the subject thoroughly. He occasionally spoke in the incidental debates, which continually occurred in the Senate on that subject, and never without imparting valuable informa-

tion. He was understood to be the author of a pamphlet called the "Review of the Bank Veto," which was one of the very ablest, that have appeared, during the present political controversies. The subject of the tariff engaged much of his attention, not merely as a question vitally important to Louisiana, but as closely interwoven with the general weal. He wrote one or two very able pamphlets, one of which was published with his name, on the effect of the repeal of the duty on Sugar; and pointed out, with singular felicity, the extent to which the prosperity of almost every other great interest in the country was connected with the culture of this important staple. This was done on a conviction of duty to his state and to the Union. He was himself, as a planter, exclusively engaged in the culture of Cotton. This circumstance caused him to feel the unsoundness of the statements of the nullifiers, as to the effect of the tariff on the price of cotton. His personal observation enabled him to trace the languishing state of that culture in South-Carolina, to its true cause,—a cause so notorious and powerful in its operation, as to make it wonderful that any other should be thought of,—the competition of the inferior and exhausted soils of South-Carolina, with the newer and richer soils of the South-west. As a cotton-planter, Mr. Johnston bore the clearest testimony to the beneficial effects of the establishment of American manufactures upon the prosperity of that branch of industry.

Convinced, from his own observation and experience, that the complaints of the South against the tariff were without foundation in fact, Mr. Johnston of course looked upon the strange heresy of nullification, with peculiar disapprobation. He regarded it as a preposterous remedy for an imaginary evil; and all his influence was thrown into the scale of the Constitution. Such, however, was the mildness of his manner, such the kindness of his disposition, such his candor, such his known personal disinterestedness, that, perhaps, there was not a member of Congress, who possessed, to an equal extent, the personal respect of those, who differed from him on this great and exciting question.

He was unremitted in his devotion to the duties of his station. To his constituents he was faithful, in a degree not easily surpassed. Their interests were ever uppermost in his mind; and every act of legislation, which concerned them, received his unwearied attention, from its inception to its close. He made their affairs, public or private, which were committed to him, his own, till he had done all in his power, to accomplish what was desired. No labor was too great in committee, on the floor, or in private conference with other members, when he saw the possibility of advancing the interests entrusted to his care.

Few persons had pursued the political career with more flattering success; but this success left Mr. Johnston perfectly unambitious. His total freedom from selfish aims was one great cause of his influence and popularity. No one ever suspected, that he had a private end in view, in any thing which he either did or forbore to do. During the administration of Mr. Adams, he ranked among the most prominent of the political friends of the President; and was known to be on the most intimate footing of confidence with the Secretary of State. His character, talents, and merits, would have well warranted the Executive, in gratifying any wish which could have been entertained for his higher advancement, by his warmest friends. But nothing,

most certainly, would have pained him more, than to have had it thought, that he would permit interest to be made on his behalf, for any office in the gift of the administration. It was the wish of his friends, two or three years since, to tender him a nomination as Governor of Louisiana ; but, highly as he respected the state of his adoption, he found no temptation in the honors of her chief magistracy. He had a passion for active efficient usefulness, and the honor and *éclat* of station were the part of it, which was not only not attractive, but peculiarly burdensome to him.

Mr. Johnston's disposition was eminently social. The Kentucky cordiality of manner had in him been engrafted on the New-England discretion. He selected his intimate associates with care ; but no one possessed, in a higher degree, the happy art of keeping up an agreeable and friendly intercourse, with a large number of persons, of various tempers and tastes. He adapted himself to every kind of society, with peculiar ease, and his company was equally welcome in all the circles of the metropolis,—political, fashionable, and domestic.

No man ever understood more thoroughly, or practised more faithfully, the sacred duty of friendship. His time, his advice, his purse, were freely bestowed, wherever they could serve a friend. He could sacrifice his convenience and interest with as much alacrity, in the service of a friend, as most men manifest in the pursuit of their own ends. His personal intercourse was characterized by great gentleness and suavity of manner. The rights and feelings of the absent were always safe in his keeping ; and he probably had passed through life, the object of as little personal enmity, as any public man in the country. Even party malignity, which spares no one, left him unassailed.

Mr. Johnston had a strong taste for books. Though his active habits of life had led him away from the pursuit of mere scholarship, he was well acquainted with the standard literature of our language. His principal reading, however, was in the constitutional and political history of our own country. Few persons were as well versed in this subject. His library contained a more than usually ample collection of works on this topic ; and it was the favorite occupation of his leisure hours to make himself acquainted with their contents. Of his proficiency in these studies, his speech on Foote's resolution affords the amplest proof.

No man was more perfectly free from affectation and pretence. Honesty, cordiality, and singleness of purpose, were striking qualities of his character. He never made an effort to give himself consequence,—never attuned his voice to his own praise ; and wore the multiplied honors, which had been bestowed upon him, with the unconscious ease of true merit.

Nor was he less exempt from intrigue. Although the greater part of his life had been passed as a public man, in which capacity he had filled a succession of stations, most of them depending on popular favor, he knew the arts of the demagogue only as he saw them daily practised by others. He knew no path to public favor, but public usefulness. Content to serve the people, he never courted nor flattered them ; and, residing in the part of the country, where the personal interference of candidates in the elections is not discountenanced by public sentiment, probably no individual, who had been as long and as variously in public life, had left his advancement more entirely to the care of others.

Mr. Johnston was eminently happy in his domestic relations. He discharged all the duties of a son, a brother, a husband, and a father, with unsurpassed fidelity and tenderness. About the close of the war, he married the highly accomplished and amiable daughter of Dr. John Sibley, of Massachusetts, a gentleman then established and still residing in Louisiana. This lady, the ornament and pride of every circle in which she moves, survives to deplore the irreparable loss, which she has been called to suffer. Their only child, a young man of eighteen years of age, accompanying his father on a visit to his estate, was with him in the steam-boat at the time of the explosion, and escaped, almost by miracle, with trifling injury.

The shocking casualty, which has cost his friends and the public a life so dear and valuable, cannot but awaken the most painful emotions. He has been cut off, at a period when he was in the full activity of his mind, in perfect health, in the enjoyment of reputation, public favor, and domestic happiness, such as fall to the lot of few men, without a moment's warning, by a cruel accident, the result, it would seem, of the most unpardonable indiscretion. No event of the kind could have produced a more wide-spread and unaffected regret. None could teach more forcibly the vanity of human life, or make us feel more deeply "what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue." To the truth of every word in this imperfect sketch,—the feeble tribute of a friendship tried by the intercourse of years, on every variety of occasion, in public and in private, in sickness and in health,—there are hundreds who will bear a mournful but hearty testimony; hundreds who will say, as they hear of his death, that he has not left a more useful or a better man behind him.

SELECT SENTENCES.

THE time seems to be near, and, perhaps, is already arrived, when Poetry, at least poetry of transcendent merit, will be considered among the lost arts. It is a long time since England has produced a first-rate poet. If America has not to boast at all what our parent country boasts no longer, it will not be thought a proof of the deficiency of our genius.

Fisher Ames.

THE nature of our government inclines all men to seek popularity, as the object next in point of value to wealth; but the acquisition of learning and the display of genius, are not the ways to obtain it. Intellectual superiority is so far from conciliating confidence, that it is the very spirit of a democracy to proscribe the aristocracy of talents. To be the favorite of an ignorant multitude, a man must descend to their level; he must desire what they desire, and detest all that they do not approve; he must yield to their prejudices, and substitute them for principles. Instead of enlightening their errors, he must adopt them, he must furnish the sophistry that will propagate and defend them.

Ibid.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A Memoir of the Life of William Livingston, Member of Congress in 1774, 1775, and 1776; Delegate to the Federal Convention in 1787, and Governor of the state of New-Jersey from 1776 to 1790. With Extracts From his Correspondence, and Notices of various Members of his Family. By Theodore Sedgwick, jun.

To the men of the American Revolution all posterity will forever pay grateful and willing homage. The results of that revolution are not yet developed, and cannot be for a long time to come; but enough is seen to make us fully aware that hereafter man will look back upon it,—as he now does on the invention of the art of printing, the discoverers of this country, or the era of the Reformation,—as certain landmarks, in the progress of our race to higher and happier attainments. If this be true, the first duty of us, the immediate descendants of such men, is to collect and lay up, for the use of succeeding ages, the fullest accounts of their lives and actions. This, if done at all, must be done now. The oblivion, that shall wrap all human things, is fast gathering around their tombs, and soon, like the pyramids of Egypt, nothing will be left but the awful greatness of the institutions they created. It is for this reason we are glad to welcome the class of books, the name of one of which stands at the head of this article. Mr. Sedgwick complains in his preface that he has found it extremely difficult to collect materials for his task. The letter-books of Mr. Livingston, for some of the most important years of his public life, were lost. Most of his contemporaries have followed him to the tomb. The author, however, has had the assistance of Mr. Livingston's family, and of many other gentlemen best qualified to assist him. We must be allowed to say, that he has put no very ample supply of materials together in but a very common-place manner; and though there is enough scattered through the volume to convince one, what might have been made of it in the hands of a man of genius, the book, as it is, from some cause or other, is insufferably dull. The style also is deformed by many unnecessary quotations of Latin scraps, by many "Americanisms," beside other words and awkward phrases, which no body else has ever called English; such as "sparse," "alienism," "sparing notices," "lifelong," "commenced to practise," "episodial," "part-authorship," "inherited affection," "chivalric." These are only specimens—many more might be produced—and we claim some credit for our forbearance. We are aware this may be called mere verbal criticism; but, in the multitude of books, there is so much danger of our language becoming corrupted, that we hold it the especial duty of critics to take heed to this matter.

William Livingston, the descendant of one of the most eminent of the early inhabitants of the province of New-York, was born at Albany in the month of November, 1723. The first fourteen years of his boy-

hood were passed at Albany, under the protection of his grandmother. He is said to have expressed a strong desire to devote himself to the art of painting; but this desire was overruled by his parents, and, in 1737, he entered as a freshman at Yale College. After taking his bachelor's degree, he entered on the study of law, in the city of New-York, in the office of Mr. James Alexander. He also entered himself as a student of the Middle Temple, London, though it does not appear that he ever went there. Before he had completed his professional studies, he was married to Miss French. In 1747, he published a poem under the title of "Philosophic Solitude." He had before this written for the newspapers, which, indeed, he continued to do for a considerable portion of his life. "The poem on Philosophic Solitude," says the American Quarterly Review, "though it has not high poetic value, displays the tastes of a scholar, and the virtues of an upright mind." In the autumn of the next year (1748) Mr. Livingston was admitted to the bar; a few months afterward he lost his father. He seems soon to have acquired a good rank in his profession, and, in 1742, published, in connexion with William Smith, the first digest of the colonial laws. A second volume, continued the work for five years after the first ended, was published in 1762. In 1752, he commenced a periodical under the title of "The Independent Reflector," having for its object the exposure of official abuse, negligence, and corruption, in whatever rank they were to be found. It seems to have been edited with talent, and soon became a powerful instrument of great good. He then entered into a warm controversy with the Episcopalians, on the subject of the charter of King's (now Columbia) College. The Reflector stopped at the end of the year, the printer having refused to continue it. We next find him battling stoutly against the introduction of theatrical performances; and then establishing another periodical, called "The Watch Tower," which continued for about one year. We pass over a Eulogy on President Burr,—a Review of Military Operations in North-America,—a piece of poetry, "Soon as I saw Eliza's blooming charms,"—the commencement of a series of papers, entitled "The Sentinel," which reached its twenty-eighth number,—and find Mr. Livingston next engaged in a warm controversy concerning the introduction of Bishops into the British provinces in America. On this subject he wrote a letter in 1768, to the Bishop of Llandaff, and drew forth an answer vindicating the Bishop, "the *part authorship* of which was ascribed to the Rev. Charles Inglis." In 1770, Mr. Livingston published a bitter satire upon Lt. Gov. Colden, under the title of "A Soliloquy." Having purchased a tract of land in Elizabethtown, New-Jersey, and built a house, which he called "Liberty Hall," in 1773, he removed there, and this country seat was, for the remainder of his life, at least his nominal home. He was chosen one of the deputies of New-Jersey to the Congress of 1774, and was present at the opening of that body in Philadelphia, on the fifth of September, but does not appear to have taken a very active part in its deliberations. He was unanimously re-elected the next year, and we now find him a member of several of the most important committees. In June, 1776, he was recalled by his state to take the command of her militia, and thus lost the opportunity of placing his name on that immortal roll, the Declaration of Independence. We are very sorry to perceive Mr. Sedgwick inclined to detract, in the least, from

the merits of the great men who signed this declaration. On that point the question is settled. It is too late to speak.

In August, 1776, Mr. Livingston was chosen the first Governor of the State of New-Jersey, and continued to be annually chosen, sometimes unanimously, and always by a large majority, until his death in 1790. We quote Mr. Sedgwick's account of the close of his first speech to the Legislature.

"Let us, gentlemen, both by precept and practice, encourage a spirit of economy, industry, and patriotism, and that public integrity and righteousness which cannot fail to exalt a nation; setting our faces, at the same time, *like a flint* against that dissoluteness of manners and political corruption, which will ever be the reproach of any people. May the foundation of our infant state be laid in virtue and the fear of God, and the superstructure will rise glorious, and endure for ages. Then may we humbly expect the blessing of the Most High, who *divides* to the nation their inheritance, and *separates* the sons of Adam. In fine, gentlemen, while we are applauded by the whole world for demolishing the old fabric, rotten and ruinous as it was, let us unitedly strive to approve ourselves master-builders, by giving beauty, strength, and stability to the new." From an expression in this paragraph, and from his inflexible impartiality, the new governor was, for some time after this, familiarly known among the people of Jersey by the name of "Doctor Flint;" and an anecdote is told of Mr. Ames, from some momentary confusion of ideas, "setting the table in a roar," at a dinner in New-York, where he met Governor Livingston, by asking "Dr. Flint, whether the town of Trenton was well or ill disposed to the new constitution."

We do not intend to trace the course of Gov. Livingston minutely through his official career. During the first six years of his government,

"New-Jersey," says Mr. Sedgwick, "was the frontier state, and exposed to all the miseries of a frontier warfare. At one time, the enemy lay both upon her northern and southern boundaries, and her losses, in proportion to wealth and population, were probably greater than those of any other state, with the exception of South-Carolina. The office of its governor was difficult and perplexing. The perpetual petitions for passes across the lines, involving a troublesome and invidious examination of the character of the applicant; the conflicting claims of the state and the regular army upon prisoners; the constant alarms of invasion on the part of the British; the urgent requests of the various counties for guards within their limits; the maintenance of the outposts and the beacons in a situation to anticipate these incursions; the illegal and injurious traffic secretly carried on with the enemy; the constant ravages of the refugee partisans; the bands of robbers infesting the mountainous and wilder parts of the state; the plunders committed under the sanction of the American name; the frequent quarrels between the militia officers, and the demands for courts-martial; the prayers of the prisoners in New-York for deliverance, and the loud calls for supplies on the part of both the state and continental troops, all by turns solicited and distracted Governor Livingston's attention."

In such trying circumstances, he seems to have conducted his government with great judgement and energy. Writing to a friend in the autumn of 1783, he says he had the pleasure of passing the last summer with his family at Elizabethtown, "being the first time in seven years that I have had any place that I could properly call my *home*." The British made several expeditions for the purpose of kidnapping, that "Don Quixote of the Jersies," (as they called the Governor) but he was always fortunate enough to escape. There are several characteristic letters from President Laurens, which we have room only to refer to, and some interesting ones from General Washington. At the conclusion of the war, Governor Livingston returned to his estate at Elizabethtown, and appears to have passed the remainder of his life in the occupations of agriculture, and the amusement of the mechanic arts. He refused the appointments of Commissioner to superintend

the construction of the Federal Buildings, and of the ministry to Holland. In 1787, he attended the convention which formed the federal constitution, which his state was the third to ratify. In the summer of 1789, he had the severe misfortune to lose his wife. On the 25th of July, 1790, Governor Livingston died, after a sickness of little more than a month, the severe pain of which he bore with calm and Christian firmness. We have thus traced "from his cradle to his grave," how imperfectly we are well aware, one of the patriots of the American Revolution. It is quite impossible, within the limits to which we are confined, to do any thing like justice to the events of his life, or to attempt the delineation of his character. In the circle of those great men of our country, whose services and sufferings must be *felt*, rather than acknowledged, if "he was behind the foremost, he was far before the last." The generation to which he belonged has gone down to the grave. The warrior, who fought for liberty, and the statesman, who guided that warrior's arm, have alike ascended to God, to give an account of their holy mission, and are now equally beyond our censure or our praise.

The Mother at Home; or, the Principles of Maternal Duty familiarly illustrated. By John S. C. Abbott, Pastor of the Calvinist Church, Worcester.

We are much pleased with the Dedication of this little book. It is as follows:—

"TO MY FATHER AND MOTHER,
This book is most affectionately dedicated. For the principles here illustrated, I am indebted to the instructions I received, and the scenes I witnessed, at your fire-side. That God may render them available in conferring the same joy upon other families, which they have so richly shed upon yours, is the prayer of your
GRATEFUL SON."

The author of this book is a very young man. We know not whether he has any children; and if he has, they must be too young to show the fruits of good management. Nor can he have any *personal* experience of the duties of a *mother*. However, he writes as we have often heard the best and happiest of mothers talk, and as we should expect the experienced mother of a well-trained family to write. We, therefore, suppose that the *mother*, so honorably mentioned in the dedication, is speaking to us through her *grateful son*,—that he has *codified* the *lex non scripta* of her household; and that must have been a well-ordered household, if we may judge of it from those who have issued thence. It has within a few years furnished the Christian ministry with three young men of nearly the same age, who unite, with their religious zeal, suavity of manners and benevolence of heart; whose virtues sit so easily upon them that they cannot but have been the early and the every-day dress of the inner man, and who have severally displayed, at a very early age, wonderful tact in the practical business of education.

The author professes *Calvinism* on his title-page; and doubtless intends to make a similar profession in the following passage in the preface:—

"The religious principles inculcated in this book, are those usually denominated *evangelical*. We have proceeded upon the principle that here is the commencement of eternal existence, and that the great object of education is to prepare the child for its heavenly home."

This principle is indeed *evangelical*; but it does not exclusively appertain to the class of sentiments usually so denominated. All the sects of Christians with which we are acquainted, regard this life as the beginning of an endless existence, and deem the preparation of the child, for its heavenly home, the great object of education. This principle we are glad to see recognized throughout the book before us, which is decidedly religious in its character. But it is not sectarian. There is not more than half a page in the whole book to which any Christian would object; and that half page contains nothing more than the ascription of certain attributes to the Savior, which Unitarians deny him.

Be the author's church in Worcester Calvinistic or not, his book is decidedly anti-Calvinistic in its tissue. The doctrines of *total depravity*, *arbitrary election*, and *special grace*, are not only not recognized, but virtually denied. The child is represented as endowed by nature with amiable propensities; as capable, from the very first, of performing virtuous actions from right motives; as an apt subject for the kingdom of heaven. Parents are exhorted to labor for the spiritual welfare of their children, with a confident hope that early piety will be the result,—a hope which the doctrine of irrespective election would utterly preclude. No spiritual influences are promised, except the divine blessing necessary to render the use of appropriate means effectual in the formation and improvement of the Christian character.

Mr. Abbott makes the establishment of absolute authority the mother's first object, and the habit of uniform obedience the great desideratum on the part of the child. And we here agree with him. The whole duty of man consists in the subjection of his propensities and desires to positive *law*, whether human or divine, natural or revealed. And sin is simply the *transgression of the law*. Now, the child whom his mother early subjects to the law of her lips, rewarding adherence to it, and making him suffer for every departure from it, is well prepared for the discipline of life, and will most probably become an honest man, a good citizen, and a devout Christian. But the infant, who is permitted to have his own way unmolested, and whose mother's threats sound to his ear like idle tales, when he grows up, will spurn from his shoulders the yoke of *law*; and will neither fear God nor regard man. But if the mother would have her authority revered, her commands must, like those of God and of human magistrates, be flanked by retributive sanctions. And it is hardly safe for her to leave herself the pardoning power, as a mother's tenderness would often lead to its injudicious use. Let disobedience in *every* instance be attended by suffering; and, if the command broken be of such a nature that it may yet be obeyed, let not the punishment cease, till obedience is enforced. So says our author. On the best mode of punishment, he is far from explicit. He in one chapter very properly recommends that "the punishment be adapted to the peculiarity of the moral disorder;" and in another, speaks of "inflicting bodily pain steadily and invariably." By this last phrase we understand *flagellation*, a punishment we still contend not unapt for public schools, but unnecessary and often pernicious in families.

The fifth chapter relates to the most prevalent faults in the domestic management of children. We offer from this the following extracts:—

"1. *Do not talk about children in their presence.*"

"2. *Do not make exhibitions of your children's attainments.* * * * * *

Must there not be great danger in *showing* off a child to visitors, who will most certainly flatter its performance? You have taught your daughter some interesting hymns. She is modest and unassuming, and repeats them with much propriety. A friend calls, and you request the child to repeat her hymns. She does it. Thus far, there is, perhaps, no injury done. But as soon as she has finished, your friend begins to flatter. Soon another, and another friend calls, and the scene is continually repeated, till your daughter feels proud of her performance. She becomes, indeed, quite an actress. And the hymn, which was intended to lead her youthful heart to God, does but fill that heart with pride. * * * * *

Who has not noticed the thousand arts which a vain child will practice, simply to attract attention? Who has not seen such a spoiled one, take a book and read, occasionally casting a furtive glance from the page to the visitor, to see if the studious habit is observed? And can such a child be safely *exhibited* to strangers?

* * * * * I always felt pain for poor little things, set up before company to repeat verses, or bits of plays, at six or eight years old. I have sometimes not known which way to look, when a mother, (and, too often, a father,) whom I could not but respect, on account of her fondness for her child, has forced the feeble-voiced eighth wonder of the world, to stand with its little hand stretched out, shouting the soliloquy of Hamlet, or some such thing. I do not know any thing more distressing to the spectators, than exhibitions of this sort."

"Some parents, feeling the importance that their children should enjoy good society, and at the same time having them under no restraint, deprive themselves and their visitors of all enjoyment, and their children of all benefit. We do not like, even in imagination, to encounter the deafening clamor of such a scene. Some are lolling about the stranger's chair; some crying; some shouting. The mother is pulling at the gown of one, and scolding at another. The visitor, distracted with the noise, endeavors in vain to engage in conversation. The time, and attention, and patience of the parents, are absorbed by their lawless family. The visitor, after enduring the uproar for half an hour, is happy in making his escape. Where can there be pleasure, and where can there be profit, in such a scene as this."

"3. *Do not deceive children.*"

"4. *Do not be continually finding fault.* * * * * * Be even more careful to express your approbation of good conduct, than your disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child, than a spirit of incessant fault-finding, on the part of its parent. And, hardly any thing can exert a more injurious influence upon the disposition both of the parent and the child."

"5. *Never punish by exciting imaginary fears.*"

The whole work is full of sound, practical, *common-sense* views on the subject of education. The principles laid down are throughout illustrated by anecdotes, or by supposed cases. We cordially recommend the book to mothers,—especially to those mothers who are rearing up a *fierce democracy* of spoiled children.

Pencil Sketches; or Outlines of Character and Manners. . By Miss Leslie.

Miss Leslie, though an Englishwoman, has been long resident in America. She is well fitted for the task undertaken in this book, the delineation of American social life. Her national *prepossessions* are of course not in our favor; but she seems entirely free from that spirit of malediction which characterizes most of the works on America, by English men and women. She is an indulgent, though keen observer of the follies and faults of society. To give a vivid representation of some of the more prominent of these, seems to have been the chief object of the volume before us. It contains a series of tales,—each exposing, to ridicule or reprobation, some particular custom, or class of people, or state of society. The author's sketches are not caricatures, but paintings to the life. You recognize some old acquaintance on

almost every page; you meet now and then with a chapter of your own painful experience, and find grievances, against which you have long lifted up your voice, amply set forth. But there is a great sameness in the characters introduced, and in the conversations reported; so that, though any one of the tales will excite and interest a fresh reader, one who undertakes to read the volume through, will nod frequently over the last two-thirds of it. The dialogues are generally long and spiritless,—on that account, indeed, the more true to life, though less fascinating to the reader. These tales are also as barren of interesting incident, as our every-day life is. And the catastrophes are hardly deserving of the name. Only two of the tales have so important an event as marriage for the catastrophe; one of them terminates in a skittish young lady's being frightened in the street, and another in the melancholy event of the author's changing her boarding place.

In the first of these tales—*the Escorted Lady*—Miss Leslie appears as the champion of our sex. She gives a pathetic history of the mortifications, perplexities, disappointments and losses, incurred by a young gentleman on his way from Philadelphia, on account of a pretty, conceited, foolish girl, forced on his guardianship at the former place, and bound for the latter. The detestable practice of palming off traveling women with cart-loads of trumpery, upon gentlemen who happen to be going the same way, cannot be too severely ridiculed or censured.

A Pic-Nic at the Sea-shore illustrates the folly of seeking enjoyment by depriving one's self at midsummer of wholesome food, pure air, and sufficient house-room, in pic-nic parties, and the like.

The Misses Vanlear illustrates the power of a name. The heroine of the tale is anxious to become acquainted with the Misses Vanlear who rank high among the *elite* of beauty and fashion in New-York. She meets, on board a steam-boat, with two ugly, vulgar, vain, and foolish young women, with whom she becomes thoroughly disgusted. She accidentally ascertains that they are named Vanlear; and she then begins "to reflect on the fallacy of first impressions, and to perceive that the Misses Vanlear improved rapidly on acquaintance, and their figures appeared more shapely, their mouths grew smaller, their eyes became nearly straight, and their dresses, if not exactly adapted to traveling, were certainly striking and handsome." She becomes very intimate with them, and, though a young lady of good taste, is both pleased with them and proud of them. But she at last, to her great mortification, discovers that they are not the *genuine* Vanlears, but the daughters of a soap-boiler of that name.

In *Country Lodgings*, the author relates her own sufferings, when, in compliance with fashion, she exchanged elegant and airy lodgings in the city, for a summer residence in a crowded and ill-furnished country house, hard by a dusty road, with a niggardly hostess, and a host of cross children and stupid women as fellow-boarders.

The moral of *Sociable Visiting* is, that, when young ladies intend to take tea with their friends, if they would have the visit a mutually pleasant one, they had better previously intimate their intention, and ascertain whether their company will be agreeable.

In *Frank Finlay*, baseless, aristocratical pride, in an obscure western village, is exposed and humbled.

The Traveling Tinman deserves to be read, as an interesting and well-told story, and at the same time presents a good picture of that eccentric race, and of the class of families most likely to be cozened by them.

Mrs. Washington Potts is one of the best tales we have ever read. Its object is to expose the folly of people of small fortunes in aping, by awkward shifts, the magnificence of the rich and gay. We have here a fine sketch of an inconvenient old aunt, a part of which we transcribe for the edification of those who have been similarly tried. Mrs. Marsden and her daughter Albina, have strained every nerve to give a splendid party to Mrs. Washington Potts, a rich and insipid lady, who had spent the summer in their neighborhood; and the Montagues, an English family, are, next to her, regarded as the chief guests. Aunt Quimby, being deemed unfit for exhibition, has been stowed away in a chamber. She escapes about the middle of the evening, and makes her *entrée*.

"At this juncture, (to the great consternation of Mrs. Marsden and her daughter,) who should make her appearance but aunt Quimby in the calico gown which Albina now regretted having persuaded her to keep on. The old lady was wrapped in a small shawl and two large ones, and her head was secured from cold by a black silk handkerchief tied over her cap and under her chin. She smiled, and nodded all round to the company, and said—'How do you do, good people? I hope you are all enjoying yourselves. I thought I *must* come down and have a peep at you. For after I had seen all the ladies take off their hoods, and had my tea, I found it pretty dull work sitting up stairs with the mantua-maker, who had no more manners than to fall asleep while I was talking.'

"Mrs. Marsden, much discomfited, led aunt Quimby to a chair between two matrons, who were among 'the unavoidably invited,' and whose pretensions to refinement were not very palpable. But the old lady had no idea of remaining stationary all the evening between Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Jackson. She wisely thought 'she could see more of the party,' if she frequently changed her place; and being of what is called a sociable disposition, she never hesitated to talk to any one that was near her, however high or however low."

" 'Only look,' said Albina starting, 'there sits aunt Quimby between Mr. Montague and Mrs. Washington Potts.'

" 'How in the world did she get there?' exclaimed Mrs. Marsden. 'I dare say she walked up and asked them to make room for her between them. There is nothing now to be done but to pass her off as well as we can, and to make the best of her. I will manage to get as near as possible, that I may hear what she is talking about, and take an opportunity of persuading her away.'

"As Mrs. Marsden approached within hearing distance, Mr. Montague was leaning across aunt Quimby, and giving Mrs. Potts an account of something that had been said or done during a splendid entertainment at Devonshire House. 'Just at that moment,' said he, 'I was lounging into the room with Lady Augusta Fitzhenry on my arm, (unquestionably the finest woman in England) and Mrs. Montague was a few steps in advance, leaning on my friend the Marquis of Elvington.'

" 'Pray, Sir,' said Mrs. Quimby, 'as you are from England, do you know any thing of Betsey Dempsey's husband?'

" 'I have not the honor of being acquainted with that person,' replied Mr. Montague, after a withering stare.

" 'Well, that 's strange,' pursued aunt Quimby, 'considering that he has lived in London at least eighteen years—or perhaps it is only seventeen. And yet I think it must be near eighteen, if not quite. May-be seventeen and a half. Well, it 's best to be on the safe side, so I 'll say seventeen. Betsey Dempsey's mother was an old school-mate of mine. Her father kept the Black Horse tavern. She was the only acquaintance I ever had that married an Englishman. He was a grocer, and in very good business; but he never liked America, and was always finding fault with it, and so he went home, and was to send for Betsey. But he never sent for her at all; and for a very good reason,—which was, that he had

another wife in England, as most of them have—no disparagement to you, Sir.' "

* * *

" ' Papa,' said Miss Montague, ' let us all take French leave as soon as the oysters and chicken salad have gone round.'

" Albina now came up to aunt Quimby, (gladly perceiving that the old lady looked tired,) and proposed that she should return to her chamber, assuring her that the waiters should be punctually sent up to her. ' I do not feel ready to go yet,' replied Mrs. Quimby. ' I am very well here. But you need not mind *me*. Go back to your company, and talk a little to those three poor girls in the yellow frocks, that nobody has spoken to, except Bromley Chester. When I am ready to go, I shall take French leave, as these English people call it.'

" But aunt Quimby's idea of French leave was very different from the usual acceptation of the term; for, having always heard that the French were a very polite people, she concluded that their manner of taking leave must be particularly respectful and ceremonious. Therefore, having paid her parting compliments to Mrs. Potts and the Montagues, she walked all round the room, curtsying to every body, and shaking hands, and telling them she had come to take French leave."

The last of these tales, *Uncle Philip*, gives a graphic narrative of the access, crisis, and decline of a *French fever*, occasioned by the arrival of a family of French teachers at a little town on the Hudson.

The last eight pages of this volume contain several short poems, which show manifestly that *prose* is the author's *forte*, and which are good for nothing else.

Rosine Laval; a Novel, by Mr. Smith.

It was our intention, on taking up this book, (whose *external* and *physical* is well enough,) to have treated it in the same manner that others of its calibre are treated by the "cock-boats" of literature; viz. give a glance at its contents—a specimen of its good and bad parts—and, without reading it all through ourselves, or recommending our friends so to do, to dismiss it, and wish its author joy of his "nine weeks' immortality." But in glancing over the first chapter, (which, by the way, is one of the best,) our critical bristles arose at reading the following: "Ye, '*arbitri elegantiarum*' who are so good as to inform the public, from time to time, through the newspapers and other lesser 'floating lights' of the periodical press, what we ought to like or dislike, as new works appear, we neither speak to court your smile, nor deprecate your frown. We do not ask you to read as a particular favor, much less to *understand*, before you criticise: we know, if we may borrow a metaphor, that you are the cock-boats of literature, and that, if a literary Commodore Anson had circumnavigated the literary globe, yea, and the great globe itself, and were at the mouth of the harbor, he might not be able to enter the haven of public favor for a long time, unless you would take him in tow."

Now, we say, on reading this doughty challenge, we determined to treat this new arrival differently from the common craft, of whom we merely announce the name, with the name of the captain and owners; give a glance at their bill of lading—perhaps show a sample or two of their cargo—and send them to unload their wares upon the literary mart; and, by the help of the publishers and booksellers, the stevedores and brokers of literary navigators, to make the best account with the public consumers. This "strange sail," however, has shown the red flag—and we will board him, and rummage him, from main-top to keelson, looking, however, for good things as well as bad.

First, then, the title page—"Rosine Laval, a Novel, by *Mr. Smith!*" Good! we like that—it is what we call being *very* anonymous; had the writer said, "by O. P. Q."—or "X. Y. Z."—or assumed any fictitious name, he would not have been so completely shrouded, as under the name of *Mr. Smith*, or Mr. Thompson.

Next comes the "Epistle Dedicatory," which is, "to the Fairest Lady—the Inimitable Actress—the Sweetest Poet—to Fanny Kemble!"—and a rapid, senseless dedication it is, too, in which the author takes pains to tell her, what he contradicts on the next page, that he wrote the book expressly to have the pleasure of dedicating it to her; [why did he not then send it to her in MS?] and begs, as the greatest favor on earth, that he may "be allowed to kiss her lily white hand." By the way, this Mr. Smith has the most furious kissing mania that we ever knew;—there is not a chapter where he does not dwell most dotingly on the pleasures of kissing—nay; a common modest kiss, now and then, on the forehead or perhaps the cheek, will not suffice him;—his personages must ever be giving and receiving—as Rosine and Hugh—"one long sweet kiss of innocence and friendship." Such scenes recur so often, as to become sickening, not to say decidedly immodest and immoral, and we protest against them; for instance, on page 145, the heroine Rosine discovers her rival Caroline, "sitting with one arm of our hero passed round her waist, while he pressed one of her hands in his own, and the kiss—a long, long kiss of innocence and love, was at that moment in the course of consummation." Again, at page 160,—"he kissed and embraced her most passionately, and repeated it again and again, to punish her for her mischievousness;" and on the very next page, "she bestowed a single kiss that thrilled through his every nerve, artery, and vein." And so he goes on, making his personages kiss away so indiscriminately, and so much as a matter of course, that, really, when we find his hero getting into a barouche, with the "nigger driver" to drive him to his wedding, we tremble lest he should salute "Bill" with a smack, before he can arrive and kiss Caroline Grey.

We wish Mr. Smith was obliged to travel for penance in the East, and be slabbered and kissed by every mustachioed and bearded Turk, Greek, and Armenian, he might meet; not only with the stranger's kiss, on either cheek, but with that of friendship, on the lips; we wish, too, that some of them might forget to wipe away the *pilan* and grease that clung to their mustachios, at their last meal, and then he would not nauseate us again with his billing and cooing scenes.

The story of Rosine Laval may be told in a few words:—a French barber, who had come over to the United States, finding that his second wife would neither die nor run away from him,—ran away from her, leaving his daughter, our heroine, to be adopted by some rich old spinsters, and brought up "like a lady." Now these spinsters have a nephew, named Hugh, who is the play-mate of Rosine; of course, he is handsome, high-spirited, generous, and rich; she is lovely, modest, and accomplished; Hugh goes on his travels, and Miss to boarding-school; he comes back, and finds his attachment to Rosine increased into something very like love, but which he thinks only friendship; and he is content to be with her, and kiss her hand and forehead every morn and eve. She likes him so well, that she is not content until she

gets her friend Caroline Grey, a proud, rich, and beautiful belle, to come and see Hugh : she throws them together as much as possible, rejoices over their growing partiality, encourages their flirtations, until, at last, when Hugh, who does not know his own mind, makes a declaration of love to Caroline Grey, and is accepted, then poor Rosine finds she was herself desperately in love with him, and goes almost distracted. Hugh, who had been for a long time, with these two lovely girls, very like the ass between two tempting bundles of hay—when he finds that Rosine loves him, and that he is engaged to another—instantly discovers that he, too, loves her to distraction, and seeks to break off the engagement with Caroline Grey, whom, with awful trembling anxiety, he had wooed and won but yesterday. But Rosine nobly and strenuously opposes this ; keeps all concealed from Caroline ; and our hero, finding he could not move her resolutions, nor make up his mind to marry Caroline, resolves to go off to Europe, and join the French army, then marching to crush Spain. But Rosine follows him to New-York, where he was about to embark, and by some very simple arguments induces him to fulfil his engagement with her rival, notwithstanding he has resolved rather to die a thousand deaths.

So off he goes to Col. Grey's, as fast as a fleet pair of greys could carry him, and prepares to wed the proud beauty. Rosine is to be bride's-maid, and the ceremony goes on ; Hugh and Caroline really become man and wife ; and Rosine, who the day before had been very gay, and won the heart of the bride's-man, suddenly faints—breaks a blood-vessel, and dies a *bona fide* death ; the bride's-man runs away half crazy, and is found sitting bare-headed on a rock, while Hugh and Caroline, after being duly and deeply affected, commence the dull routine of married life, and live a sober, happy couple.

Now, Mr. Smith, is not this a fair, full, and unpoetic version of your story ? And what is the moral of the whole ? where is to be found the core and kernel of this great shell ? why, that a man who trifles with the feelings and affections of a female is unwise and ungenerous, if he do it in the spirit of carelessness or amusement ; and he is contemptible and villanous if he does it in the spirit of vain coquetry.

There are some good things about this book ; first, it is in but one volume ; second, that volume is short, and well got up, on good paper, with a clean type. There are no tedious moralizing and prosing scenes ; there are no flagrant violations of the rules of the English language ; the author is a good English scholar ; he quotes well, and not too often, from several other languages ; he does not rant ; he does not appear to strive much for effect. On the whole, the book is a better book than most of its class which issue from our presses ; there is nothing very good or very bad about it, (barring the kissing ;) but we counsel no one to buy it ; and if any one has done so, we do not counsel him to read it, if his time is very valuable, for he will be only making a bad matter worse.

We say the book is well enough—it will do no harm—it can do no good ; but if one wishes to know the extent of Mr. Smith's powers as a writer, let him read the first chapter ; if they wish to get at the pith and matter of the book, called Rosine Laval, let them read the second chapter, and skip all the rest, and finish with the last chapter, and they will have got all that is desirable to get out of it. So, adieu !

Mr. Smith, until, as you say in your Address to us critics, "if this our 'little book' of which we believe the vein is good, does not meet your approbation, we shall know how to suit your taste hereafter, by 'making the judicious grieve.' We know how to do it, and will do it under a feigned name, and laugh at you all our lives—" *Nous verrons!*

A Statement of Reasons for not believing the Doctrines of Trinitarians, concerning the Nature of God, and the Person of Christ. By Andrews Norton.

In our polemic community, there lives hardly a person of mature age, who has not formed a decided opinion in favor of or against the doctrine of the Trinity. The faith of those who believe it is too firmly fortified by authority to be shaken by argument; and those who reject it have too strong a sense of its absurdity to need any new evidence of its falsity. The book before us will therefore probably have but little practical effect; but it must be read with interest by every man of intellect and taste, whatever his sentiments. In the first place, Mr. Norton's *style* is remarkable for its conciseness, expressiveness, and purity. It is elaborate to the last degree, and therefore simple and natural. For there are, in written composition, two very unlike kinds of simplicity. A man, who puts his thoughts on paper as fast as they suggest themselves, writes in a simple style—in a style, which will interest and captivate an illiterate or unreflecting reader, but which will constantly offend a person of cultivated mind. Let him bestow a double amount of labor on his works, he will rid himself of vulgarisms and rhetorical inaccuracies, but will, most probably, construct obscure, parenthetical sentences, the sense of which can be eliminated only by patient study. But, if he bestow a large additional amount of labor, all the traces of elaboration will disappear, and his style will be pure, elegant, and forcible. In the book before us, such has been the result of frequent and painful rhetorical revision. We will venture to say, that there is not in the whole volume a superfluous word, or a word which the most fastidious rhetorician would be anxious to change. There is not a sentence which the intelligent reader will have to peruse twice in order to understand it. And it is truly delightful to find how perfectly abstract ideas, critical discussions, and metaphysical subtleties, are brought down to the grasp even of the humblest mind.

Another excellence of this book is the fearless independence shown by the author, in the judgement incidentally passed on men vulgarly called great. He says what he thinks, uninfluenced by the sentiment of the rabble. Ignorance, profligacy, and irreligion, he calls by their true names, even though found to be the attributes of men like Davy, Goethe, or Chalmers. He quotes the remarks of the latter, on scriptural interpretation as those of a "late writer, thoroughly ignorant of the subject." Of Goethe, he says—"I cannot say what there may be in his voluminous works; but in those of the most note, I have never met with the strong, heartfelt expression of a high moral truth or noble sentiment." But the keenest cut upon Goethe is latent in the following sentence: "The same absence of religious principle and belief, which characterizes so much of the popular literature of the day, appears also in the speculations of men of a *high order of intellect*." The above-named demi-god of the literary world, is the man in contradistinction to

whom this last phrase is used. And we believe the rank assigned him just. To our eye, he manifests himself as a vain, conceited, mystifying, selfish, unprincipled atheist. But, did we think differently of him, we should delight in meeting with the free expression of a dissenting opinion concerning one, whose mental and moral supremacy it is deemed sacrilege to doubt.

We seldom read or notice *prefaces*; but Mr. Norton's *preface* is inferior in soundness of reasoning and beauty of style to no part of the work. It consists chiefly of a statement of his reasons for resuming the Trinitarian controversy, and of the reasons which should lead every Christian to labor for the suppression of false doctrine. False views of Christianity have made many of the greatest men of modern times infidels; and, unless commanding talents are under the control of religious principle, they are a curse rather than a blessing to the community. Hence the pertinence of the following remarks:—

“That a people may be happy in the enjoyment of civil liberty, a certain degree of knowledge and culture must be spread through the community. A general system of education must be established. Self-restraint must supply the place of external coercion. The legitimate purpose of government is to guard the rights of individuals and the community from injury; and the best form of government is that which effects this purpose with the least power, and is least likely therefore to afford the means of misrule and oppression. But the power not conceded to government must be supplied by the force of moral principle and sentiment in the governed. What education, then, is required? what knowledge is to be communicated; what culture is necessary? I answer, not alone, nor principally that education, which the schoolmaster may give; but moral culture, the knowledge of our true interests and relations. There may be much intellectual culture, which will not tend, even indirectly, to form men to the ready practice of their duties, to bind them together in mutual sympathy and forbearance, unless it be united with just conceptions of our nature and the objects of action. Let us form in fancy a nation of mathematicians like La Place or La Lande, ostentatious of their atheism; naturalists as irreligious and impure as Buffon; artists as accomplished as David, the friend of Robespierre; philosophers like Hobbes and Mandeville, Helvetius and Diderot; men of genius, like Byron, Goethe and Voltaire; orators as powerful and profligate as Mirabeau; and, having placed over them a monarch as able and unprincipled as the second Frederic of Prussia, let us consider what would be the condition of this highly intellectual community, and how many generations might pass away, before it were laid waste by gross sensuality and ferocious passions.”

Mr. Norton first proves that the doctrine of the Trinity, in each of its several forms, is contradictory in terms to that of the Unity of God; and that the doctrine that Christ is both God and man is a contradiction in terms, and then remarks:—

“Till it can be shown that there is some *ESSENTIAL* mistake in the preceding statements, he, who chooses to urge that these doctrines were taught by Christ and his Apostles, must do this not as a Christian, but as an unbeliever. If Christ and his Apostles communicated a revelation from God, these could make no part of it; for a revelation from God cannot teach absurdities.”

He, however, in the third section, gives a masterly *scriptural* argument against the doctrine of the Trinity. In this he first proves its falsity from the very proof-texts of its advocates; then from the express and reiterated declarations of Christ to the contrary; then from the whole tenor of the gospel history. He then develops with great clearness the idea that we discern in the New Testament no traces of that state of feeling among the Apostles, which the knowledge that the Supreme God was walking, eating, and talking with them would have

produced, and none of those effects, which the first enunciation of that fact to, or by, the Apostles would have produced. Finally, this doctrine can be "understood in no sense, which is not absolutely false; and therefore it is impossible, that it should have been taught by Christ, if he were a teacher from God." The origin and early history of the doctrine of the Trinity of the two natures of Christ, occupy the *fourth* and *fifth* sections. The *eighth* contains a classification and critical examination of the Trinitarian proof-texts. Under this last head, we think that he plainly proves the doctrine of the Trinity to be destitute of scriptural authority. But we cannot think that he has given sound expositions in every instance. We were particularly struck with the weakness of his argument against the pre-existence of Christ—a doctrine in the belief of which we have been confirmed by seeing how the best of Humanitarian critics is forced to wrest scripture in order to defend his theory. God is said to have "loved Christ before the foundation of the world," as a *future human* being. Beings not yet existing are, according to our author, worthy objects of the divine affection. If so, it might not be unprofitable to revive, for discussion in Lyceums, the question long agitated among the school-men,—Which God loves best, an actual angel, or a possible archangel? We think also that in several of the expositions of scriptures, the words ordinarily translated *live, life, die, and death*, are gratuitously rendered, *bless, blessedness, suffer, and misery*, where the common version makes much the better sense.

We close our notice of this book, by recommending its perusal to our readers, of whatever denomination, assuring them, that, whether they agree with the author or not, they cannot but be edified and instructed by him.

Phrenology, in Connexion with the Study of Physiognomy. By J. G. Spurzheim, M. D. of the Universities of Vienna and Paris, and Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians of London. Illustration of Characters. With thirty-five plates. First American Edition, improved. To which is prefixed a Biography of the Author, by Nathaniel Capen.

Mr. Capen's memoir is long enough to make a distinct volume, and therefore is a fair subject for a separate critique. We find in it much that is pleasing, and much that is offensive to us. The style is decidedly bad. It is that of a man wholly unused to the construction and collocation of sentences. The sentences are often vague,—capable of conveying, if interpreted literally, a very different sense from that of the author; and the several sentences in a paragraph do not cohere well together. Indeed, except in the exclusively narrative portions, every period should have been printed as a distinct paragraph. There is an almost entire absence of all those conjunctions and adverbs, connective or disjunctive, (such as *yet, though, while, moreover, and the like,*) which give point, and raciness, and variety to style. The first three pages, which, (like the exordium of almost every biography) consist of trite common-places, enunciated as if they were original with the author, and of vast moment to his readers, are peculiarly chargeable with these faults.

We dislike, also, the spirit of indiscriminate adulation, in which this memoir is written. We were repeatedly moved in reading it, to cry with the Pagans of Lystra : "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men." The truth, the importance, the practical utility of Spurzheim's theory, are not once discussed, but assumed throughout. More than half the memoir is, indeed, occupied by a mass of phrenological facts or mythology. We are told of a woman that had the organ of *marvelousness* so large that it ached ; of a girl whom a gentleman took to his house on trial, because Dr. S. thought she had a good head ; and of a Botany Bay convict with *veneration* and *marvelousness* wonderfully developed, who had behaved so well at church as to induce the chaplain to give her a prayer-book. But the philosophy of the science is wanting, nor is a single objection answered.

We are pleased with the single-hearted affection and veneration of the author for Dr. Spurzheim. If a man ever lived who deserved the love of all men, it was he ; for he was a perfect philanthropist. The events of his life are fully, and, we doubt not, faithfully, stated in the book before us ; and it is especially valuable as furnishing a full account of his last illness, and of his obsequies. Those obsequies, what a noble tribute to mental and moral greatness ! A city, (for the first time on this side the Atlantic) in mourning for a man, who had never fought a battle, or worn a badge of office.

In the treatise before us, Dr. Spurzheim confines himself chiefly to phrenological developments, which are the only external means of judging what the native powers of the mind are. The direction of those powers, and the degree of intensity with which they are exerted, may, however, be determined by the texture and motions of the soft and flexible parts of the body. With regard to the manifestations of the mental powers, he admits four temperaments, which he thus describes :—

"1. The lymphatic constitution, or phlegmatic temperament, is indicated by a pale, white skin, fair hair, roundness of form, and repletion of the cellular tissue. The flesh is soft, the vital actions are languid, the pulse is feeble ; all indicates slowness and weakness in the vegetative, affective, and intellectual functions.

"2. The sanguine temperament is proclaimed by a tolerable consistency of flesh, moderate plumpness of parts, light or chestnut hair, blue eyes, great activity of the arterial system, a strong, full, and frequent pulse, and an animated countenance. Persons thus constituted are easily affected by external impressions, and possess greater energy than those of the former temperament.

"3. The bilious temperament is characterised by black hair, a dark yellowish, or brown skin, black eyes, moderately full, but firm muscles, and harshly-expressed forms. Those endowed with this constitution have a strongly marked and decided expression of countenance ; they manifest great general activity and functional energy.

"4. The external signs of the nervous temperament are a fine thin hair, delicate health, general emaciation, and smallness of the muscles, rapidity in the muscular actions, vivacity in the sensations. The nervous system of individuals so constituted preponderates extremely, and they exhibit great nervous sensibility."

The body of this work consists of engravings of the heads of men notorious, for good or for evil, with particular reference to their phrenological developments, accompanied by sketches of their characters. In the instances adduced there is certainly a good degree of coincidence between phrenology and history. And we are told of Caracalla, Nero, and the like, that it would have been impossible for them to have

been virtuous men. We are to conclude, then, that God's moral law is not of universal obligation,—that he has created a class of exempts. Why then should we blame or punish men whose *frontal* and *sincipital* regions are badly developed, even though they be liars, thieves, or murderers? They merit not our indignation. It belongs to the Creator, whose workmanship their heads are. This philosophical antinomianism is not to our taste, nor is the system from which it is a legitimate inference. To our mind phrenology is inconsistent with the fundamental truths, to which the voice of God within us, and the voice of his accredited messenger, bear united testimony,—man's free agency, his moral accountability, and a righteous retribution. If it cannot be reconciled with these, it must be a baseless system; for we have stronger proof of these than, in the nature of things, we can have of any theory in physical science. If phrenology and the fundamental doctrines of religion are reconcilable, let it be the first work of Spurzheim's ablest disciple to show them to be so.

GEMS OF THE MONTH.

OLD ENGLAND has its family of RAMSBOTTOM, and we of New-England have our family of DOWNING. Whether any consanguineous relationship exists between these two families, is more than we shall take upon ourselves to decide; but that certain attributes are peculiar to the intellectual temperament of both, cannot be doubted. Our readers must take this proposition on our bare word, for we shall produce none of the Ramsbottom Letters in proof; but the correspondence of the Downings sparkles with so many little gems of wit and humor, that we cannot refrain from making a draft upon their letters, wherewith to embellish a page or two of our Magazine. We have some suspicions, however, that the first of the two letters which follow, is a counterfeit; but, so like the true coin, that it would puzzle some critics to point out the variations; in like manner as some astute cashiers of banks have been confounded with the counterfeits of Perkins's stereotype bills, and even with the imitations of their own signatures:—

[From the New-York Gazette.]

Washington, Thursday morning, June 6.

DEAR SIR: As the President gets me to read all the newspapers to him, being considerable slick at that business, I most always take up the New-York Gazette first, and I and he have both come to the conclusion, seeing you have printed all my letters, to write you a line respecting our eastern tour. Both of us have been as busy as bees packing up for Downingville for a week back. The President waked me up this morning before day-light, and asked me what I thought of the weather. Says I, General, its a going to rain. Well, says he, what do you think? Had we better start? Yes, says I; we didnt mind the weather in New-Orleans, and a ducking shouldnt never frighten a soldier. Well, says he, if you aint afraid, I aint—so before we eat our breakfast, you sit down and write a line to old Mr. Lang, and tell him he may expect to see us this day week, and ask him to engage us rooms at the largest house in New-York. I want to go to the

City Hotel, but the President thinks Holt's house the best. However, says he, we wont quarrel about it—let Mr. Lang decide the question. If you engage Holt's, tell him to get his blacking machine in order, for the President always makes a terrible rumpuss about his boots. The President asked me the other day how I should like to go up in Mr. Durant's balloon. Catch a weasel asleep, says I; General—suppose I should break my neck, what would become of you. O, says he, Major, there's Mr. Van Buren at hand. That cock wont fight, says I; one Yankee is worth two Dutchmen any day. Well, says he, just as you please about that; but Mr. Van Buren, you know, is going to Downingville with us—that was agreed on long ago. The General got a little touched at what I said about Mr. Van Buren, but I stopt his mouth pretty quick. Says I, General hav'nt I done you more service than he? Did'nt I stand by you, thick and thin, when you got into that scrape with the Cabinet, and did'nt Mr. Van Buren throw up his commission, and leave you in the lurch. And did'nt I recommend Mr. Livingston, and Mr. Kendall, and General Cass, and Isaac Hill, to take the places of those who abused you like a pick-pocket, as soon as their backs were turned? And did'nt I write your proclamation, and Mr. Webster's speech? The General aint any hand at an argument, and I had the weather-gage of him. Well, says he, Major, have your own way—there's no doing any thing without you. When I found how the wind blew, thinks I, now 's my time. General, says I, if Mr. Van Buren goes to Downingville, he 'll take the shine off of both of us, and we may as well hang up our fiddles. Do you think so? says he. Yes I do, says I. Then we 'll go without him, says the General, for I don't allow no man to take the rag off of you nor me. So you see, Mr. Lang, I can do pretty much as I please with the President, and we are to have the ride to ourselves. As it grows late, and we are to set off as soon as breakfast is cleared away, I must conclude at present, with requesting you to make all necessary preparations for us, and I shall call with the President, and make you a visit as soon as we land at the Battery. If our time is not too much taken up, I shall write you further when we arrive at Philadelphia.

I have directed Mr. Barry, our Post Master General, to send this letter by the fast mail.

Your friend,

JACK DOWNING.

To JOHN LANG, Esq. New-York.

[From the Portland Courier.]

To Uncle Joshua Downing, Post Master, up in Downingville, in the State of Maine. This to be sent by my old friend, the editor of the Portland Courier, with care and speed.

Philadelphia, June 10, 1833.

DEAR UNCLE JOSHUA,

We are coming on full chisel. I 've been trying ever since we started to get a chance to write a little to you; but when we 've been on the road I could n't catch my breath hardly long enough to write my name, we kept flying so fast; and when we made any stop, there was such a jam round us there was n't elbow room enough for a miskeeter to turn round without knocking his wings off.

I 'm almost afraid now we shall get to Downingville before this letter does, so that we shall be likely to catch you all in the suds before you think of it. But I understand there is a *fast mail* goes on that way, and I mean to send it by that, so I 'm in hopes you 'll get it time enough to have the children's faces washed and their heads combed, and the gals get on their clean gowns. And if Sargent Joel could have time enough to call out my old Downingville Company, and get their uniform brushed up a little, and come down the road as far as your new barn to meet us, there 's nothing that would please the President better. As for victuals, most any thing wont come amiss; we are as hungry as bears after traveling a hundred miles a day. A little fried pork and eggs, or a pot of baked beans and an Indian pudding would suit us much better than the soft stuff they give us here in the great cities.

The President would n't miss of seeing you for any thing in the world, and he will go to Downingville, if he has legs and arms enough left when he gets to Portland to carry him there. But for fear any thing should happen that he should n't be able to come, you had better meet us in Portland, say about the 22d, and then you can go up to Downingville with us, you know.

This traveling with the President is capital fun after all, if it was n't so plaguy tiresome. We came into Baltimore on a Rail Road, and we flew over the ground like a harrycane. There is n't a horse in this country that could keep up with us, if he should go upon the clean clip. When we got to Baltimore the streets were filled with folks as thick as the spruce trees down in your swamp. There we found Black Hawk, a little, old, dried up Indian king. And I thought the folks looked at him and the prophet about as much as they did at me and the President. I gave the President a wink that this Indian fellow was taking the shine off of us a little, so we concluded we would n't have him in our company any more, and shall go on without him.

I cant stop to tell you in this letter how we got along to Philadelphia, though we had a pretty easy time some of the way in the steam-boats. And I cant stop to tell you of half the fine things I have seen here. They took us up into a great hall this morning as big as a meeting house, and then the folks begun to pour in by thousands to shake hands with the President; federalists and all, it made no difference. There was such a stream of 'em coming in that the hall was full in a few minutes, and it was so jammed up round the door that they could n't get out again if they were to die. So they had to knock out some of the windows and go out t'other way.

The President shook hands with all his might an hour or two, till he got so tired he could n't hardly stand it. I took hold and shook for him once in a while to help him along, but at last he got so tired he had to lay down on a soft bench, covered with cloth, and shake as well as he could, and when he could n't shake he'd nod to 'em as they come along. And at last he got so beat out, he could n't only wrinkle his forehead and wink. Then they concluded it was best to adjourn for to-day.

And I've made out to get away up into the garret in the tavern long enough to write this letter. We shall be off tomorrow or next day for New-York, and if I can possibly get breathing time enough there, I shall write to you again.

Give my love to all the folks in Downingville, and believe me your loving
 affu,
 MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

BLACK HAWK, the captive Indian Chief, with a son, and some other attendants, while at New-York, was addressed, through the columns of the Standard, by a poet, whose numbers bear the impress of genius, and glow with the dignity of moral sentiment.

ADDRESS TO BLACK HAWK.

There 's beauty on thy brow, old chief! the high
 And manly beauty of the Roman mould,
 And the keen flashing of thy full dark eye,
 Speaks of a heart that years have not made cold:
 Of passions scathed not by the touch of time,
 Ambition, that survives the battle rout.
 The man within thee, scorns to play the mime
 To gaping crowds that compass thee about.
 Thou walkest with thy warriors by thy side,
 Wrapped in fierce hate, and high unconquered pride.

Chief of a hundred warriors! dost thou yet
 Vanquished and captive, dost thou deem that here—
 The glowing day-star of thy glory set—
 Dull night has closed upon thy bright career?
 Old forest lion, caught and caged at last,
 Dost pant again to roam thy native wild?
 To gloat upon the life-blood flowing fast
 Of thy crushed victims; and to slay the child,
 To dabble in the gore of wives, and mothers,
 And kill, old Turk, thy harmless pale-faced brothers?

For it was cruel, Black Hawk, thus to flutter
 The dove-cotes of the peaceful pioneers,

To let thy tribe commit such fierce, and utter
Slaughter among the folks of the frontiers.
Though thine be old hereditary hate,
Begot in wrongs, and nursed in blood, until
It had become a madness, 't is too late
To crush the hordes who have the power, and will
To rob thee of thy hunting grounds, and fountains,
And drive thee backward to the rocky mountains.

Spite of thy looks of cold indifference,
There 's much thou'st seen that must excite thy wonder.
Wakes not upon thy quick and startled sense
The cannon's harsh and pealing voice of thunder?
Our big canoes with white and wide-spread wings,
That sweep the waters as birds sweep the sky;—
Our steam-boats, with their iron lungs, like things
Of breathing life, that dash and hurry by?
Or, if thou scorn'st the wonders of the ocean,
What thinkest thou of our rail-road locomotion?

Thou 'st seen our museums, beheld the dummies,
That grin in darkness in their coffin cases:
What think'st thou of the art of making mummies,
So that the worms shrink from their dry embraces?
Thou'st seen the mimic tyrants of the stage
Strutting in paint and feathers for an hour—
Thou'st heard the bellowings of their tragic rage,
Seen their eyes glisten and their dark brows lower.
Anon, thou'st seen them with their wrath cooled down,
Pass in a moment from a king to clown.

Thou seest these things unmoved—say'st so, old fellow?
Then tell me, have the white men's glowing daughters
Set thy cold blood in motion?—Hast been mellow,
By a sly cup or so of our fire waters?
They are thy people's deadliest poison—they
First make them cowards, and then white men's slaves,
And sloth, and poverty, and passion's prey,
And lives of misery, and early graves.
For by their power, believe me, not a day goes,
But kills some Foxes, Sacs, and Winnebagoes.

Say, does thy wandering heart stray far away?
To the deep bosom of thy forest home,
The hill-side, where thy young pappooses play,
And ask, amid their sports, when thou wilt come?
Come not the wailings of thy gentle squaws,
For their lost warrior loud upon thine ear,
Piercing athwart the thunder of huzzas,
That yelled at every corner, meet thee here?
The wife that made that shell-decked wampum belt,—
Thy rugged heart must think of her, and melt.

Chafes not thy heart as chafes the panting breast
Of the caged bird against his prison bars,
That thou the crowned warrior of the west,
The victor of a hundred forest wars,
Should'st in thy age become a raree show,
Led like a walking bear about the town,
A new-caught monster, who is all the go,
And stared at gratis, by the gaping clown?
Boils not thy blood, while thus thou'rt led about,
The sport and mockery of the rabble rout?

Whence came thy cold philosophy? whence came,
 Thou tearless, stern, and uncomplaining one,
 The power that taught thee thus to veil the flame
 Of thy fierce passions? Thou despisest fun,
 And thy proud spirit scorns the white man's glee
 Save thy fierce sport, when at the funeral pile,
 Of a bound warrior in his agony,
 Who meets thy horrid laugh with dying smile.
 Thy face, in length, reminds one of a Quaker's;
 Thy dances, too, are solemn as a Shaker's.

Proud scion of a noble stem! thy tree
 Is blanced, and bare, and seared and leafless now.
 I'll not insult its fallen majesty,
 Or drive with careless hand, the ruthless plough
 Over its roots. Torn from its parent mould,
 Rich, warm and deep, its fresh free balmy air
 No second verdure quickens in our cold
 New barren earth, no life sustains it there.
 But even though prostrate, 't is a noble thing,
 Though crownless, powerless, "every inch a king."

Give us thy hand, old nobleman of nature,
 Proud leader of the forest aristocracy;
 The best of blood glows from thy every feature,
 And thy curled lip speaks scorn for our democracy.
 Thou wear'st thy titles on that god-like brow;
 Let him who questions them, but meet thine eye;
 He'll quail beneath its glance, and disavow
 All question of thy noble family;
 For thou may'st here become, with strict propriety,
 A leader in our city good society.

We have never been permitted to embellish our Magazine with an original production of the author of the following beautiful verses, which have recently appeared in several newspapers.

ON SEEING AN INFANT PREPARED FOR THE GRAVE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

Go to thy rest, my child,
 Go to thy dreamless bed,
 Gentle and undefiled
 With blessings on thy head.
 Fresh roses in thy hand,
 Buds on thy pillow laid,
 Haste from this fearful land,
 Where flowers so quickly fade.

Before thy heart had learned,
 In waywardness to stray,
 Before thy young feet turned,
 The dark and downward way,
 Ere sin had seared the breast,
 Or sorrow woke the tear;
 Rise to thy home of rest,
 In yon celestial sphere.

Because thy smile was fair,
 Thy lip and eye so bright,
 Because thy cradle-care
 Was such a fond delight,
 Shall love with weak embrace,
 Thy heavenward wing detain?
 No! Angel seek thy place
 Amid heaven's cherub train.

POLITICS AND STATISTICS.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES set out on the 6th of June from Washington, on a visit to the Northern and Eastern States. The accounts of his progress, his reception in the principal cities, and the various testimonials of respect offered by his fellow-citizens, will form the material of an extended article, when the journey shall have been completed.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

The Legislature assembled in Concord on the first Wednesday in June. The Hon. Jared W. Williams was unanimously elected President of the Senate, and Charles G. Atherton, Esq. Speaker of the House of Representatives. On the examination of the votes for Governor, it appeared that the whole number returned was 33,476, of which Samuel Dinsmoor had 28,279, and was declared to be elected.

The message of Gov. Dinsmoor states, that there are few subjects to which he considers it necessary to invite the attention of the Legislature. Of the Militia System he says, that a disposition hostile to some of its features, prevails so generally, as to render it impossible to carry it into complete effect. In what manner a reform of the system can be effected, he does not indicate, but believes that no remedy for the existing defects will be found sufficient, that does not materially reduce the number now liable to military service, or provide either for a moderate compensation to the soldier, or a diminution of his public charges. He proceeds to observe, that the late decision of a great majority of the people against the call of a Convention for the revision of the Constitution, may be regarded as a gratifying proof of the veneration in which the framers of that instrument are still held, and of the excellence of the system of government which they established. He commends the new Judiciary System, as an efficient and popular one. He urges on the attention of the Legislature the propriety of establishing a Hospital for the Insane, as required alike by policy and humanity, and presents to their

consideration the expediency of making provision for the education of the indigent blind belonging to the state in the Asylum established in this city. After congratulating the Legislature on the probable termination of the controversy with South-Carolina, he closes, by announcing his determination to retire from office, at the expiration of his present term of service. In the House of Representatives, a resolution for the appointment of a committee to nominate a Chaplain was indefinitely postponed by a vote of 109 to 76. On the following day, a resolution was submitted, inviting each Clergyman who is a member of the House to serve as Chaplain during the session, "provided they feel free to do so." After several amendments were proposed, the resolution was ordered to lie on the table.

A number of religious, benevolent, literary, and scientific bodies held their anniversary meetings at Concord, during the first week in June. Before the *Medical Society*, Professor Oliver, of Dartmouth College, delivered a discourse upon Temperance, in which the art of living in the manner best adapted to secure comfort and real enjoyment, and subserve the great purposes of existence, was ably and eloquently enforced. The *State Lyceum* held its first anniversary, and had an interesting and popular address from the Rev. Mr. Clement, of Chester. At the *Sunday School Union*, various addresses and prayers were offered. The report of the Society giving, as far as returns had been received, an account of the state of the Sabbath Schools in connexion with the Orthodox, Congregational, and Presbyterian churches, lamented that more full returns were not forwarded to the Secretary, in order to be incorporated with the account rendered upon this occasion.

The first Annual Meeting of the *New-Hampshire Unitarian Association* was holden at the Rev. Mr. Thomas's Church, Rev. Dr. Parker, President, in the Chair. After Prayers by Rev. Mr. Abbot, of Peterborough, the Annual Report of the Executive Committee

was read by the Chairman, giving an account of the state of religion, and the progress of Unitarian Christianity in this state. On moving the acceptance of the report, the meeting was addressed in a highly interesting and animated manner, by Hon. C. H. Atherton, Rev. Messrs. Lothrop, Brownson, and Gage. The meeting was fully attended, and the occasion one of great interest to the friends of liberal Christianity and practical piety. The Rev. Nathan Parker, D. D. of Portsmouth was re-elected President.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The anniversaries of numerous societies of a religious and eleemosynary character were observed in the last week of the month of May, among which were the following:—

American Education Society. From the Annual Report it appears, that the receipts of the last year were \$52,185 53, and the expenditures \$48,053 82; but, in consequence of an old debt, there is still a balance against the Society of \$193 35. \$2,113 27 have been refunded by forty young men. Assistance has been afforded to 807, in 142 different Academies and Colleges; 271 new beneficiaries have been received within the year, and about fifty have commenced preaching. The patronage of the Society has been withdrawn from five, and five have died within the last year. The meeting was addressed by Professor Stow, Dr. Allen of Randolph, Rev. Messrs. Plummer of Va. and Lindsey of Boston, and President Bates of Middlebury College.

American Unitarian Association. From the report we learn that the Tracts published during the year amount to 66,000 besides 28,000 reprinted, making in all 94,000 copies; 7000 copies have been taken from the Depository, and 5000 more distributed gratuitously by the Book and Pamphlet Society; auxiliary to the American Unitarian Association. A ministry for the poor in the city of Boston has been the subject of unusual attention, chiefly under the charge of the Rev. Dr. Tuckerman, and his associate, the Rev. Mr. Barnard. A minister has been appointed for New-York city. An auxiliary State Society has been formed in New-Hampshire. The receipts of the Association for the last year have been \$4671 61 for general purposes; and about \$17,000 are already pledged for the support of a permanent agency. The state of the Unitarian churches here and elsewhere, of the School at Cambridge, and of the cause generally, was represented as very

prosperous. There are about two hundred Unitarian Societies in the country, and about two thousand which reject the Trinitarian doctrine.

The American Tract Society. From the nineteenth Annual Report it appears that near sixteen millions of pages have been issued from the Depository since the last anniversary. Of these there have been sold, to Agents, Auxiliaries, and Individuals 8,734,860 pages; granted for gratuitous distribution in waste places within its own limits 68,230 do; distributed by the Executive Committee's Secretary and General Agent, 211,380 do; delivered to Life Directors and Life Members 330,570 do; granted to benevolent societies 19,722 do; for gratuitous distribution in the western states and heathen lands, 6,150,000. The sum of \$4,100 has been granted to various foreign stations, through the American Tract Society at New-York. This includes \$1000 sent to the Sandwich Islands. The number of Auxiliaries recognized as having made donations or purchases since May, 1831, is 352, of which fifty-seven are in Maine, forty-nine in New-Hampshire, forty-five in Vermont, 194 in Massachusetts, two in Rhode-Island, three in Connecticut, and three in Nova-Scotia and New-Brunswick. The receipts of the Society, for the year past, have been \$13,787 88; the expenditures, \$13,199 97, leaving a balance on hand, not yet expended, of \$587 91.

Northern Baptist Education Society. There are branches of this institution in all the New-England States. The whole number of beneficiaries upon the respective branches is 36, increasing the entire number under patronage to 138. Of these, 23 are in Theological Institutions, 34 in College, and the remaining 81 in various stages of preparatory studies. The receipts of the Parent Society this year have been \$6,952 63, and of the branches \$1,605 06, the total being greater than the receipts of the year previous by \$2,198 54. It appears that the whole number of beneficiaries received between 1814 and 1830, was 129; between 1830 and 1833 there were 114. The whole amount expended during 15 years, was \$20,679 88. The amount expended during the three years last passed, is \$17,095 46. If to this estimate be added the results of the Branch Societies, the product of the three last years would be more than equal to all which the Society had accomplished previous to 1830. Funds to a considerable amount have been invested, during the two years last passed,

in the establishment of several new institutions within the appropriate limits of this Society.

Prison Discipline Society. The annual meeting of the Prison Discipline Society was held at Park-street Church, Lt. Governor Armstrong in the chair. The Report of this Society is full of detail, and its efforts appear to have been rewarded with success. The plan of solitary confinement is extensively introduced, and will probably soon become universal; and ten Sabbath schools have been established, comprehending about 1500 scholars. In New-York, New-Jersey, and New-Hampshire, steps have been taken towards providing for the establishment of hospitals for lunatics. The meeting was addressed by Rev. Mr. Braman of Danvers, and Hon. Messrs. F. C. Gray and Edward Everett.

Massachusetts Sabbath School Society. The following table from the Annual Report shows the state of the auxiliaries, so far as reported:—

Auxiliaries.	Schools.	Teachers.	Scholars.	Books.
Essex South,	28	546	3871	5571
Essex North,	30	491	3665	5468
N. Brookfield and vicinity,	12	256	1749	2344
Harmony Conf.	21	318	2366	
Franklin,	more than		2500	4000
Berkshire,	23	528	4012	6500
Boston,	18	313	2454	

Massachusetts Missionary Society. The meeting of this society, at which Rev. Dr. Woods of Andover presided, was addressed by Rev. Messrs. Badger of Andover, Vermilyea of West-Springfield, and Peters of New-York. The receipts of the last year amounted to \$18,339 39, of which \$6,210 were expended in Massachusetts, \$6,426 have been applied to the support of Missions in the Western States, and \$5000 have been appropriated to the use of the parent society in those states. A legacy of \$1000 was lately paid to the society by the heirs of Mr. Bailey White of Randolph, in accordance with his dying wish, though no provision for the purpose had been made in his will.

CONNECTICUT.

The Legislature adjourned on the sixth of June, after an unusually long session. The public acts passed were very numerous; and some of them are supposed to partake of a partizan character. One of these was an act to repeal two acts by which the amount of the state claim upon the United States for services rendered during the late war, was appropriated for the benefit of Yale College, and the different religious

sects of the state. Of this sum, fifty thousand dollars have been obtained, and distributed according to the provisions of the acts referred to. The argument urged in opposition to the bill was, that rights were vested under them, with which it was too late for the Legislature to interfere; but the same gentleman who urged it, apparently the only member who spoke in opposition to the measure, said that these acts were already repealed by the revised statutes, so that any farther repeal of them would be superfluous. On the other hand, it was argued, that there was no consideration for the original grant, so that it could not bind the Legislature; that there were other claims on the liberality of the state, equally meritorious, for which no provision had been made; and that the mere fact, that the money came from the pockets of the people, and went into those of clergyman, was a sufficient reason for the repeal. The bill passed the House of Representatives by a vote of 190 to 5.

Another act, which has been severely censured in various ways, both in and out of the state, grew out of the circumstances which have given notoriety to the town of Canterbury, in reference to the determination of a Miss Crandall to establish in that town a school for the education of colored females. The preamble recites, that attempts have been made to establish literary institutions for the education of colored people belonging to other states, "which would tend to the great increase of the colored population of the state, and thereby to the injury of the people." It is therefore enacted, that any person who shall establish a school for the education of colored persons now belonging to the state, or shall become an instructor in any such school, or shall harbor any such colored person for the purpose of being instructed, without the consent of "a majority of the civil authority," and of the selectmen of the town where such school is situated, shall pay a fine of \$100 for the first offence, for a second \$200, \$400 for the next, and so on. Another section renders any colored person, who shall come into the state for the purpose of being instructed, liable to be removed.

Six new Banks were incorporated during the session.

An act was passed by a vote of 116 to 62, repealing so much of an existing statute as prohibits "all servile labor and vain recreation" on fast and thanksgiving days. It was urged in favor of the bill, that the existing law was an

enormous infringement of the rights of the citizen—that these days would be better observed without, than with it—and that such an enactment was altogether behind the age. The bill was zealously opposed by several members, who expressed their unwillingness to do away with the salutary provisions established by their ancestors,—and that to require a decent respect to the days appointed for religious observances, could hardly be regarded as an invasion of civil rights.

GEORGIA.

A convention of the people assembled early in May, to revise the constitution of the state, and propose an amendment that should reduce the number of members in the Legislature. Their deliberations closed on the 14th of May. The Senate is to consist of thirty-six members. When the General Assembly shall find that this plan has been ratified by the people, the two

branches are required to meet as one body, and make provision for the division of the state into thirty-six Senatorial districts, which are to be composed of contiguous counties, and arranged in as compact forms as may be practicable; and each district is to be entitled to elect a Senator. The basis on which the representation of the people in the House of Representatives was ultimately fixed, is as follows:—the House is to consist of 144 members; fifteen counties, having the largest white population, are to be entitled to three members each; twenty-five counties, having the next highest number of white population, to two members each; and the remaining forty-nine counties to one member each. After every census, a new apportionment is to be made, and should new counties have been created, the counties entitled to a larger number of representatives than one, may be reduced. This plan was adopted by a vote of 140 to 92.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE next number of the Magazine will contain

“Thoughts on the Study of the Greek and Latin Languages, No. II.”

“Margaret Bell’s Vow,”

“New Translation of the Bible,”

“The Devil among the Books,” &c.

“An Essay on Two of the Fine Arts,” seems to be more appropriate for a daily paper than for our Magazine.

“The District School as it was” has already occupied as much space among our Literary Notices, as can reasonably be demanded for it.

THE
NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1833.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

WE have often reflected on the importance of procuring and introducing to general use a new version of the Holy Scriptures. About two hundred years have elapsed since the commonly received translation was made public, and have, in their revolution, accumulated arguments in favor of another in its place. In order to direct the attention of our readers to this subject, we will mention some of these arguments, and examine such objections to the plan of a new translation, as may suggest themselves to our mind.

The most obvious, if not the weightiest, argument, in favor of our plan, is this:—That the language of the present version of the Bible, in a multitude of instances, has become, by the alterations in the standard of public taste, decidedly indelicate, coarse, vulgar, and unreadable.

Every *clergyman* has felt this to be true, again and again, in the pulpit, when called upon, perhaps unexpectedly, to read a portion of scripture, and subjected to the unpleasant alternative of shocking his own feelings and the feelings of his audience, by pronouncing, aloud, passages, which the decencies of ordinary conversation would frown down as insufferable,—or of omitting them at the risk of interrupting the continuity of narrative, reasoning, or illustration, and thus betraying his predicament to a thousand watchful eyes.

Every *father of a family*, whose piety has prompted him to that duty, which should be neglected by none,—family devotions,—has felt this objection to the present version, returning frequently upon him, as he has been obliged to slur over, with blushing haste, the objectionable texts, to spare the confusion, surprise, and wonder of his wife, and children, and servants.

Every *teacher* has learned to appreciate this argument, by his painful experience in the management of youthful minds. We ourselves remember the oft-seen effect of indelicate Scriptures, uttered by some coarse, blundering school-boy, or by some sensitive and shrinking, and almost inarticulate, girl;—the suppressed merriment of the vulgar or unthinking; their covert and significant glances; the downcast eye

and suffused cheeks of the polished and thoughtful ; and the ludicrous awkwardness of the pedagogue himself, whether endeavoring to preserve his insecure decorum of countenance, or to give a character of decency and respectability to the passage by his severe dignity and awful solemnity of look and carriage. We recollect an instance of what we considered the audacious impudence of a classmate in college, who went to the President and asked for an explanation of one of these numerous exceptionable passages. The President's reply is an instructive comment on the effect of the presence of such texts in our Scriptures. *He denied its existence.* So accustomed was the good old man to pass by, without reflection, the objectionable verses, that he had entirely forgotten that they were a part of the Bible, and not until his own eyes convinced him of the fact would he yield to conviction. Hundreds are in the same situation.

In the Sabbath School we have found ourselves reduced to occasional distress by the simple and natural questions of children, on parts of the Old or New Testament, which we should never have pointed out to their observation.

But so general is the experience and knowledge on this point, that we need not dwell long upon its consideration. Nor need we, by quoting passages in support of the argument, perpetuate and multiply the evil, of which we complain.

Even foreigners take notice of the wide difference between the common and scriptural standard of refinement, although they sometimes draw wrong conclusions from the fact. Thus the lamented Spurzheim, in his work on Education, remarks that ladies will listen without emotion to any part of Scripture, when read in the pulpit, who would, at table, be shocked to speak of the LEG of a fowl. This remark shows that he had discerned the difference between the phraseology of the Bible and that of common life ; but he was wrong in supposing that the former does not offend those who are fastidious respecting the latter.

This difference is, under existing circumstances, an unavoidable, but not an incurable, evil. It is the result of that march of intellectual and moral improvement, which has been carrying forward society for centuries, and of course leaving more and more in the rear the literature of preceding times. While men have changed, books have remained unchanged ; while these have borne the stamp of advancement, those have retained the seal of antiquity. That which was listened to in the Courts of Elizabeth and James, as the language of courtesy and refinement, has, in many instances, been driven from the hearing of decent society.

The literature of that day is not, indeed, wholly expelled from our libraries ; but it scarcely lingers in our parlors, cannot be indiscriminately read in our social circles, and is, or ought to be, to the young and tender mind, "banned and barred, forbidden fare." The Dramas of Shakspeare and Ben Johnson, whose immortality is secured by the embalming process of genius, survive the attack of time ; but modern refinement revolts from the coarseness of language and sentiment, which was once unnoticed in the books.

But the Bible itself cannot be thus given up ; its importance demands some other mode of removing those superficial evils that affect not its essential character.

It is still the book of God, though marked with the traces of human frailty on the media, by which its divine truths are communicated to us. But there is something more than merely a *refinement of taste*, which calls for a change in the phraseology of the Bible. If the delicate and fastidious, and of course well-taught, portion of the community alone were concerned, we should not consider this point so important; because they would be able to discriminate between the matter and the manner; the sentiment and the language; and to perceive that no fault attaches to the Bible itself, however faulty the language of the translation, when measured by the standard of their own taste. Besides this class, however, there is another, and a larger one, whose members are not so able to draw the right line of distinction in the matter; whose untaught mental vision distinguishes not the subject from the language; who are aware of coarseness and vulgarity, and do not see that they attach only to the version of the book, and who, therefore, feel the whole subject of religion to be stained and degraded; and, according to their own character, as it happens to be pious or irreligious, are prepared to lament or to scoff, are shaken by doubt and fear, or are fortified in contempt and disbelief. All subjects whatsoever, no matter whether sacred or profane, religious or secular, are judged of, by the majority of mankind, according to the manner in which they are treated and set forth; and the power of language is such that the most solemn and important truth may, by its means, be robbed of all dignity, and reduced to utter contempt. As we would, therefore, sustain the character of Scripture in public estimation; as we would preserve to all mankind a perception of its dignity and interest, by preserving a strict correspondence between its reality and its appearance; as we would avoid the generation of surprise and doubt, disrespect and contempt, for the sacred volume,—let us apply the easy remedy to evils, which we see in existence.

There is yet another consideration, which gives great weight to this argument. The evils, of which we have been speaking, besides disturbing the enjoyment of well-meaning and well-taught readers, and besides degrading, though unjustly, the character of religion itself in the estimation of the great majority of readers, produce injurious effects on the minds and morals of the young and tender;—on those whose intellectual development is affected by the slightest cause, and whose welfare is therefore to be watched with the most constant and scrutinizing cautiousness. Coarseness or impurity of language must either injure the intellectual taste, and produce in the mind corresponding habits of thought and expression; or corrupt the morals, by calling up immoral trains of thought, and presenting pictures of a gross and licentious character to the imagination. In whatever light we view the influence of these evil causes, it is alike to be deprecated, and, in this day of improvement in education, it assumes a character of unwonted importance, and demands the attentive consideration of the leaders of the age.

To the whole of this first argument in favor of a new version of Scripture, we have heard the reply made, that, instead of making the Bible yield to the fluctuations of language, its character requires that we should make language itself defer to the Bible;—that this sacred volume should form the standard itself of good taste, as well as good

morals, and that every deviation from its usage should be guarded against by those who have the direction and control of literature. But a reply of this sort hardly deserves an answer.

No one would rejoice more heartily than we should, in beholding the Bible in the deserved situation of centre and sun, to the whole system of human learning; itself shedding light and glory on science and literature, and in turn receiving reflected rays from them. None more than ourselves would exult in making all the thousand parts of education gather around and point towards the Bible as their great end and aim—the fountain of all truth and enjoyment. But this desire does not and should not extend so far as to make the language of the Bible, which is the language not of inspiration, but of an age rude and uncivilized in comparison with the present, the limit,—the Ultima Thule, of improvement in the science of communicating truth and knowledge. It would be unworthy of men, who are desirous of elevating all science to its highest possible rank,—nay, contrary to the free and bold spirit of advancement and improvement, which Scripture itself teaches us to cherish, thus to fetter the progress of language, which is constantly becoming wide in its range, and more accurate in signification, as well as more delicate in its expression. To check this advancement would be to check the advancement of every other science whose communication necessarily depends on the use and power of words; it would, in fact, be placing a barrier before all improvement in the character and condition of our race.

The truth of our answer will appear more distinctly when we reflect how few are those, how very few, who are original thinkers and discoverers of truth in this wide world; how much even reflection depends on language, and how absolutely the great mass of society depend, for what they know and believe, on their communication with others, through the medium of words; and how impossible, of course, it would be to elevate society if this medium of communication and influence were to be condemned to perpetual imprisonment. It will appear distinctly on an examination of the changes which have been going on since the present version of the Bible was made, in a thousand sciences, in literature, in the whole circle of human knowledge,—all which changes have been accompanied by similar changes in the scope and power of language. Such examination will, in fact, show that language is the exact gauge and measure of knowledge in all societies; that just so far as its compass extends, and no farther, has any community advanced on the great journey of truth;—and that when it is limited and anchored to any immovable object, knowledge, like a vessel swinging off to full cable's length from her casts, must there be checked and remain forever immovable.

But were the reply deserving of the serious attention which we have bestowed upon it, and were it true that language itself should be made the vassal of any book whatsoever, we might still reply, that, granting the truth of that proposition, it does not affect our argument, inasmuch as the wrong has been done,—and here we are broken loose from the trammels of the seventeenth century, and enduring all the unmitigable ills of a chronic and deeply-seated error;—return is hopeless; we cannot roll back the fiery flying wheel of change, and restore it to its ancient station,—and we must, therefore, rest content with such remedy

as is within our power. As Mahomet has run away from the mountain and refuses to go back, we must shoulder the mountain and carry it to him. As knowledge, and taste, and morals, have all rambled far off from the phraseology of Scripture, the best we can do is to sigh over the distressing error, and endeavor to bring the phraseology up with them.

It may be asked whether it is in all cases the fault of language that the present version is shocking to good taste?—whether the fault is not sometimes the fault of the narrative, of the sentiments, of the very matter of the Bible; and what shall be done in those cases? Shall we cut down Scripture to the standard of modern squeamishness, and sacrifice not merely the bold, strong, and masculine speech of everlasting truth, but the truth itself, to effeminate scruples, and exquisite refinement of delicacy?

The inquiry is important, and should be soberly answered. An examination of the Bible, or of any other book, will show us that ideas are, so to speak, the slaves of language; that there is scarcely one in the whole range of thoughts which may not be so conveyed to the mind by the aid of well-chosen words, as not to offend the most scrupulous taste. With this proposition constantly in our remembrance, and recollecting also that the Scriptures contain no lesson or sentiment of immorality, we shall discover an easy and satisfactory reply to the questions before proposed. There is, of course, no part of the Bible, which would need to be removed or concealed;—there is no passage, which might not be so subjected, by the power of words, to the law of delicacy, as to give no offence; and, of course, no one can fear that our argument involves the destruction of the integrity of the Scripture Canon.

While thus expressing ourselves, with regard to the holy writings, we must be allowed to give utterance to our opinion respecting one portion of the present received version of the Old Testament; to wit, “Solomon’s Song.” We are prepared to declare unequivocally, and at once, that we think this Song has no right to the place which it now occupies; that we do not deem it a part and portion of inspiration; that, so far from this, we consider its character as grossly indecent, and its influence decidedly evil, to both Christians and readers at large, as well as to the cause of religion. And we are ready to give our reasons.

There is not, in the first place, the least particle of *internal evidence* to prove that this Song is inspired,—that it has any relation, direct or allegorical, to sacred truth,—or that it was written for any other than amatory purposes. There is no mention therein to be found, of any thing but earthly love, and its stimulants. There is not the slightest deviation from the language of the new-married couple, engrossed with objects of sense;—no allusion to truths or doctrines, persons or things, which do not belong entirely to the nuptial couch, and the luxurious palaces and gardens of the most luxurious and voluptuous of all the kings of Israel. Were the “Song of Solomon” to be read by one who was ignorant that it had been incorporated with the other Bible-books, he would never dream that it possessed any claims to inspiration. Even Matthew Henry, the commentator, who is strenuous in his defence of the claims of this Song to a place in the Scripture Canon,

confesses that it is too profoundly mysterious for human comprehension ; and that, whereas the Psalms of David are level to ordinary minds, and contain (in his quaint language,) shallows through which *a lamb might walk*, the Songs of Solomon are more than sufficient for the strongest intellect, and contain depths in which *an elephant might swim* !

So far from bearing the stamp of inspiration, this book cannot be read by the soberest Christian, by its most earnest advocate, by the most abstracted and etherialized of men, without a flush of carnal feeling, or a vision of sensual images, or a constant struggle between the flesh and the spirit, common sense and mistaken* piety. It is crowded with the language of burning, Syrian love ; it is full of similes and descriptions, which could have been scarcely tolerable in the rudest age, and which, in our days, cannot be read or spoken. The whole Song speaks to us of Solomon in his splendid suburban retreat, dallying with the daughter of Pharaoh, and beginning that course of sensual pursuits, which made his old age abominable, and accursed of God. It vindicates for itself the character which it assumes,—“ a song of loves,” and is indeed a “ Song of Songs,” being among the amatory the most amorous.

Its claim to inspiration, in the second place, is not advanced either by itself, or in any part of Scripture. It is no where quoted or alluded to in the subsequent parts of the Old Testament, or in any part of the New. This fact may not be conclusive, of itself, against the inspiration of the Song ; but, when taken concurrently with others, it supports our opinion most strongly.

We need not enter upon the vast amount of learning which has been accumulated on this subject ; it is sufficient for us to say that the absurdities of Bernard, Sanctius, Bossuet, Lowth, *et hoc genus innumerable*, in endeavoring to give some rational interpretation of the Canticles as religious songs, are strong arguments in our favor. Talent and learning have done their utmost, and failed, to convince themselves or others that their theory was right. And, although it may be, as it is said, that Jewish authors never questioned the right of the Song to its present location, we are not prepared to sacrifice our own common sense on the altar of national prepossessions, of Israelitish partialities, clothing every fragment of their ancient literature with the character of inspiration, and where their theory was manifestly at war with the obvious meaning of the work, plunging into the profoundest labyrinth of mystification to discover a secret interpretation.

We have never known any father of a family whose reliance on the authority of the Rabbins, of the Patriarchs of the church, of Councils, or of modern Commentators, was so firm as to sustain him, even with the aid of the purest and sincerest piety, in reading the Canticles around the altar of social prayer. They are seldom, if ever, used as the fountains of sacred truth in the pulpit. We recollect but one instance, in which a text has ever been chosen from them ; and connected with this instance, is an anecdote that may illustrate that obtuseness of sensibility, which must be necessary to support a man in such a selection. On a certain occasion, we heard a clergyman, in a re-

* Mistaken in its reverence for the book in question—its respect for the Song.

mote part of this commonwealth, preach from Solomon's Song, chap. viii. verse 8th, "We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts; what shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for?" Dining with the reverend gentleman soon after, in the house of another clergyman, we noticed that in eating his fish, he drew the bones from his mouth, and very coolly threw them upon the carpet beneath the table. A parallelism with his former conduct as exact as can be found in Hebrew poetry.

So much for "Solomon's Song." We will now resume our arguments in favor of a new version of the Bible, with the remark, that should the voice of the community, or the majority of Christians, be allowed to settle the claims of this part of the Sacred Canon, we doubt not that it would be rejected from the Bible, and placed on the same shelf with the Epithalamia of the Greeks and Romans.

The second argument, in favor of a new translation of Scripture, is that the changes, which have taken place in the English language, since the present version was made, have rendered many words either wholly or partly obsolete. Many have been dismissed from usage, and their definitions forgotten by all but the learned; many have wholly changed their signification; and others have so far changed it, as to render the passages, in which they occur, obscure or ambiguous. As the great majority of the readers of Scripture are unlearned, or moderately taught, and entirely ignorant of the history of languages, being just able to read and readily comprehend those books, in which words are used in the modern significations, very great inconvenience is suffered, and many evils are caused by these changes. Thousands read the Bible without fully understanding it, or hoping to understand it; thousands have acquired the habit of reading merely for the sake of *reading*, and having formerly become weary of the vain labor of trying to comprehend, and having acquired habits of total inattention, the Scripture is to them but a dead letter, except, perhaps, in some of its parts; and, finally, other thousands are obliged to read and re-read, wonder, doubt, inquire, study, and toil without end, over that, which ought to be, and might be, made so plain that "a wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein."

It is impossible for one familiar with the literature of the last three centuries to appreciate fully the evil of which we speak. None but the unlearned can point out all the instances, in which the argument is illustrated; but it will not be difficult for us to mention some by way of stimulating the memories of others.

Probably no portion of Scripture is so much read as the book of Psalms, nor does any other part, except perhaps the Prophets, furnish so many instances of the obscurity complained of.

In the xviii. Ps. verse 5, David says, "The sorrows of *hell* compassed me about; the snares of death *prevented* me." That verse contains two obscurities. The first arises from mistranslation of the word here rendered *hell*; and every ordinary reader would ask at once, What are *the sorrows of hell*? We shall notice obscurities arising from this cause under another branch of our argument. The second obscurity is occasioned by the use of the word *prevent*, in a signification which has long since passed away. It is used again in verse 18. "They *prevented* me in the day of calamity; but the Lord was my stay."

We cannot show the total change of the definition of this end more clearly than by using it in a sentence which we have lately observed published for a similar purpose—viz. “I must rise early to-morrow, and *prevent* the sun’s rising.” When the Bible was translated, “*prevent*” signified to go before, to be before, and, by extension of idea, to surround or encompass. Now, it is synonymous with hinder. “The snares of death *hindered* me?” “My enemies *hindered* me in the day of my calamity?” Well may the untaught Christian, ignorant of Latin etymologies, inquire, What can the Psalmist mean?

In the ix. of Job, verse 33, it is said, “neither is there any *days-man* betwixt us, that might lay his hand upon us both.” Dictionaries may still contain this word and its definition;—but so far as modern usage is concerned, it is unknown;—and how many men amongst a hundred could define it?

How many of the common readers of the Scripture history, know that the *emerods*, with which the Philistines were afflicted while the ark of God remained amongst them, were *hemorrhoids*, or issues of blood? or how many of them would take the steps necessary to ascertain this fact?

“I would have you without *carefulness*,” said St. Paul to the Corinthians; it requires reflection to perceive that he wishes them to avoid excessive anxiety, or a multitude of engagements and employments.

“Moreover, brethren, we *do you to wit* of the grace of God bestowed on the churches of Macedonia,” said the same Apostle to the Corinthians, and probably the English translators of the Bible understood him; but we very much doubt if many at the present day do. In another part of the Scripture, we are told that Miriam “stood afar off *to wit* what would become of Moses.” And the question is sometimes asked, “*wot ye not*, &c.” These expressions are not hard to be understood,—but “*I do you to wit*,” is certainly obscure.

The word *conversation*, in its scriptural signification, differs materially from the same word in its modern sense. In the epistle to the Galatians, Paul says, (c. i. v. 13,) “For ye have heard of my *conversation* in times past in the Jews’ religion, how that beyond measure I persecuted the church of God, and wasted it.” Conversation in that passage means the conduct generally; with us it means the exercise of the lips and tongue.

In the x. Romans, 11th, it is said, “I say then, have they (*the Jews*) stumbled that they should fall? *By no means*; but rather through their fall, salvation is come unto the Gentiles for to *provoke* them to *jealousy*.” Now the obvious meaning of this English is such as to shock the feelings of a meek and unoffending Christian. Such is our present use of both the words “provoke” and “jealousy” that they look unscriptural even in Scripture. But instead of “*jealousy*” we ought to read “*emulation*” or “*increased zeal*,” as in the 14th verse following, where the same word (παράζηλω) is translated “provoke to emulation;” and instead of “*provoke*,” we ought to read “*stimulate*.”

The translation of μη γενοιτο—“God forbid,” to modern ears, conveys the meaning of an oath—an adjuration of the strongest kind: its real meaning is no more than “*certainly not*,” or “*by no means*,” and

it is, therefore, used properly as the exclusion of a wrong conclusion in argument,—as the statement of a fact, not the offer of a prayer..

Our third argument in favor of a new version of the Bible is, that there are now almost innumerable passages which are, by *mistranslation*, made either wholly unintelligible and absurd, ambiguous and doubtful, obscure, or different in signification from their original.

These defects are in some cases owing to the bad English of the translators, and in some instances to their mistaking the Hebrew and Greek of the original Scriptures: and sometimes, probably, the evils are incurable on account of the obscurity in which inspiration is veiled, particularly in prophecies. But they are so crowded and multiplied throughout the whole Old Testament, that it is exceedingly fatiguing and perplexing to read it, and many, undoubtedly, are prevented from reading and studying the word of truth, by the impossibility of penetrating the fog, which hangs over it, except by becoming familiar with its ancient language.

We have selected from the Psalms a number of verses, which will illustrate our meaning. In Psalm xviii. 36, David says to the Lord, “Thou hast *enlarged my steps* under me, that my feet did not slip.” We defy any man of common education to divine the meaning of that verse. But let him take the original Hebrew, and read,

“Thou didst make a wide path for my steps,
That my feet did not stumble,”

and the passage is intelligible and beautiful.

So in the xlix. Ps. “They that trust in their wealth, &c. none of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him, (for the redemption of their soul is precious, and it ceaseth forever,) that he should still live forever, &c.” How many have studied and searched in vain to understand that passage! How many different theories have been built upon it! And how simple and beyond doubt is the true translation—“No one can redeem his brother from death, nor give a ransom for him to God: Too costly is the redemption of his life, (and he giveth it up forever!) that he should live to eternity, and not see the grave.”

There is another passage which has been to some a stumbling-block, and to others foolishness, for many generations. “Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, nor suffer thy holy one to see corruption.” It means, “Thou wilt not leave me in the grave; thou wilt not suffer thine anointed to see corruption.”

In the lxxiv. Ps. the Lord is called upon in these words: “Lift up thy feet unto the perpetual desolations, even all that the enemy hath done wickedly, in the sanctuary; thine enemies roar in the midst of thy congregations: they set up their ensigns for signs: *A man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees*; but now they break down the carved work thereof at once with axes and hammers.” Never was written a more unintelligible and unmeaning collection of sentences. And yet, in the language of Asaph, the sentiment is clear, connected, harmonious, beautiful.

“Hasten thy steps to those utter desolations;
Every thing in the sanctuary the foe hath abused!
Thine enemies roar in the place of thine assemblies;

Their own symbols have they set up for signs,—
They appeared like those who raise the axe against a thicket ;
 They have broken down the carved work of thy temple with axes and hammers."

In Ps. lxxxviii. 4, 5. What means this passage: "I am counted with them that go down into the pit: I am as a man that hath no strength. Free among the dead, like the slain that lie in the grave, whom thou rememberest no more; and they are cut off from thy hand."

Mr. Noyes's translation has the merit of making intelligible what we presume was never before understood, but deemed wholly unmeaning, by more than ninety-nine hundredths of society.

"I am counted, &c.
 I am like one who hath no strength left:
 Like one laid low among the dead:
 Like the slain who lie in the grave:
 Whom thou no more rememberest,
 And who are cut off from thy protection."

It is but a few days since we heard a friendly debate between an old lady and her son, both Christian professors, on the second verse of the 133d Psalm, in which family affection is compared to the "precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard; *that went down to the skirts of his garments.*" The point in dispute was, to what the word *that*, in the last clause of the verse, ought to be considered as referring;—the old lady contended that it was the *ointment* which *went down* to the skirts of the priest's garments,—and her son arguing that it was the beard itself which descended so low.

In this case the doubt was of no importance, but there are other passages, the meaning of which, is important, and equally open to controversy.

So also in Acts i. 25, there is a much controverted passage—with regard to the clause, "*that he might go to his own place,*"—some applying it to Judas, and some to the new chosen Apostle,—thus making it mean, in the one instance, that Judas had gone to his final retribution,—and in the other, that Matthias might proceed to the sphere and work of an Apostle. In this instance, however, unquestionably the controversy has arisen, not from philological, but from *partizan* doubts.

Our fourth argument, for the expediency of a new version is, that at present the Christian world is divided by controversies respecting the authenticity of some passages included in the present received version of Scripture.

That it is possible to settle these questions of canon, we cannot doubt. The history of similar and greater controversies gives us ample ground, on which to base this opinion. The authenticity of whole books has been disputed in the church for ages, and at last been decided upon, conclusively and without dissent. For example, the Epistle to the Hebrews was the subject of argument between the Christians of the East and West, and between those of different sects and schools, for centuries; but it is now unquestioned by the whole Christian world.

Nor have former disputes been crushed and silenced by the voice of Council or Synod, clothed with assumed or delegated authority of

legislating for Christendom. The understanding, free and unfettered, has been appealed to as the arbiter of the controversy, and its decision has been the conclusion of debate.

The increased light of modern learning warrants our belief that these questions, how long soever they have been agitated, might now be settled. The law of language, the correct rules of exegesis, the true spirit of the Gospel, the proper standard of opinion, and the varied learning necessary to shed clearness around such subjects, are all now far better known and understood than they have been at any former period, and, of course, it is now easier to determine these disputes.

It is certainly a matter of no small moment, that every portion of the received Bible should be sealed with the stamp of purity and authenticity. There ought not to be a single disputed book,—there should be no Apocrypha,—no debated passages,—no questionable line or word; and there need be none. But, in order to produce unanimity of opinion, there should be a unanimous application of the means necessary to produce it, and, of course, a general conviction of the necessity of unanimity, both of action and belief.

The angry and desultory character of modern polemic controversy renders it almost vain to hope that a version of the Bible, however correct, coming from any one denomination, will find universal acceptance. There must first be a combination of Christians in devising some manner, in which the new version shall be a *joint* work, approved by scholars of every sect, and then we can hope to see the present antiquated and faulty translation wholly superseded by one, which shall enjoy the same universality of usage.

There are now existing a multitude of partial translations, many of which might with advantage be adopted instead of the present common one. Thus there might, perhaps, be found the Book of Psalms, of Job, and of Isaiah, and of the whole New Testament, each of which is more correct and more intelligible than its more popular rival—or rather its predecessor—but none of which has yet received the sanction of a general use. This fact shows that merely individual labor is useless in this behalf:—there must be official character, a delegated trust, and a guarantee of public examination if not of general acceptance, before any translation can displace the present.

There is great danger, that, unless some measure be taken to procure a version, which all will approve, different denominations, adopting favorite and different versions, will confirm and widen, beyond remedy, the distance which now separates them, and render wholly hopeless that union and fraternal connection, which should characterize the whole church, and towards which many an anxious eye, many an ardent hope, is now directed.

The only objection to the plan of a new version, which occurs to us, is the difficulty of procuring such a body of translators as would secure at once, unanimity amongst themselves, and general confidence and favor for their work. But the difficulty, when measured by the importance and desirableness of the work, is nothing; it should not be allowed to influence a single mind. B.

THE DEVIL AMONG THE BOOKS.

IN one of the principal streets of a great metropolis, whose borders enclose many a beautiful form and patriotic heart, and whose environs, graced with all that is lovely and enchanting in the natural world, have been long consecrated by deeds of valor and undying fame, there might be seen, some years ago, a long sign, nailed over the door of a large, old-fashioned building, bearing the name of "Timothy Folio, Printer & Bookseller," in large, antique characters. On one side of said sign was painted, what was probably intended for a folio Bible, which one would take to be as old as Faust. On the other was drawn an odd-looking volume, which, though one might fancy it was meant to represent no one book in particular, but all in general, like an algebraic quantity, yet looked, for all the world, like an old-fashioned psalm-book, with the leaves torn out. The counters and shelves within were laden with literary treasures of different nations, dressed out in elegant, gilt covers, in sheep, morocco, boards, and parti-colored paper. Here were to be seen literary flowers, whose fragrance had been exhaled the moment they saw the light, blossoms and buds of native growth, and exotics, whose fragrance and bloom became sweeter and more beautiful, the more they were gazed at and examined. Wherever the eye wandered, it could discern nothing but perennials, annuals, and ephemerals, mingled with a few weeds and plants of a different character. In short, Mr. Folio's store, or rather Literary Room, held the same rank at the period I allude to, that is now held in our city by Allen & Ticknor, Russell & Odiorne, or any of the other prime bibliopologists of Washington-street. I never knew precisely what use was made of the apartment immediately over the store. It was never opened but in the night, when it was regularly once a week lit up at a very late hour. As several thin-looking and meagre personages were seen, at times, stealing their way up stairs, who appeared to live on spare diet, it was rumored that this room was devoted to the sittings of a conventicle of critics. Certain demoniac laughs, which were occasionally heard there, seem to confirm the supposition. I have myself frequently seen the names of unfortunate and condemned authors scratched on the walls, if that circumstance can be considered as throwing any light upon the matter. Such was the belief, however, of authors and writers, who declared that few books, which had seen the inside of this den, were ever favorably received by the public, and only left it to be consigned to the spiders of the attic. Immediately above this apartment, and on the third story, was a book-bindery and Mr. Folio's large printing establishment. In the attic, with which we are more immediately concerned, were stowed away various publications, odd volumes, and supernumerary copies. Here were the last new poem, and the last year's novel, on the same shelf with a volume of some forgotten history, flanked by an old almanac, and supported by a gazetteer. Long-winded epics had been puffed into this receptacle of lost and forgotten books. Shelf-worn spelling-books and primers—"the cast-offs of a former generation"—which had been in the highest classes at school, were here turned back again to their own alphabets. New troops of words had driven old dictionaries into this gloomy retreat, and almanacs were here consigned to a darker and more disastrous eclipse than any they had ever predicted. Arithmetics might be seen here figuring in darkness, adding up the sum total of their miseries, and listening to the dying croak of a song, or the long-drawn sigh of an amatory poem. A few stray volumes of some classic pined away in this place of literary ease and elegant leisure; but it was used and known as the resting-place and tomb of all unsaleable books, "dead as soon as born," which neither Mr. Folio nor any of his brethren could force into circulation. The cases and shelves actually groaned beneath their dead weight, and spiders spun their webs over victims which had not life enough to break through their fetters. Mr. Folio, who was unanimously appointed by the public voice to usher these abortions of the press into their dark abode, would most willingly have enlarged his store below, to make room for them, if they had not been too weak to support themselves upon his counters. Mr. Folio was a business-man, and, what is more to the point, Mr. Folio was a peaceable man, a gentlemanly and a very polite man. He was something of a scholar withal, and, if it had depended upon himself, every volume in this attic would have found a purchaser. He was not supposed to have an enemy in the world, unless a few poor authors, whose works he had published, but which were lying snugly in his attic, could be termed such. He lost money to a considerable amount by

these literary adventurers; and they complained that they had lost their fame and reputation through his means; but, as they had none to lose, he was the only sufferer. Such was Timothy Folio, Bookseller & Publisher.

The adventure that befel this gentleman, whose memory I respect, which I am going to relate, will hardly be believed, I dare be sworn, among even the most credulous and superstitious of my readers; and, had I not the best possible reasons for placing full confidence in its truth, I should set it down at once as an improbable fable; for, although *Æsop* made birds and quadrupeds discourse as wisely as bipeds, I confess my belief in the eastern doctrine of metempsychosis is not so great as to suppose the soul of a defunct author could pass into, and animate, a book, which died before the moist earth was fairly over his remains.

Towards the close of a summer afternoon, Mr. Folio, wearing a long gown and red slippers, was seated behind his counter, looking over the sheets of a new poem, that was to see the light in a few days. Owing either to the warmth of the atmosphere, or to some soporific quality in the poem, he felt uncommonly dizzy and sleepy, as he sat penciling the margin of the leaves in his hand. At length he was so far gone, that the pencil fell out of his hands upon the floor. He started, and heard, or thought he heard, a considerably loud noise somewhere, as if a large volume had fallen to the floor; but as his clerks continued writing, he supposed himself mistaken, and, taking up his pencil again, was soon lost in a comfortable nap. It was not five minutes before the noise was repeated. He was on his feet in an instant. He thought at first that it was a gentle clap of thunder; but, as something like the noise produced by paper blown over a floor by the wind came to his ears, he supposed something was out of place in his bindery or printing-office. As he stood yawning and rubbing his eyes, he was certain he heard a sound over head somewhere, like the march and tramp of a small army, and the sway and fluttering of a thousand banners. It was certainly an unusual noise. The clerks, being over head and ears in writing and casting up figures, smiled, when he asked them if they heard it, and were almost too busy to give him an answer. "Faith!" thought Mr. Folio, "if the building were to tumble over their ears, they would never know it. Something's to pay up stairs! the devil's in the attic among the books, for aught I know; I must go up and close the windows." As he did not remember ever to have heard such a noise before, he was determined to give up his doze, and ascertain its cause. I do not know why he directed his steps immediately to the attic—whether because he thought the wind was creeping into the windows and doing mischief there, or whether, from a lurking fear that, as the contents of that room had been the occasion of some malice and hard thoughts to himself, some disappointed author had found his way there to work mischief, or to hold communion with the lost children of his brain, I know not; but certain it is that Mr. Folio did not stop till his hand was on the lock of the garret door. He entered in a moment, and the door closed after him. I question if ever a mortal was more astonished or put to his wit's end, when he found himself fairly in the room. An enchanter, who had suddenly evoked a legion of devils, when he expected the appearance of good spirits, could not have been more confounded, amazed, and perplexed, than was the worthy bookseller. All the books in the room were in motion. They seemed to have legs and wings. They walked, ran, and flew, with as much ease and vigor as their unfortunate authors could ever have done in their best days. Mr. Folio, being weak in the eyes, put on his spectacles, to be sure he was not deceived. Contrary to his expectation, the windows were all closed, so that not a particle of air could gain admittance. The room was air-tight, and he was now more at a loss, and more confounded than before, and the sweat began to fall from him in large drops. If his hair did not stand on end, it was because the worthy man's head was bald, and his voice clung to the roof of his mouth, unless a few quick ejaculations—"zounds!"—"faith!"—"strange!"—"whew!"—"heaven and earth!" can be considered as articulate speech. By degrees, he took a survey of the room. The bibles, poems, primers, dictionaries, almanacs, and novels, were dancing about, and hurrying from their lazy resting-places on the shelves, cases, and stands, as if they were all determined on one general and final circulation at least, to pay for their years of durance. What a clatter of leaves, what a strange and contemptuous hissing sound did these blind, maimed, and halt children of the brain send forth! Though most of these volumes were as heavy as lead, yet they went through all their motions so lightly and actively that the floor seemed hardly to feel their weight. They platooned, faced about, and wheeled round with apparently as much skill and science as if they had been drilled to it by a hundred re-

views. As if bent on circulation, Mr. Folio remarked that most of their motions were gyratory, which surprised him not a little, as he well knew they had never been in circulation at all. It seemed impossible for them to keep still a moment, as though they were anxious to convince him that they could show life and animation enough if they chose, and were not the dull, stupid, and inanimate things he took them for. And in truth their movements in circles were so dexterous, that if old Eternity himself, to whom they had been dedicated at their birth, had suddenly stepped in among them, to offer his protection, in his proper shape of a circle, he would have sworn they had been well drilled in his service, and were no fools in the art of circulation. Mr. Folio dodged about as well as he was able, and endeavored to stop their motions; but slap followed slap so fast, and every inch of his body was so beset with blows, that he was fain to retreat, and sit down on an old chest, as a mere looker-on, to see how this singular matter would end. He hoped here to have a comfortable seat, upon which he might rest himself; for, what between slaps, blows, and astonishment, the worthy gentleman was not a little exhausted. While he was endeavoring to account for this singular behavior, and to distinguish the identical volume which struck him on the nose, he heard a slight tick beneath himself, and the chest, on which he was seated, sprang its cover, and, flying up, sent him a rod across the room, and threw him in contact with an old Epic in three volumes. He started round with his fist doubled, for he had no doubt some one, who meant him ill, was concealed in it, and what was his surprise to behold, issuing from the chest, a troop of reviews and magazines in blue and yellow covers, who took up the line of march around the room, in which volume after volume fell in by degrees. He followed them round with his eyes, and, as he stood, was in the centre of a large circle, which was filling up every moment and in perpetual motion. They went round in single, double, treble, quadruple, and sextuple file, according to the number of volumes of each, while a few old newspapers hovered over the scene, as if playing the part of standards. He was puzzled to ascertain who was the leader, so closely were they huddled together, and so rapid was their circulation. He found, however, that an old Epic, in three volumes, the identical one the chest had thrown him against, took the lead, as he seemed to look about, now and then, and make motions to the rest, as they wheeled round the apartment. He immediately seized a limping dictionary, that stood on one leg on a shelf, a disabled but quiet observer of the manœuvres of his able-bodied fellow-prisoners,—he seized this dictionary, I say, and let it fly at the body of the Epic that seemed to direct the movements of all the rest. The first volume fell down, but springing up again in an instant, endeavored to regain his former place; but as his two assistants or co-volumes were some way ahead, he made an effort to squeeze himself in between two old psalm-books that were marching with the rest, double file. Finding it impossible to do this, he stepped aside, and was soon joined by a troop of light-reading, old almanacs and novels that left the circle, and came on with stitched covers in a smart trot. At last the two remaining volumes of the Epic, that had continued their march, missing their mate, suddenly halted; upon which all the rest were huddled together, some falling out of the ranks, some springing up, and all in the greatest confusion imaginable. They seemed to take very little notice of Mr. Folio, and showed no disposition to attack him, as he expected they would do, and he once more seated himself on the chest, ready to await any motion, and desirous of seeing what these crazed fellows would do next. At last a volume of old reviews sprang upon a table, and waved his hand in token of silence. He was a grim and savage-looking fellow, and cast his sharp eyes around, as if he considered himself a judge that had power to enforce any sentence he might think proper to pronounce. After stamping once or twice upon the table, he thus spoke in a sharp voice:—

"Fellow-prisoners, Epics, Novels, Essays, Histories, Almanacs, Poems, and all ye men of letters, who have been held in durance together so many years, by whatever name ye are called, I demand the reason of these strange movements. Since my first entrance into this place, all has been peace and quiet till this day. I was stationed here to keep you in order, and was sorry to see a disposition in you to revolt and break out of your prison. I have done all in my power to prevent it. Sentence of condemnation was passed upon you years ago, and I have in my pocket"—He was here interrupted by cries of "Down with him!"—"Pitch him over!"—"Nail him down!" He made several attempts to go on; but nothing could be heard but a few broken sentences, such as—"Damned again and again!"—"A pack of fools!"—"If some of you had not strong covers, I would take fifty at once!"—"Back to your dens!" He was finally obliged to get down;

and clapping a miserable little poem that stood near, shivering at the sound of his voice, between his covers, he mounted the highest shelf in the room, and, by his looks, seemed determined to keep a dog-eared silence.

The Epic in three volumes, before mentioned, called to order, and when all was quite still again, he walked up, limping on his poetical feet, to within a yard of Mr. Folio, while the rest were all ranged around, and thus, with an air of offended dignity, addressed him:—"Well may you be surprised at our proceedings, to-day, sir! But we could bear it no longer. Here have we been imprisoned for years, mere dead weights upon your shelves in this old garret, while our more fortunate brethren are lying in every parlor in the country. We have determined to exercise our limbs, and change the postures in which we have been lying on your shelves, buried in dust, till a simultaneous spirit aroused us this day. We feel persuaded that we shall yet have our turn in traveling through the city, and visiting foreign nations." As he pronounced the last sentence, the idea it conveyed seemed too great for him. He strutted a little, clapped his covers, and seemed about to rise. The dust flew about so much, that it greeted Mr. Folio's nostrils, and he sneezed aloud three times. At this they all started upright, and took a menacing attitude. "Mr. Folio!" continued the amazed Epic, "this is not a matter to be sneezed at. We have been most foully, cruelly, and unjustly treated; and, in the name of the offended tenants of this attic around you, I call upon you to give us a conspicuous place on your counter below. Set your critics to work to give us a lift, and you may depend upon reaping your reward." Here the Magazines and Reviews in stitched covers, which had issued from the chest, apprehensive that dangerous movements were on foot, protested by their gestures against this measure, and seemed almost in the act of flying into the face of the Epic. "Sir," said one, "we have all damned you once, and should not disturb you in your purgatory, did you not make such bare-faced and empty boasts of your vain pretensions, by recalling to your recollection any unsavory passages. Here," he continued, opening his leaves in the face of the Epic, "read this review and account of yourself on my fourth page." "And mine," said another. "And mine, and mine," cried six successive numbers. "Miserable drivellers!" cried the incensed Epic, "nothing but the contempt and oblivion, into which you have fallen, saves you from my anger. What would have been your circulation, had you not been upheld by the author of my being. Every line of intelligence in your distorted countenances, every mark of expression, and every thing about you, by the help of which you gained your short-lived reputation, you owe to my author and his brethren. Turn over some of your leaves and read those immortal verses, the very quintessence of his brain and fancy, which alone have given you vitality, and every breath of life that yet keeps your bodies together. Review an Epic, indeed! Why, you are not worthy to review my title-page. Review me, forsooth! Heavens! what presumption!" The Epic shook himself, till they all bounced from the floor, none keeping their positions but the Magazines.

Though there were a great many controversials and polemics in his attic, Mr. Folio did not look upon the tame, lifeless, and inanimate poems around him as belligerents. Their sensitiveness, bravado, and menacing tone were to be expected from their irritable race; but he began to fear that they would all fall to blows and fisticuffs, and pull each other by the ears. The Magazines and Reviews bristled up a little at first, upon hearing the retort of the Epic; but, suddenly changing their aspect, they set up such a horrible laugh that Mr. Folio thought they would shake themselves to pieces, and that their leaves would actually fall from their covers. The whole assembly seemed to take this in great dudgeon. They huddled along, going this way and that, advancing back first, and showing their soiled gilt names in formidable array. They mounted each other's shoulders, volume standing on volume, and presented a high wall to the eyes of the astonished biblioplist, shaped like a pyramid. While they were in this position, a little imp of a Satire, perched on the very top of the whole, begged a moment's hearing. "Mr. Folio," he said, "I have the names of most of these gentlemen in my pocket, and am only sorry that I did not come into the world twenty years sooner, that I might have enrolled them all on my pages. Most of them have been immortalized by my efforts, and I am sorry to find myself in their company. I am an old bookworm, and am here only to shut their mouths, and keep them still. Whatever notice they have attracted has been owing to my humble self. They have often escaped, when my nails were upon them; but I have got them once more, as you see, sir, under me; and it shall go hard, old as

I am, if I do not keep them quiet forever." He grinned horribly, showed his teeth, and, in biting the ears of a novel under him, bit his own tongue, and fell to the floor. They all now dismounted, and, treading over the prostrate Satire, and on each other's heels, sprang into the window-seats, upon the book-cases, chests, and old chairs, and some of them stuck to the ceiling. A Novel, that straddled an old line, on which were hung some newspapers, demanded audience. "It is a hard case that I, Mr. Folio, a gentleman of wit and elegant manners, a person of figure and parts, though possessing, I own, but little bottom,—it is hard, I say, that I should be caged up here, and waste my precious moments in such vile company. I was born to live forever; and my author's brains were squeezed into my pages. It is an everlasting shame to any age, that one of my consequence should not fulfil the expectations of my author. Really, sir, it is too bad. I never had but one kind look in my life, and that was from a fashionable belle, who once lifted me from your counter, cut open a few of my leaves, and gave me a sweet smile, as she threw me down again. I wish that old volume of Magazines above, there, had pressed me a little more lightly, as I lay under him, for really I led a most miserable life in his company." As he spoke, he cast his eyes upon the dead Satire upon the floor, and, missing his hold, fell down and gave up the ghost.

A Poem, in small duodecimo, now arose, and breaking loose from the covers of a Review that held him, stood before his companions, with an air of great importance. He was evidently quite young, and acquainted with the fashions of the age. He bowed very gracefully, and, opening to his title-page, showed his author's portrait, done in the best style of the art. "As to this old gentleman," said he, pointing to the Epic, "and these sentimental dandies in the world of letters," bowing to the Novels, "I confess I think they well deserve their confinement. For myself, I am content to remain here a little longer; for, my life on it, the day is near when I shall go forth, and put to shame the critics and reviewers. I maintain that every one has a right to sing his own praises; for the glory redounds not to us, but to our authors. I was nursed with the greatest care; every foot, nay, every line of my body was perfumed with the sweetest fragrance of the brain. I was early taught to imitate the best masters of the school of poetry now in fashion. The graces presided at my birth, and I was christened with the greatest ceremony. As soon as my author's portrait was made to face my title-page, to ornament my person, and to complete the number of my graces, I was sent to my tailor's, the book-binder's, measured, arrayed in an elegant court-dress, and then ushered into the world to gain my reputation. But, heavens! what a fate did I experience! I was sent to every editor in the city—I was advertised, but, miserable return for my author's generosity! not a single puff was bestowed upon me; I was set down every where as a dull and stupid fellow, without strength or imagination. If I had been called cloven-footed, I could not have been more positively damned. I had a mind to commit suicide; but, having more respect than others for the reputation and the feelings of my author, I dragged out my existence on the counter, or was stuck up in the window for years, with my author's portrait to the street, in the shop of Battledore, Shuttlecock & Co. till finally I was thrust away into this miserable place. That fiend, who sits grinning on the window-seat, gave me a mortal stab. That circumstance hastened my entrance into the attic, as well as the death of my parent. He pined away and died; no one knew the reason; but the manner in which I was treated, no doubt, brought him to his end. He was found dead in his chamber, with the review in his hand, which had treated me so rascally. The jury, who sat on his body, gave in their verdict—*Died of information in the brain.*" He whined and whimpered a little, and then continued—"Thank Heaven, and my author! I am not weak, but strong, and shall live forever, and I hope ere long to show my strength." While uttering the last word, he fell down from mere want of stamina, and, in the fall, spoilt his author's picture.

The speech of the Poem, whose vigor and vitality were so unfortunately belied by the event with which it terminated, seemed to excite general sympathy and commiseration. Six or eight Pathetic Poems, and Sentimental Effusions, almost wept themselves to tatters, bursting forth into sighs and tears in this obscure garret, such as they had in vain endeavored to draw from the eyes of their few solitary readers. There seemed to be a general condolence among the assembly with the sufferings and fate of the Poem and his author; and even the Reviews and Magazines relaxed a very little in their grins, when the poor, exhausted Poem sunk down, and blasted his author's picture. Another little Poem, who pretended

to be a smart, pert little gentleman, pricked up his ears a little, as he observed the calm that had settled over the assembly ; and, edging along between Psalm-books, and a dozen tall and gaunt octaves, presented himself before the bookseller, and burst out into a loud and obstreperous laugh. This was received by some as mistimed, but most of them again relapsed into their former querulous state of feeling, when they saw him determined to obtain a hearing at any rate. He laughed again as loud as before, and, looking about in perfect good nature, thus spake :—" I am content with my situation, Mr. Folio, and heartily obliged to you for taking me from your counter and thrusting me in this place. Your kindness has saved me many feelings of shame and mortification. In a garret I was born, and, please Heaven ! in a garret will die, and give up what little life is within my body. I have no picture fronting my title-page, to show you, like the gentleman that has just touched us up so pathetically ; for, to tell you the truth, my author was so ugly that he could not relish his victuals. I have had all manner of assistance in my time, but never had a long run ; in fact, I had no run at all. If puffs could have helped me, I should have been exalted to the skies. I was called beautiful, glorious, magnificent, grand, and even sublime. I was said to possess the fire of Homer, the sublimity of Milton, and the grace of Horace ; but I am persuaded my sublimity and my beauty were of a peculiar, unprofitable, and unpopular kind, for I could not become a favorite, notwithstanding all the exertions of editors, and of my author. I was hushed into silence, and finally every voice that was uplifted in my praise was put down, as if by general consent. It was in vain that my author sent me to his friends—in vain that he tore out my title-pages, one after another, putting new ones in their places, calling me the first, second, third, and even sixth edition. Heaven help my author ! for no mortal will : for my part, I know not what has become of him ; though it is not ten minutes since a little Drama strutted towards me, and claimed to be my brother. I shook him off at once ; for my author long since disinherited me, and for five years has not opened my leaves. He declared I had disgraced him, and that he would disown me. Truly, I think this is no lie ; and I have no doubt there are twenty as brainless fellows as I am, in this company, who claim to be my brothers, and who have all shared the same fate with myself." A great many voices were here heard, exclaiming—" Lost Beauty ! are you there ? poor fellow, poor fellow !" The Lost Beauty retreated to his hiding-place, denying any relationship with the speakers. Several others now came forward, and made short speeches, of a seditious character, declaring their intention of leaving this attic, and running their chance of immortality in the wide world without. An old Arithmetic stated the exact number of days, hours, minutes, and seconds of their confinement, and said a good deal about barter and exchange. An old Algebra hammered out a set speech upon the infinite series, negative quantities, and ad infinitum. An old Geography grew eloquent in describing foreign countries. An Almanac talked of fine weather, who had not seen the sun for a score of years, and actually declared that all his predictions and observations would answer for the current year, though by no means for the meridian of a garret. An old Medical work thought the health of all the tenants of the attic required an immediate exposure to the air, but would by no means recommend blood-letting, as they were all so lean and thin. The Singing-books were all for Psalm-tunes, and one actually went through with Old Hundred. A few old musty Quartos and Folios were for reposing forever on the shelves, where they had lain so long, and cursed the hour their rest had been disturbed. The Newspapers and Reviews were for maintaining quiet and order, and waiting patiently, till they were called to leave their present place of abode, and advised all the company to do the same, as they were evidently not long for this world. They continued, however, to speak, and put forth their pretensions to reputation so fast, and there were so many speakers at a time, that nothing could be heard but voice upon voice, crying out for immediate deliverance from their prison-house. The whole seemed gradually to become one loud and boisterous chorus. Mr. Folio clapped his hands to his ears, and thrust forward his feet, for they seemed to be edging towards him, as if about to surround him. Their noise, however, grew fainter and fainter, as they became fainter and more exhausted, and finally an old Dictionary was heard crying out, that all they said was mere words, words, words, and that therein they were very like himself, only every word had not a meaning. An odd volume of Milton, that was lying on a shelf, got up, shook off the dust from his cover, looked around him, and immediately lay down again, with his back to the company. The slight noise that he made drew all eyes towards him, and, at sight of his old gilt name, they looked

mightily abashed and confounded. They held down their heads and were silent. Some skulked away, and others fell down prostrate before Mr. Folio's feet. The old volume of Reviews, who had endeavored to restore order at the commencement of the uproar, thinking it a good time to complete his intention of sending the rebels to their shelves, left his high place of retreat, and, standing in the midst of the disheartened company, began to lay about him in good earnest. Some went up, and some went down. The Fugitive Pieces all took to their heels; and as the old gentleman dealt his blows around him, volume fell on volume, squeaking and groaning, as if their last hour had arrived. He tore the covers from the backs of a great many, and seemed to aim at getting hold of those who had been speakers. In five minutes from the moment he began, they were all drawn up into a conical pile, upon the very pinnacle of which the Review mounted, and thus addressed Mr. Folio:—"I have finally got these insolent fellows under my thumb, and pray Heaven they may now sleep soundly forever. Their exercise this day has been too great for them, and they are now, as you may see, mere skeletons. Heavens! methinks they grow smaller every moment. I at first thought it would be best to knock their brains out; but I see they have fairly expended what little remained, in their vauntings this day. As for me, it is not my nature to live long" ——— So it seemed, for before he had finished his words, he fell down upon the pile, as dead as the rest of them. Mr. Folio arose, and called to one of his clerks to assist him in replacing the books upon the shelves. The clerk entered the attic, and was somewhat surprised to see Mr. Folio reclining on the chest, and yawning, as if he had been napping. He saw no books on the floor, but they were all neatly arranged on their shelves. Mr. Folio looked surprised in his turn, for he was certain the books were on the floor a moment ago. It was suggested to him, that he might possibly have been dreaming. But he denied that he had ever been asleep, and then proceeded to relate all that had happened, just as he witnessed it. The clerk stared and looked the old gentleman in the face, as if he thought his head might be a very little deranged. Mr. Folio was angry at this incredulity, and declared he would not hear a word against its truth, concluding with the assertion, that he was ready to take his oath of the truth of all he had uttered.

SELECT SENTENCES.

THE most substantial glory of a country is in its virtuous great men; its prosperity will depend on its docility to learn from their example. That nation is fated to ignominy and servitude, for which such men have lived in vain. Power may be seized by a nation, that is yet barbarous; and wealth may be enjoyed by one, that it finds, or renders sordid; the one is the gift and the sport of accident, and the other is the sport of power. Both are mutable, and have passed away without leaving behind them any other memorial than ruins, that offend taste, and traditions, that baffle conjecture. But the glory of Greece is imperishable, or will last as long as the learning itself, which is its monument; it strikes an everlasting root, and bears perennial blossoms on its grave. The name of Hamilton would have honored Greece in the age of Aristides. * * *Fisher Ames.*

A king can be nothing else but a king: when he loses his throne, he cannot expect to preserve his life. But a magistrate, chosen to play the part of a king, for four years, may have, and, if he feels a low ambition, will certainly think he has, an interest as a man, very little connected with the temporary splendor of his office. He is to the full, as unwilling to be dethroned, as any other king; and, therefore, he will think much of the popularity, that will secure his re-election at the end of four years, and very little of the public evils, that will lie hidden from the eyes of the people for the next seven. *Ibid.*

THOUGHTS ON THE STUDY OF THE GREEK AND LATIN LANGUAGES.

NO. II.

ACCORDING to promise, we proceed in our remarks on the study of Greek and Latin.

We cannot concur in the opinion, that the study of the dead languages "forms the most effectual discipline of the mental faculties"—especially of "judgement and the reasoning powers." On the contrary, we are convinced that it does not. We do not perceive how it disciplines either "reason" or "judgement" at all. Nor do we think it does so. Some of the most thorough-bred Hellenists and Latinists we have seen were eminently defective in reason and judgement. Nor is this an uncommon occurrence. Observation has taught us to believe the reverse. We think it rare to find, in our colleges and elsewhere, that those young men, who judge most correctly, reason most conclusively, compose most elegantly, and debate most eloquently and powerfully, are most perfectly versed in the ancient languages. And if the study of Greek and Latin invigorates the "memory," it is a memory for *words*, not for *ideas* of qualities, objects, events, or *their relations*. And the cultivation of a modern tongue will have the same effect. The reason of all this is obvious. The cultivation of Greek and Latin is but the study of words in one language, and their synonyms or representatives in another. It does not, therefore, and cannot strengthen the memory for any thing but language; and, we repeat, that that form of memory can be strengthened as well by the study of English and French, as of Greek and Latin.

The chief source of error on this topic, is the belief, that memory is a *faculty* of the mind; and that we have but *one* kind of memory; whereas it is but a *function* or *mode of operation* of a faculty. We have, therefore, as many sorts of memory, as the mind possesses of intellectual faculties; each faculty having its own. And as no one primitive faculty can form the ideas, which are the product of another, neither can it remember them—because it never had them. Memory is the power of recalling ideas which were once possessed. The cultivation of the memory belonging to one faculty of the mind, then, does not strengthen the memory belonging to another, any more than the cultivation of hearing strengthens vision, or of smelling, touch. To illustrate this by examples.

The mind possesses one faculty for number, which can perceive and remember nothing but number; another for form or figure, which perceives and remembers nothing but figure; another for size; another for place; another for color; another for time; and another for tune; and each perceives and remembers only the class of ideas proper to itself. In cultivating any one of these faculties, therefore, by exercising it on the objects which especially suit it, its own memory is strengthened; but no strength is added to the memory of any other faculty.*

* We might thus enumerate all the intellectual faculties, and show that they are acted on and exercised only, each by objects or agents proper to itself; that each forms and remembers only its own class of ideas; and that, therefore, the cultivation of one of them does not improve *directly* the

The mind possesses also a faculty for language, by the cultivation of which its memory is in like manner strengthened; but, as already mentioned, that is only memory for *words*. No new strength is added to the memory for any other class of ideas. Hence the well-known fact, that different individuals excel in different forms of memory. One remembers *numbers* with great tenacity, but forgets a tune, the moment the notes of it have escaped from his ear. Another never forgets a *tune*, after once hearing it, but cannot remember numbers. A third forgets both the tune and the number of times he has heard it, but remembers the *form* of the instrument on which it was played. A fourth forgets the *tune*, the number, and the figure of the instrument, but has an accurate recollection of the *place* where he heard the tune, and of the *person* who performed it. A fifth, forgetting all these things, remembers the *names* of the tunes, the instrument, and the musician. The latter is well endowed with the faculty of language, by the cultivation of which, its own memory alone is improved—not, we repeat, the memory for any other class of ideas. As soon, therefore, shall a youth perfect himself in the dead languages, by studying arithmetic or mathematics, as strengthen his memory for numbers or quantity, by contracting an acquaintance with the ancient classics. Nor is it perceived in what way *taste* and *fancy* are more effectually exercised and improved by the study of ancient than of modern literature. We are even compelled to believe, that they are not so. Many

functions of another. That it may receive strength and become dexterous in action, each one must be exercised in its own line. The faculties of Individuality and Eventuality must be exercised on single objects and events, Comparison chiefly on the relations of analogy, and Causality on those of cause and effect.

Respecting the *animal* and *moral* faculties, the same is true. Each one of them is exercised and strengthened only by its own objects, and in its own way. The proper education of each, therefore, is specific, and contributes nothing directly to the education of another.

It is in the education of the moral faculties, that the teachers of youth are most deficient. They seem to think that they are improving their pupils in morality, when they are merely restraining them from vice. Nothing, however, can be more erroneous. The teaching of morality is as much a *positive* process, as teaching to read and write. The moral faculties, we mean, must be actively exercised, each on its proper object. The faculty of benevolence is strengthened only by the work of benevolence, and the contemplation of kind actions. The faculty of conscientiousness is strengthened by contemplating and doing what is just and right. The faculty of veneration delights in doing homage to superior beings, and derives from the practice its chief improvement. Ideality is exercised and strengthened by beauty and sublimity, and Firmness gains power from scenes of difficulty.

Of the animal faculties the same may be affirmed. Combativeness is strengthened by a familiarity with danger, Acquisitiveness by the pursuit of wealth, and Destructiveness by cruelty and the shedding of blood.

We shall only add, that, so perfectly do the faculties of the mind harmonize with the works of creation, that each finds, abundantly, suitable objects for its own exercise, enjoyment, and increase in strength. Nor will instructors ever be competent to their duty, until they realize this truth, and act in conformity to it.

As relates to the cultivation of the *moral faculties*, no one will contend that that is highly promoted by the study of Greek and Latin. It may, at least, be questioned, whether it is promoted at all. Many have believed the reverse to be true. That some striking examples of morality, especially as respects certain virtues, are exhibited in the ancient classics, is not denied. But the scale of immorality greatly preponderates. The entire scheme of the Greek and Roman mythology is a revolting picture of licentiousness and crime. Jupiter, at once the chief of gods and adulterers. Apollo, the gallant, gay Lothario of heaven and earth. Mars, a blood-thirsty, swaggering bully. Neptune, a blustering boaster, and a flagrant ravisher. Vulcan, a low-bred, deformed, ill-tongued ruffian. Bacchus, a sot. Juno, a fierce, vindictive termagant. Minerva, a prude; and most of the other female divinities *no better than they ought to be*.

Of the demi-gods and heroes, not one exhibits an example to be followed. Even the "pious Æneas, the goddess-born," was an ungrateful seducer, a lawless usurper, and an inexorable murderer.

Nor did the characters of the philosophers of either Greece or Rome approach immaculacy. Pericles waging a bloody war, on account of his mistress, Socrates at the feet of Aspasia, and Cato accommodating a friend with his wife, are but sorry samples of morality for modern youth to imitate.

Nor is this all. In Horace, Ovid, Juvenal, Catullus, Anacreon, and other classical writers, are many odes, epistles, satires, and letters, too obscene for young men to read. In fine, if we would strengthen the moral faculties, and preserve their purity, we must exercise them in some other and better way than by the study of Greek and Latin.

modern works might be mentioned, which surpass any ancient ones now extant, in imagination and fancy. We know of no Greek or Roman authors equal, in these respects, to Shakspeare, Spencer, or Dante. Certainly none are superior. To come down to our own times, and compare moderns and ancients individually with each other, we think Byron superior in brilliancy to Pindar, and Moore to Anacreon. That they at least equal them, no one, we think, will deny. And, that the moderns referred to are richer in sentiment and thought, than the ancients, will not, we apprehend, be held doubtful. Nor are they inferior in taste, when they choose to exercise it. Yet their works are original—no more founded on or modeled after the works of any of the ancients, than the latter are after them. They are the productions of the peculiar geniuses of their authors, and resemble nothing but themselves.

That it may be further illustrated and confirmed, we repeat a remark already made, that no faculty of the mind, but that of language, is especially disciplined by the study of Greek and Latin. Hence persons, who are deficient in that faculty, make but little progress in this study, however industrious they may be, and though their other faculties may be unusually strong and active. Many striking instances of this are on record; and most persons must have seen some such themselves. Great as were their powers, in other respects, neither Newton nor Swift could acquire any standing in classical scholarship. The reason is plain. They were comparatively defective in the faculty of language. Mere boys, on the contrary, who are highly endowed with it, but whose reason and judgement are immature and weak, make rapid progress in the classics. As relates to that branch of attainment, the maturity of the higher faculties of the mind is of little avail. We once knew a child but six years old, who spoke four different languages; and lads of ten frequently surpass youths of eighteen or twenty, in the ease and speed with which they become acquainted with Greek and Latin. Many persons, who acquire distinction as classical scholars, can never attain a name in science.

Shall we be told, that it is not by learning to construe, parse, and scan the ancient languages, that the faculties of pupils are exercised and strengthened, but by studying their structure and philosophy? We reply, that the number of persons, who study Greek and Latin thus thoroughly, is very small; and, were it otherwise, an equal degree of improvement might be derived from a suitable attention to the structure and philosophy of modern languages. There are reasons, why the case cannot be otherwise. The philosophy, by which we mean the reason and fundamental principles, of all languages is the same. A brief analysis of the subject will prove this.

From their social character and love of information, mankind have an irrepressible desire to communicate to their fellows something respecting themselves, and to learn something respecting others; and words are the chief means, by which these ends are obtained. Language, then, might be defined an invention for expressing, by articulate sounds, the feelings, operations, and states of the mind, the influences produced on it by the objects and events of the external world, and the relations of those objects and events to each other, as they appear to the mental eye.

In all nations, the faculties of the mind are the same, differing only in degree; and the external world, with its leading objects and occurrences, and their relations, both to the mind and to each other, are also the same. Hence the feelings, operations, and states of the mind are, in kind, likewise identical. It follows, therefore, of necessity, that the fundamental principles of the means of expressing these things are in like manner identical. A brief detail will illustrate this, as far as is requisite to our present purpose.

The external world consists of substances or objects, with their qualities and relations, and the movements or changes, by which those qualities and relations are altered. The changes are called events. Out of this state of things arise the three principal parts of speech, which are necessarily the same in every language; the *noun substantive*, being the name of objects or events; the *adjective*, denoting their qualities; and the *verb*, which expresses the chief relations and their changes. The latter part of speech expresses also simple existence. In every change of quality or relation produced, some object must act, and others be acted on. Hence arise two forms of the verb, the *active* and *passive*; and two cases or conditions of the noun, the nominative and objective. When action is represented as passing from one substance or thing to another, that which performs the action is in the nominative case, and that which sustains it is in the objective. By the passive form of the verb, action is expressed, as falling on some object or thing, without any necessary reference to the source from which it comes. The recipient of the action is then in the nominative or objective case, according to the mode of expression used. Nouns have also other cases or conditions, which are represented in some languages, by changes or inflections in the terminations of the nouns themselves, and, in others, by certain words accompanying them.

Actions or events occur at different times, and under different circumstances and relations. These also the verb must express. Hence the different tenses, referring to periods past, present, and to come, and the different moods, denoting the manner and circumstances of the action. Both moods and tenses are formed, in some instances, by changes in the terminations of the verb, and, in others, by means of auxiliary verbs. Languages differ considerably in the precision, with which they mark the relative dates of past and future events; and no little of the perfection of the language depends on this. Another variety in forms of expression is rendered necessary by the different numbers of the things that act, and of those that are acted on. This end is attained by the singular, dual, and plural numbers of nouns and verbs. Concord and government between words are also essential attributes of language.

The frequent repetition of nouns or the names of things, in discourse or writing, would be not only ungraceful, but inconvenient. Hence the formation of *pronouns*, or words serving as substitutes for nouns. Actions have qualities, as well as objects; and it is necessary that they also be expressed in speech. This end is attained by the formation of *adverbs*. Between both objects and actions, there are certain minute relations and connexions, which cannot be represented by verbs. This want is supplied by *prepositions* and *conjunctions*. There are instinctive exclamations, expressive of certain internal feelings; as those of

joy, sorrow, surprise, affright, and others. From this source have arisen the vocables called *interjections*. The last part of speech to be mentioned is the *participle*; so called, because, in form and meaning, it partakes of both the verb and the noun, especially the noun adjective. By contributing to accuracy and completeness of expression, it is highly useful in speech. The qualities of objects and actions often differ in degree. To meet this want, the different degrees of comparison are instituted. Objects also differ in sex. Corresponding to this, nouns have different genders, which, in different languages, are marked in different ways.

The impressions made directly and primitively on the mind, by the objects and events of the external world, excite ideas of simple perception. These are expressed by their appropriate nouns, as color, sound, form, size, resistance, place, storm, battle. So are the objects which produce them; as grass, tree, horse, man, mountain, trumpet, army, air, cloud. These simple ideas, formed by the perceptive faculties, constitute the elements of knowledge. By working on them, through its reflecting faculties, which are of a higher order, and which operate, each according to its nature, the mind forms from them other ideas of a more complex, subtle, and abstract character. To represent these, corresponding nouns or names are invented, and make a part of language. Some of these are as follows: like, unlike, likeness, unlikeness, difference, identity, whiteness, blackness, virtue, vice, right, wrong, cause, effect, and many others. The formation of abstract ideas being one of the highest operations of the mind, the existence of the abstract terms, by which they are expressed, gives evidence of a corresponding degree of perfection in speech. Hence rude and ignorant nations have but few abstractions.

Inasmuch then as language not only presents a picture of the external world, as it appears to the mind, but gives also a representation of the various faculties of the mind, of their present condition, and of the degree of their general discipline, and the extent of their operations, it follows, that its copiousness and perfection must correspond to the mental cultivation of the people who speak it. In plainer terms, the richer a people are in knowledge, the more numerous and abstract are their ideas, and the more copious, refined, and perfect is their language. While this influence is deducible from first principles, its truth is established by observation. Nor will it be denied, that the more perfect and copious a language is, the more invigorating and improving is the exercise, which the study of its structure and philosophy affords to the mind. Much of the mental discipline imparted by this exercise arises from the investigation of *concord*, *government*, and *structure*; and they are common to every language.

The correctness of the foregoing principles, generally, will not be controverted. Suppose, then, a comparison, in conformity to them, be instituted between the Greek or the Latin, and the English languages; which of them will preponderate, as a philosophical study? Will the English be found inferior to the others? No color of reason is perceived for thinking so; but rather the reverse. Its fundamental principles are the same, its structure is as good, and its superior copiousness is striking. Nor is it inferior in force, correctness, variety, precision, or elegance of expression. If the faculties of pupils are at any

time more severely exercised, in studying Greek or Latin, than in studying English or French, it is because they are more *puzzled* to detect the meaning of the former than of the latter. But such puzzling is neither pleasant nor instructive. On the contrary, it fatigues the mind, without improving it, and often produces an aversion from learning. All things considered, we feel convinced, that no mental faculty is disciplined and strengthened, by studying Greek and Latin, which may not be as profitably trained, and as highly invigorated, by the study of English and French, provided it be pursued in a judicious manner, and to the requisite extent. The misfortune is, and we might add, the *fault* is, that in most colleges in the United States, where *days* are devoted to the cultivation of a knowledge of the ancient languages, *hours* are not given to the *real study* of our mother tongue. To read a few books, at times very loosely, and scarcely ever critically, and write a few formal exercises in English, is not the way to become versed, as every educated American ought to be, in the English language. It is not the way to *study* it, and gain a philosophical knowledge and a full command of it in writing and speaking. Yet, in most of our seats of learning, but little more is done to ripen English scholars. We are acquainted with no institution, whether academy, college, or university, where the pupils are thoroughly disciplined in English,—none where they are called on to master it completely as a branch of philosophy, and reduce their knowledge of it to practice, by sufficient training in composition and rhetoric. We know that no such institution exists in the *United States*; and we *believe* that none such exists in *Great-Britain*. The result is often manifested by literary wants, peculiarly discreditable to our systems of instruction. We have seen many college graduates, who could translate Greek and Latin with considerable fluency, and even write and converse in them, whose knowledge of English literature was so radically defective, that they could not compose a decent letter. Their deficiency was striking even in the spelling of common words. We could name an individual, who has been a *Professor* in *one* college, and a *President elect* of *three* others, if not *four*, of whom this is true! He is ignorant alike of the construction and orthography of his mother tongue! And yet he is a Greek and Latin scholar! On the contrary, many a boarding-school girl, who is a stranger to ancient literature, speaks and writes the English language with fluency and correctness. Why? because she has been exercised in it; the only way, in which a true knowledge and practical command of it can ever be acquired; and it can be thus acquired, without a knowledge of any other language.*

* It cannot be denied, that, in one respect at least, the study of Greek and Latin has been injurious. It has prevented the actual and thorough study of English. The ground on which it has done this is obvious. Latin and Greek are the ancient and classical, and, therefore, reputedly the superior languages. A knowledge of them, therefore, is comparatively an object of high ambition. Hence they are *studied*. Not so with English. It is a modern, every-day language, a knowledge of which is neither an object of ambition, nor a point of honor or pride. Hence, instead of being *studied*, it is simply *read*. And, while the ancient languages are taught by men of talents and cultivation, in handsome and even magnificent edifices, it is *pretended* to be taught in log cabins, by men who are ignorant of it, and of every thing else. We repeat, without fear of being put in the wrong, that this neglect of English, and the low estimation, in which the study of it is held by the public, is to be attributed chiefly to the attachment of too much importance to an acquaintance with Greek and Latin.

True, this state of things is passing away; and may it pass speedily! The change, within the present century, is great, and all for the better. In most, we believe in all the respectable seats of learning of our country, the cultivation of the English language is improving. Still, however, it is every where much below what it ought to be, and what we trust it will be, by the middle of the

The writings of the ancients have long ceased to be a source of science. All their most valuable *historical matter* is also translated into some of the living languages, especially into English. It has been shown, moreover, that the study of them does not give to the faculties of the pupil a degree of exercise more improving than the thorough study of a modern tongue. Whatever advantages, then, may result from a knowledge of the ancient classics, belong to literature alone. Science, we say, disclaims them. Shall we be told, that an acquaintance with them prepares the mind better for the reception of science, general and professional, than any other sort of attainment? The friends of this notion, long as it has prevailed, and almost universal as it is, ought not to be surprised, if, on being placed in the balance, it should be found wanting. But, before weighing it, we must examine one or two other arguments, urged by the Committee, in favor of the study of Greek and Latin. When speaking of the study of modern languages, they say:—

“If the languages and literature of Italy, France, and Spain, beyond what is merely superficial, is an object with the student, they should be acquired *through the Latin*; nor is there reason to doubt, so far as experience affords the means of judging, that it is the most *expeditious* mode of acquiring a familiarity with the languages in question.”

In the sentiment here advanced, we cannot concur. Reason, observation, experience, and every other consideration bearing on it, unite in persuading us that it is unfounded. We acknowledge the close family alliance between Latin, Italian, French, and Spanish, the former being the parent tongue. But we *know* that, by the adoption and steady pursuit of the proper course, a “familiarity” with the *three last* can be acquired, not only without the aid of the *first*, but in a *period not longer, if so long*, as that requisite to the attainment of a similar “familiarity” with the *first alone*. Latin, as usually studied, cannot be mastered in less than three years. Few students can become really “familiar” with it even in that time. Yet, in the same period, a youth of common capacity may become so well versed in Italian, French, and Spanish, as to speak and write them with fluency and correctness. We say this *can* be done, because we know it *has* been done. Might we speak of our personal experience, we would say, that we knew something of Latin, when we studied the modern tongues; yet we were insensible of any facilities derived from the attainment; except as related to our knowledge of *language in the abstract*, and some experience and *tact* we had gained in learning it; and that might have been acquired from the study of *any language*—we mean the study of it *philosophically*. Some of our fellow-students, who had no knowledge of Latin, and who were not accounted more apt than ourselves in learning languages, formed an acquaintance with French, Italian, and Spanish, very near as readily as we did, and seemed, in a short time, to understand them as thoroughly. We be-

century. We shall only add, that those, whose native tongue is English, should make it a point of national pride and ambition, not only to understand it thoroughly, but to give to it the high standing, in the estimation of the world, to which it is entitled. And this can be done only by making it a subject of serious study. That being effected, English will be no longer a *step-child* in our academies, colleges, and universities. The ancient languages will be no longer permitted to overshadow it, and triumph in its degradation.

lieve some of the best French and Italian teachers in the United States, prefer that their pupils *should not have learned Latin*. The female academies in our country furnish a strong argument in support of our views on this subject. Their pupils are strangers to Latin; yet they learn French and Italian with more facility, and as much accuracy, as most of our youths at college.

When about to advance the sentiment we are now considering, the Committee would have done well to have remembered the Law maxim, *Quod probat nimis, probat nihil*. They certainly attempted to prove too much in favor of classical learning, when they asserted, that the attainment of a knowledge of it is "the most *expeditious* mode of acquiring a familiarity with Italian, French, and Spanish"—thus alleging, if we understand their meaning, that a youth can attain a knowledge of Latin and French, Latin and Italian, or Latin and Spanish, in a shorter time than he can learn either of the three modern languages alone! We shall only add, that scores of individuals might be named, who, without having ever looked into a Latin author, have acquired a knowledge of "the languages and literature of Italy, France, and Spain," *far "beyond what is merely superficial."* Can a foreigner,—say a Frenchman or a German,—attain, through a familiarity with Greek and Latin, a more thorough and commanding knowledge of English, than an American or an Englishman can, without Greek and Latin, but completely disciplined in his native tongue? An affirmative answer to this question would be alike inconsistent with reason and experience. Nor can an American acquire, by the aid of Latin, as perfect an acquaintance with French, as a Parisian can without it. One extract more, and we shall have done with the pamphlet.

"We are the people, (say the Committee) the genius of whose government and institutions, more especially and imperiously than any other, demands that the field of classical learning be industriously and thoroughly explored and cultivated, and its rich productions gathered. The models of ancient literature, which are put into the hands of the young student, can hardly fail to imbue his mind with the principles of liberty; to inspire the liveliest patriotism, and to excite to noble and generous action, and are therefore peculiarly adapted to the American youth. To appreciate justly the character of the ancients, the thorough study and accurate knowledge of their classics, in the language of the originals, is indispensable; as the simplicity, energy, and striking peculiarities of these pristine exemplars of freedom, which are forcibly and beautifully displayed in their models of classical literature, are scarcely more discoverable in ordinary or even the most faithful translations, than are the warmth, animation, and intellectual illumination of the living, active, and intelligent being, in the sculptured imitation of the statuary."

This is the most exceptionable paragraph we have quoted. It has much more of rant than reason in it. Some people will call it eloquent; and its author perhaps intended to make it so. We call it declamatory, frothy, and erroneous; while plainness, solidity, and truth are essential to eloquence. It is a tissue of assertion, unsupported by a tittle of proof. It is equally extravagant in language and sentiment. Whoever dreamed before of deriving from the writings of the ancients, either sparks to kindle, or breath to fan, the fires of freedom and patri-

otism in modern bosoms? As well might the fancy have been indulged of brightening and swelling the blaze of Moscow, by a farthing rush-light, when the conflagration was at its height. We venture to say, that for *every single paragraph* breathing a spirit of *rational freedom*, that can be found in the literature of Greece and Rome, *one thousand* are contained in the works of British, American, and other modern writers. Nor, on this subject, did the moderns borrow from the ancients. The reason is plain. The latter had little or nothing to lend. The former, therefore, looked into themselves, and into the reason and nature of things, and found *there* the treasures they sought. And, as to patriotism, the uncultured Caledonians of old, and the Swiss peasants, at a later period, displayed as much of it, as ever the Greeks or Romans did. And so would the uncultured Irish now, were they in a condition to do so. Was it ancient literature that taught and emboldened the barons of England to extort from their monarch their Magna Charta? No: such was their want of scholarship that they could scarcely read the instrument, when prepared. Some of them could not read at all. Yet that single charter contains more of the genuine principles of freedom and of human rights, than all that the Greeks and Romans could boast. Were the American patriots better versed in ancient literature than any other people, when they asserted and achieved their independence? Many who had never opened a Latin dictionary, and who were strangers to the Greek alphabet, acted distinguished parts on that occasion. Be the cause what it may, the Anglo-Saxons and their descendants have long understood, and understand at present, what salutary freedom is, much better than any other people. The Greeks and Romans might have derived useful lessons from them, on that subject. Nor is it true that a spirit of freedom and patriotism has prevailed in European countries, in proportion to the prevalence of classical knowledge. We do not say that the reverse of this is true,—though facts somewhat favorable to such a position might be adduced; but we do say, that it is a knowledge of *nature*, not of Greek and Latin, which teaches man his rights.* We shall only add, that, in the Mississippi Valley, where classical literature has not yet taken root, the spirit of patriotism is as pure and pervasive, and the love and knowledge of freedom as fervid and correct, as in any other portion of the globe—much more so than they ever were in Greece or Rome.

Nor can we subscribe to the belief, however general, and however often and dogmatically asserted, that it is impossible to infuse into an English translation the spirit, force, and fire of an ancient Greek or Roman composition. Or, if an impossibility of the kind exist, it is because the original production is not fully comprehended and felt. And if the disciplined translator cannot become thoroughly master of

* There is a much greater amount of classical learning in Germany, than in any other equal portion of the globe. Why then have not the Germans taken a lead in the overthrow of despotism, the assertion of human right, and the establishment of freedom? Why, on the contrary, do they calmly tolerate the sway of one of the most despotic governments of Europe? The reason is plain. The spirit of freedom is awakened and nourished, not by the classical tomes of the ancients, but by the books of the moderns—more especially, however, by the book of nature. That chapter of the latter, which gives the true history and philosophy of man, his rights, privileges, and all his relations, contains a hundred-fold more of the spirit of freedom, than all the Greeks and Romans ever wrote. Let the Germans study that, with but half the attention they bestow on ancient literature, and the Austrian and Prussian sceptres will soon be shorn of much of their power, or shattered to pieces.

the original, is it probable that the common reader of Greek and Latin can? If the better scholar fail, will the worse succeed? These questions answer themselves.

The English is as powerful and expressive a language, as the Latin or Greek; and, as heretofore mentioned, it is more copious than either. It is in vain to tell us, then, that when an Englishman or an American fully comprehends the meaning, and enters perfectly into the spirit of a piece of ancient literature, whether it be prose or verse, and is, at the same time, equal as a writer to the author of it—and practice will render him so—it is in vain, we say, to contend, that, under these circumstances, a translation may not be rendered equal to the original. If, owing to the peculiarities of different languages, some transient beauties be lost, others may be added, and neither the meaning nor the spirit of the ancient composition be marred. In proof of this, we offer Murphy's translation of Tacitus, in which we venture to say there are but few, if any passages, where the Roman historian and biographer has suffered in the version. In some, we have thought him improved. Nor do we hesitate to add, that there is not *one* Greek scholar in a *thousand*, who, did pride permit him to acknowledge the truth, does not read to more advantage, and with a higher relish, Pope's translation, than Homer's original. The same is true of the translation, by the same English author, of Ovid's celebrated letter of Sappho to Phaon. In spirit, feeling, and force, the translator has surpassed his original. True; he does not equal him in brevity of expression; nor, for reasons connected with the two languages, is it possible to render an English translation as brief as a Latin original. But this is the only quality, in which it need be inferior, and it is of but little moment. We shall only add, that the more purely and elegantly one language is written, the more easily and literally can it be translated into another. Hence the great facility of turning the writings of Voltaire into English.

We are aware of the prejudice arrayed against us, on this subject. But we are unmoved by it, and fearlessly state what we believe, in defiance of it. We therefore repeat, that an English scholar, who is an able and accomplished writer, can, provided he thoroughly comprehends it, and feels it, translate a Greek or Latin composition, matter and spirit, into his mother tongue. And, unless the scholar, who reads it in the original, thus comprehends and feels it, he does not enjoy it, and is not benefited by it, as the Committee allege he is. What advantage does he derive from visions of beauty floating in his mind, which he is unable to express in his own tongue? They neither enrich, strengthen, nor refine him, as a writer or a speaker. They are mere mental lumber, and therefore unavailable, if not prejudicial. But the truth is, that the whole matter is but a fancy. Whatever a scholar clearly understands, no matter from what source it is derived—the study of Greek and Latin, or the study of nature—he *can* communicate *clearly* and *forcibly*, provided he is a forcible thinker, and has made himself master of his native language. In contending, then, that an individual can be delighted and benefited, by the beauties of works written in the dead languages, while he is unable to transfer those beauties, and use them in a living language, the Committee appear to us to have contradicted themselves. In such a case, there

is no *delight* or *improvement*, without *actual possession* of what delights and improves; and, if *possessed*, the beauty can be translated, to delight and improve others.*

To us, the opinion of the Committee seems equally unfounded when they assert, that, "to appreciate justly the character of the ancients, the thorough study and accurate knowledge of their classics, in the language of the originals, are indispensable. The mere knowledge of a language, and of the number, form, and powers of the letters in which it is written, give but a very limited acquaintance with those who speak it. It is the literature and the history of a people that disclose their character. And, as respects the ancients, access can now be had to these two sources of information, without a knowledge of their language. We know of no Greek or Roman work, valuable on account of the matter it contains, which has not been translated. And, indeed, not a few have been translated, that have no intrinsic value. To call them curious, is to give them their full meed of praise. There is enough written in English, or translated into it, to communicate to those, who will study it correctly, as intimate an acquaintance with the ancients, in every matter and relation worth knowing, as the most accomplished Hellenists and Latinists of the day have. To contend, then, that to gain a knowledge of the Greeks or Romans, in their manners, persons, customs, civil and household economy, or any thing else of moment, we must study their languages, is a mistake. As well may it be said, that to attain a knowledge of the Russians or Laplanders, we must study *their* languages, instead of reading well-written histories of them. Some of the best-informed Grecian and Roman antiquarians we have seen, knew nothing of the dead languages. They had derived all their knowledge of antiquity from English publications, original or translated. Shakspeare, though unversed in the languages of the Greeks and Romans, had an intimate

* It would be well for those, who believe in the incommunicable beauties and delights inherent in Greek and Latin composition, to endeavor to ascertain how much of those qualities are in the *sentiment*, and how much in the *sound*. The sonorousness and euphony of Greek and Latin are much superior to those of English. Of this, every classical scholar must be sensible. Hence much of the delight derived from reading them, is the delight of harmonious musical sound—especially when the sound is an "echo to the sense." We say "harmonious sound;" for such is generally the exquisite order and arrangement of the words, that, if they be altered, much of the beauty of the passage is marred, and an equal amount of the pleasure of reading it dissipated. This may be illustrated and proved by the following quotations:—

"*Exoritur clamorque virum clangorque tubarum*"—an exquisitely beautiful line, the sound fairly echoing the sense. Let the words be transposed into their natural order, "*Clamorque virum clangorque tubarum exoritur*," and more than half the beauty is gone.

"*Stat sonipes, ac fræna feræ spumantia mandit.*"

"*Feræ sonipes stat, ac mandit spumantia fræna.*"

"*Intonare poli et crebris micat ignibus æther.*"

"*Poli intonare et æther micat crebris ignibus.*"

Every one must perceive that the beauty of the two latter lines is equally destroyed, by changing the artificial to the natural arrangement of their words. Of Greek and Latin composition generally the same is true. The only object of transposition in it, is euphony and harmony, or the improvement of sound. In English composition, much is already done, and more may be done, in the same way.

There is also a reason, why we fancy more beauty in Greek and Latin composition, than we really perceive. We do not in general perfectly understand it. A sort of shadowy dimness hangs over its meaning. And every one knows that a little obscurity heightens materially the feeling of beauty and sublimity. This it does, by giving more play and wider scope to the imagination. The beauty of a moonlight scene is much improved, by the fleecy rack, which flits across the heavens.

Once more. Classical scholars are proud of their attainments. They, therefore, feel a selfish enjoyment in persuading themselves that they have access to rich fountains of pleasure, in their knowledge of Greek and Latin, from which the uninitiated are excluded. And it is a law of human nature, that men can so far realize their wishes, as to believe ultimately what they are anxious to believe. Such are some of the chief reasons, why it is contended, that the beauty and spirit of Greek and Latin composition are necessarily lost in a translation.

acquaintance with their characters, customs, manners, and literature. Yet, since his time, translations have been greatly multiplied and extended, and original works on those points written; and hence the same amount of knowledge, which he had, may now be much more easily acquired.

MARGARET BELL'S VOW.

THE old-fashioned house, which stands at the foot of the Shanobie hill, is the most ancient dwelling in our village. It formerly belonged to Mrs. Margaret Blaney, familiarly known as "Mother Blaney." Her grave is in the little enclosure, which the traveler cannot fail to observe, nearly at the summit of the hill, filled with cedars and firs. In the winter, when the ground is covered with snow, it is a more conspicuous and more beautiful object, than it appears in summer, when all around is green. She chose to be buried in her own ground, and is as solitary in her death as she was in her life. She lived quite alone, from year to year, and was never seen from home except occasionally at church, and funerals, in the fields when berries or nuts were ripe, and on every third week when she regularly went out to make a visit.

From time immemorial, Monday has been washing-day throughout our village—Tuesday, ironing-day—Wednesday, churning-day—and Thursday, being only baking-day, was the time when Mother Blaney chose to honor somebody or other with her company. She did not exactly know whom it would be when she left home, but if one family was going out, she went to visit another, and usually succeeded in finding some one at leisure to wait on her. If they apologized to her for being out of tea, she was sure to have a little in her pocket, which she had brought in anticipation of such an emergency. If the weather on Thursday proved unpropitious, the visit was postponed to the next Tuesday, for Saturday and Monday must in no case be intruded on, and Wednesday and Friday were "bad-lucky days."

There were twelve or fourteen places, where she regularly visited, and she was cheerfully received at each of them, it being understood that when autumn should arrive, and apples, pumpkins, and nuts become ripe, Mother Blaney would invite them all to spend an afternoon, (commencing at two o'clock,) and evening, (closing at nine,) when they might be as merry as they pleased at her expense. This was Mother Blaney's celebrated annual party.

On ordinary occasions, such as attending church or visiting her friends, she wore a plain gingham or calico frock; but when she appeared "at home," she was arrayed in all her glory,—an inflexible and somewhat faded crimson silk dress, modeled after a fashion which had passed away before the remembrance of most of her visitors,—an immense "real gold" watch, with a key and seals of corresponding amplitude,—a lace cap with bows of gold-colored ribbon, and a string of enormous gold beads about her long, curving neck. What an imposing figure she was in the eyes of us simple natives, uninitiated as we were into the mysteries of fashion. The anticipation of her splendid appearance one day in the autumn, induced us to treat her with great

reverence during the year. Alas, that all the world should bow down to pomp and show, while true unostentatious merit passes by, unheeded. There was not, probably, a more useless person among us than Mother Blaney. When did she visit the sick, instruct the ignorant, or assist those, whose "sewing had all run behind-hand, because the measles or whooping-cough had been through the family;" or because "the young ones had been so worrisome and tendful with their teething, that their mother could do nothing but see to them?" Never did Mother Blaney trouble herself with the vexations and perplexities of her neighbors. She looked on such things with perfect indifference, and only emerged from her castle on every third Tuesday or Thursday, to tell her good stories, and take tea. And here, let me by no means forget to state, that, although in her absence she was familiarly styled Mother Blaney, no person would have ventured to take such a liberty with her name when she was present—but every one spoke to her in a tone of deference, and called her *Madam Blaney*.

She had plenty of books,—Shakspeare, Milton, Ossian, Rollin, &c. with which she seemed to be perfectly conversant. A strange, moody old woman was she. If we happened to meet her at any time except on her visiting days, when she calculated on being sociable, we found her quite another person, as cold and inaccessible as can be imagined, entirely absorbed by her own thoughts, which evidently were not of the happiest character. She had long been a subject of wonder in our village, and many conjectures had been made respecting the causes of her seclusion. How agonizing it is to be in suspense, broiling, as it were, upon the flaming coals of unsatisfied curiosity. One afternoon, she came to my mother's, and, finding all but myself gone out, was on the point of departing, regardless of my respectful and very urgent request that she should stay. I fancied it was going to thunder and lighten, and felt afraid of being quite alone—having besides a strong hope that I should be able to learn something of her history; for my curiosity was nearly overleaping the bounds of due reverence. She stopped one minute to wipe her shoes, which had been soiled by her walk through the miry lane, and one more minute to drink some beer, then the rain came pouring down in torrents, and, having no umbrella, she concluded to wait awhile. It rained hard all that afternoon, and it was not until the sun went down, that the heavy clouds broke away, and the reflection of his parting smile beamed in gold and crimson upon us. The old lady seemed quite out of humor with the storm, and I did not venture to ask her a question, but only brought her a dish of blackberries. They were the first of the season, and she was extremely fond of them. She was grateful, and delighted,—inquired where I had found them, and if there were any more, &c. Then she began to talk rapidly about common things, and finally, in her expatiations, she alighted upon herself,—to me, the most acceptable of all topics. So I hazarded a few timorous inquiries, which she readily answered; and while I was thinking what I might venture to ask next, she began, "I rather guess," and then hesitated—and then went slowly on again, "I rather guess you could keep a secret." "Oh yes," I responded, in great joy at the prospect of having one to keep. "I know you always speak the truth," she continued, "and I should like to tell my story to somebody before I die: it's rather too

gloomy to carry to the grave with me." I began to wish the old lady had not decided upon making me her confidant, for my heart misgave me. She might be a witch—who could tell? I had a great awe of every thing intangible and invisible, and would not have been initiated into any occult mysteries for all the wealth of this world. It was too late to decline the favor intended me, for she proceeded at once to narrate her story, only premising, "You say you'll keep the secret, child?" "Oh yes 'm," cried I, rather less joyously than before. "I've kept it these fifty years," said she, with a very long sigh. I hope I shall be forgiven for telling this story now, as the apple-trees, which were planted after her death, have borne fruit three or four summers. I do think she is in heaven, for she repented before she died; so it cannot injure her, and, excepting myself, she has not a friend living.

"It is a great misfortune," began the old lady, "to be an only child, but a still greater one to be an only daughter. Both are idolized, and, generally, both indulged to their permanent injury; but, while the only daughter remains in the paternal mansion, and the ingenuity of her parents is constantly taxed to render her happy—*vainly* taxed, for a spoiled child cannot be happy—the only son goes out daily into the company of other boys, and the lessons of experience he is ever learning abroad, partly counteract the bad influence he suffers at home. My parents had none but me. I was their chief earthly good, and all their wealth was hoarded for my sake. When I was out of humor, they were sad; and whenever I chose to be pleased and agreeable, I could banish every shadow of care from their brows. Alas, alas! that I should have filled their lives with sorrow, and driven them prematurely to their graves." She paused, and wiped away the first tears I ever saw her shed. "How bitter must be those tears, which the repentant child weeps over the memory of a kind, but injured parent—most bitter, because utterly unavailing." Well may we study to discharge our duty faithfully and unreposingly, towards the living; for the day may come, when an angry memory shall read to us terrible lessons of wrong done, and fearful retribution to be suffered.

Madam Blaney proceeded. "They procured for me the best advantages of education, but I neglected them all, and never took any pleasure in books, while I had any thing else to enjoy. My parents knew little, and taught me nothing of religion. Had they been Christians, they would have impressed on my young mind, those lessons of love and duty to God and to man, which would, doubtless, have deterred me from the sin and trouble into which I fell; or, had it not produced this effect, would have supported them under the affliction which broke their hearts, and 'brought down their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.' When I was fifteen years of age, I became acquainted with Henry Holman. He was then twenty-two, and had come from a university at the south, to finish his course of study at our college."

"Was there ever a college in this town?" I asked.

"This was not my native place," replied she. "I have lived here only thirty-three years. Then, I was very handsome. Margaret Bell was the beauty of ———."

"Why, *was* you? I should not have thought of such a thing," said I, very innocently.

She retorted with great indignation. "If you live to be as old as I, and have as much trouble, I guess you wo'nt look much better than I do."

I felt at once that I had been rude and cruel. "I am *very* sorry, Madam Blaney, and I *wish* you would forgive me," said I.

She was at once softened, for she saw the tears in my eyes. "Oh, yes, dear; it's no great matter—only it is a doleful change that has come upon me, and I feel quite unhappy to remember what I used to be. Well—I was going to tell you how I became acquainted with Harry Holman. I was chasing my cosset-lamb up and down the avenue, for want of some more agreeable employment; poor Jenney was tired of play, and ran away from me into the street, where she met a cross dog, who caught her in his teeth and gave her a terrible shaking. I shrieked for assistance, and Harry Holman, who was passing on horseback, his usual exercise, came instantly to her. He was very sorry, for it was his own dog that did the mischief. He brought poor Jenny into the house, and told us what to do for her. The next day he called to see if she was better, and thenceforth became our frequent visiter. He taught me drawing, the flageolet, and walked with me every fine evening, greatly to the vexation of my parents, who insisted that his temper was violent, revengeful, and suspicious; that he was strongly predisposed to dissipation, and told me, with many tears, that if our intimacy continued, he would render my life a wretched one, and put an end to theirs. They were certainly sincere, and I have since fancied that their opinions might have been well-founded; but they had never before attempted to control me, and it was now too late. I was angry beyond measure, and treated them with chilling unkindness and disrespect. They followed us wherever we walked together, and we often wearied them to illness, by climbing hills and rocks to elude their kind vigilance.

Soon after the commencement of our acquaintance, Harry offered me his hand and heart, and I accepted them; but when he came to leave the college, and return to his distant home, finding my parents still resolutely opposed to our connection, he told me it would be very wrong in me to disobey their commands, declared he would not marry me without their consent, and bade me farewell; with tears and apparent reluctance, it is true, but I now believe he feared he should not obtain my property, or, perhaps, was apprehensive that so bad a daughter might prove as bad a wife. I implored him not to forsake me, assured him I would not be controlled by my parents—in vain—he left me. I gazed one moment on his graceful departing figure, in utter bewilderment, and then rushed into the dining-room, where my parents were seated at an open window, and solemnly protested to them, on the everlasting perdition of my soul, that never again should their will control mine, and that whoever should next offer himself to me, I would accept—*whomever* he might be, and thus escape their tyranny. I trembled with rage and fury as I loudly pronounced this vow. My parents listened, pale with terror. They made no reply, but arose and left the room. My heart misgave me then, and I began to regret my rash promise. How *fearfully* I was punished! "That very night," said the old lady, raising her hands and eyes, while the color fled from

her face, and her lips quivered—I quote her very words—“whom did the devil send but old Blaney, with his lip hanging down.”

Never had I heard the evil one spoken of so familiarly. I looked around in mortal fear, trembling lest he should be present and overhear our conversation. I had seen him in my grandmother’s large Bible, on the high mountain, endeavoring to tempt the Savior, in which authentic representation he appears perfectly black, with horns, cloven feet, and an immense tail, barbed at the end. I put up a fervent mental ejaculation to heaven for protecting favor. The unhappy woman was too much engrossed by her own sorrows to heed the terror she had awakened, and she went on with her story.

“He was a miserable, half-witted old man, who had been rejected by all the widows and ancient maidens of the town. He heard my frantic promise as he was passing the window, and came, in his foolish pity, to save me from my cruel parents. Oh, if it had only been a common oath, I would have ventured to break it; but, *such* a vow—I dared not; and though I would rather have perished on the burning pile, *I married him.*

My mother died soon after, worn out with the sight of my hapless misery. My father followed her, and I was left a lonely and desolate creature, cut off from all the sympathies of human life. Yet I did, for a little while, flatter myself that the old man would die, and then Henry would return to me; but I soon after heard of his marriage, with a lovely girl, at the south. Old Blaney, too, though he seemed on the verge of the grave when I married him, lived twenty years longer. My youth and beauty were then forever gone. I quitted my early home, and came to this wild place. Here I am, alone and miserable, without one friend to pity me.” “You’ve one little friend that pities you,” I sobbed out. She was deeply affected by my sympathy, and from that time she treated me like a friend. I was admitted to her lonely dwelling, when she would see no other person. When she began to study her long-neglected Bible, repented of her sins, and obtained hope of a glorious immortality, I was first informed of the glad light which illumined her midnight darkness. She instructed me in many things, and lent me her books. After her death, they were found to be bequeathed to me. I planted rose-bushes around her grave, and one of them blooms there even now. EVERALLIN.

LETTER ON SLAVERY.

THE existence of slavery, within the boundaries of this republic, is rapidly becoming more than a curious solecism; and out of it will soon arise a question, on the solution of which the future fate of the Union must hinge. It is in vain to put far off the evil day; it is in vain that we try to shut our eyes upon the momentous questions growing out of this subject; it becomes the patriot to grapple with it; to study the character of the dark storm which is gathering in our political horizon, and to see if no means can be found to conduct harmless to the earth the bolts with which it is charged. One of the best means of doing this is a candid discussion of the subject by

patriotic and disinterested men of different sections of the country. The following letter on slavery was written in answer to one from a gentleman of influence, of stern patriotism, and enlightened mind, in North-Carolina :—*

My dear Sir—

Your letter of the 29th of May was to me most painfully interesting, for in it you have broached a subject, about which every American, every republican, and every philanthropist must be exceedingly anxious. On the solution of the question about the ABOLITION OF SLAVERY depends more than the private interests of the planter, more than the sectional interests of the South, and more, even, than the general interests of these United States. The great question now in agitation, and soon to be brought to issue in Europe between the oppressed and the oppressor, of the possibility of substituting cheap, simple, and representative governments, for the present ruinous and galling systems, depends, in a great measure, upon the continuance or non-continuance of the prosperity of this UNION; and this depends mainly upon the permanent continuance, or non-continuance of slavery. You, who know as well as I do, with what anxiety and with what pride the progress of the great experiment, which this country is making, is watched by the Radical in England, the Republican in France, the Liberal in Germany, and the Philanthropist every where,—you, at least, will agree with me, that we have other and higher duties, and should have other and higher aims than as mere Americans; as men, as members of the great human family, it is our imperative duty to do all we can to lighten the burdens and to break the fetters of those of our brethren who are sitting in intellectual darkness, and bowed under physical oppression. And you, who have witnessed the misery and the degradation, the hopes and the fears, of the people of the old world, will not think me extravagant when I say, that the example of these United States may have more influence upon the future destinies of Europe, Asia, and Africa, than any other moral agency which can be put in operation. Our country will soon attain that commercial importance, and that political influence, which will make her example of the greatest consequence to mankind at large; as yet, she has been known only to the men of information in Europe; her prosperity is still talked about with incredulity by the people of the western nations; while those of the eastern parts, the Hungarian, the Bohemian, many of the Germanic, and all of the Slavonic race, are ignorant of more than her name and her existence.

It must not be a light, throwing forth few and feeble rays, that will dispel the political darkness brooding over the old world: that of the little republic of San Marino, though fed by the purest patriotism, was suffered to burn unheeded in Italy, because of its insignificant size; ours has been suffered, because its distance, its former diminutiveness, and the interposition of the waste of waters, made it equally insignificant. But when our twelve millions shall become fifty millions—when our commerce shall surpass that of Great-Britain—then will our country become the great and shining light on which all those, who, sitting in the darkness of oppression, shall gaze with admiration and with long-

* See Columbian Centinel, June 11, 1833.

ing; and if our institutions are preserved in their purity, our history will be the pillar of fire going before the nations in bondage, and pointing out to them the promised land of republicanism. There will then be no concealing or denying the fact, that the people of these United States, under the simplest and cheapest government in the world—without kings or priests—without the bayonet or the police—without the genius of diplomacy, or the gaining of conquest, have attained political independence, and respect from abroad, while they have been preserved from civil wars or domestic oppressions, and become the most intelligent, the richest, and happiest people on earth. There is no denying that this will be the case, provided we escape from the fangs of the monster, party; provided the people will understand their true interests, and not sacrifice them and those of their posterity upon the altars of faction, at which minister demons in shape of men—men who, for their own personal aggrandizement, would hazard the destinies of unborn millions. I say, if this Union can be preserved fifty years, it will do more for Europe than all the tongues of her orators, the pens of her scholars, or the words of her patriots; our country will so rise in importance, that people must see and know her; they will see her on the pinnacle of national prosperity, in the enjoyment of liberty, and wealth, and knowledge; and they will say—“In God’s name, let us too try the experiment—let us too go through the fiery ordeal of blood and revolution, if that be necessary; for we cannot be worse off by the change than we are now.”

If such reflections as these are not extravagant, how important is it, that every citizen of this republic should not only throw aside all sectional or party feelings, but even those exclusive feelings, misnamed patriotism, which induce men to look upon the interest and the glory of their own country, as things to be advanced even at the expense of the misery and misfortune of the rest of the world. The influence of these United States, may yet become immense, and it behoves her citizens that all of it be given to accelerate the great march of mind, to facilitate the progress of the human race, in its course toward the nearest possible attainment of political, moral, and intellectual perfection.

You may think I am wandering strangely from the subject matter of your letter; perhaps I am, but the digression is perfectly natural, and I have fallen into it unwittingly. You ask me for information about the feeling of New-England, with regard to the means of removing the evils of slavery; and you particularly inquire about the extent and respectability of the sect called Abolitionists. I meddle with no party matters, but I have endeavored to procure all the information in my power on this subject, and, luckily for the latter part of your question, it is one easily answered.

Descended, as you are, from the pilgrims of New-England, it would be supererogatory to explain to you the sentiment of our community, with regard to the question of slavery: my own private feelings, you probably know,—they are those of utter abhorrence of a system which violates the laws of nature, and the laws of God; and were the slaves of the South now in general insurrection, and in open war with the whites, and *were I forced* to choose one side or the other, I would join the insurgents, and strike with them for the rights of man; and, though father and

brother were in the opposing ranks, still would I strike for the liberty of the human race.

But think not, my dear sir, though such are my principles, that I am an *Abolitionist*, in the ordinary sense of the word ; think not that I view the planters in the light of tyrants and ruthless oppressors ; no—I rather feel for and commiserate with them, than condemn them ; I deprecate an insurrection of the slaves, as the most serious misfortune that could happen both for blacks and whites ; and were I an African, *I should hold that man an enemy of my race, who would preach insurrection, or advocate immediate and unconditional abolition.* In common with almost every intelligent New-Englander of my acquaintance, I look upon the situation of the planters as a most embarrassing one ; I condemn them not so much as I sympathize with them ; I look upon slavery as the real cause of the difference between the prosperity of the slave-holding and the non-slave-holding States ; and I believe the time will come, when all the planters will be convinced of it. But so far from any wish to dictate the measures to be pursued with respect to the slaves, I not only feel none such, but I believe we have no sort of right to interfere in the business. Nay, more ; I believe that by any such interference, we should produce much evil, without any corresponding good ; I believe we should injure the cause of the Africans, and retard the epoch of the total abolition of slavery.

On this subject, my own feelings and opinions, though little worth of themselves, may be of some interest to you, because I am thought to carry them rather farther than most men here : I cannot be considered as a representative of *l'extreme gauche* ; although I am called an optimist, because I believe that there is force enough in truth, and virtue enough in man, to produce not only the final abolition of slavery, but many other great changes in the world.

I would do all in my power to convince my southern brethren of the truth, that slavery is a curse to the South ; I would fling wide open the outlets for the exportation of the blacks ; I would most heartily hold up my hand for an appropriation of part of the future surplus of the national revenue to remunerate planters for the manumission of their slaves, and their exportation to Africa ; and I believe that New-England would most heartily concur in this measure. Believe me, my dear sir, there exist here strong feelings of affection for our warm-hearted brethren of the South ; and much as we love our national honor, deeply as we blush that our fair escutcheon should bear the blot of slavery upon its surface ; still, it does not enter into our hearts to accuse the South of having placed it there, nor do we think that it is in its power to wipe it out at once.

But I forget that the object of your letter was to inquire into the state of public feeling here, and of the numbers of the abolitionists, rather than learn my own individual views. Well, then, in the first place, I do not suppose that more than one tenth part of our population think much about the best means of putting an end to slavery ; and of those, not one tenth of the numbers, and not one fiftieth of the intellect and character, countenance the plans of the immediate abolitionists. There are some few persons in this city, whose watchword is IMMEDIATE ABOLITION—whose motto is, or seems to be, “ Set the chained blacks free, let what will follow—and though they should mur-

der their masters, and then cut each other's throats—still set them free.” But I need not say that they are little heeded by men of good sense and deliberation.

There must and ever will be fanatics, both religious and political, in a community like ours; and it is not astonishing, that, in a city where a sect like the Mormonites is rapidly acquiring consistency, there should be found advocates even for the absurd doctrine of the thorough-going abolitionists. But although the New-England Anti-Slavery Society is struggling alike for proselytes, and for notoriety, it obtains few of the first, and very little of the latter that is desirable. A writer, in one of our periodicals, says, that he has traveled extensively on the business of colonization; that he has delivered nearly two hundred addresses—conversed with the editors of more than one hundred and fifty newspapers, and over five hundred clergymen, of all denominations, and that he can say sincerely, he is not aware of any combination, or tendency to combination, for improper interference with the affairs of the South. He says, “There is a firm belief that slavery will be abolished at no distant day; that the spirit of the age, the progress of truth, and the voice of conscience, will necessarily lead to this result; or that the convulsive struggles of the oppressed will soon burst the barriers that should have yielded to the force of reason and the voice of God. But that there is an extensive feeling prevalent in New-England, to interfere rashly with this system, to violate any of the provisions of the Constitution in relation to slavery, or to injure, in any way, those sections of the country where it exists, is not true. The common feeling of New-England is that of kindness and forbearance. It is a feeling of painful anxiety for the safety and happiness of the Southern States, and the harmony and prosperity of the whole country.” *

I believe these statements may be depended upon, and I beg you will make them known as the feelings of many a New-Englander, who can duly appreciate the character of the embarrassments of the South; who loves the Union as he loves his own family; who regards the Southerner as a high-spirited and noble brother; and who cherishes with feelings of pride, the memory of the day when our common fathers stood side by side and bravely battled for freedom, to enjoy themselves, and to leave as a legacy and a bond of union to their posterity forever. Do not listen to the hints thrown out by some of the newspapers,† about the desire of the North to interfere with the question of the disposition of the slaves. If such hints were made through ignorance of the truth, then do their authors merit severe rebuke for sowing the seeds of a whirlwind which cannot be controled; if they were made with the purpose of forwarding any party views, then do they merit the felon's fate—the hisses and scoffs of every patriot, and the curses of every succeeding generation.

Oh! I have no patience to endure this prostration of that noble instrument—the press—to every base and selfish feeling which can be brought to bear in a political campaign: its character, in our country, is low enough, in all conscience, for intelligence and refinement; but it is only of late that we see it becoming the vile pander of the pas-

* See *Colonizationist* and *Journal of Freedom*, No. 2.

† See *United States Telegraph*, and some other Southern papers.

sions, the political pimp of those who court high places and power. You recollect, probably, as well as I do, the successful effort of a Frenchman of talent, to obtain a foreign embassy by establishing a paper, which the government were glad to buy, at the price of the situation he desired ; and we shall, and may now, I fear, find papers in our own country, acting with a meaner aim than even this. But I beseech you, take them not for a specimen of the New-England Press in general ; look through our respectable papers, and you will find sentiments like those of the Salem Register, which, in answer to an inquiry from the South, as to whether Temperance Societies, Lyceums, &c. had in view any interference with the question, uses this language :—

“ We say, then, solemnly, and in good faith, that the reports alluded to by the Enquirer, as far as our experience goes, (and we have a pretty thorough acquaintance with the designs and spirit of the public bodies, private associations, Temperance Societies, Lyceums, &c. &c. in this quarter,) are altogether false. There are, however, some few people in this quarter who agitate the subject of slavery, but they are not connected with other societies or associations, neither are their peculiar notions generally diffused in this community. The experiment which has recently been made in this town upon public sentiment, enables us to speak decisively on this point. The result of the recent discussions between an Agent of the Colonization Society, and an Agent of the Anti-Slavery Society, in a public assembly in this town, is a proof that the people in this quarter are averse to any improper interference with the Southern institutions. The public mind here is not at all imbued with any such spirit as is implied in the paragraph quoted by the Enquirer. We could have told our Southern brethren so, long ago ; but, perceiving the jealousy of the South against the North, and the artifices of designing men to kindle it into a flame, we have forborne, because we felt how little we could do to allay the ferment, or say any thing that would be received in a friendly spirit in that quarter of our country.”

Such, my dear sir, are our sentiments on the subject of emancipation ; and, although we cannot admit of one word of argument in favor of a system which violates the laws of God, and the natural rights of man—which makes him, who was born our equal, live our slave ; still, our abhorrence of the system is qualified by a consideration of the peculiar circumstances of the case : we recognize that first law of nature, which enjoins self-preservation, at any hazard ; and we should as soon think of enjoining upon the keeper of a caravan, to break the bars of his cages, and unchain his tigers, as to bid the planters restore the blacks to liberty at once. We recognize the hardship of the case of him, whose whole course of life and education has fitted him for one calling alone, whose children are looking to him for bread, and would look in vain, should he suddenly be called upon to relinquish his only resources.

But, upon the other hand, we do beseech our Southern brethren to have some respect for the feelings and the principles of New-England ; and if prejudice and education have stopped their ears to the voice of insulted justice and humanity, which cries aloud against him who enslaves his fellow-man—who, by oppression, and insult, and scorn, crushing every spark of manliness, first degrades him to a level with the brutes, and then makes use of his degradation as an argument for holding him in bondage ; still, let the common interest and the common reputation of the country induce them earnestly and candidly to discuss the question, What shall be done with the blacks ?

In this discussion, let the feelings and principles of New-England go for what they are worth, and no more; and if she is urging her moral and religious obligations to do all she can in the nature of the case, for the emancipation of the slaves, let her come forward and test the sincerity of her professions by common sacrifice with the South. We do not consider the planters of the present generation any more responsible for the existence of slavery, than we do the farmers of New-England; and if humanity, and justice, and the honor and the interest of the country, demand that slavery should be abolished, why, then, in common reason and equity, let those who call loudest for it, pay something for it. And, doubt not, my dear sir, she would be willing to bear her part of the sacrifice for the accomplishment of the great end. New-England is not so selfish or so mean as many of your Southern prints would fain make her; and most deeply do I deplore the spirit which leads them to sneer at her principles, to ridicule what they call her prejudices, and to judge her whole population by the unfavorable specimens, who, allured by the chance of speculation, wander away to the South. Although proud of my birth-place, I had left it so young, and wandered so long among other climes, and associated so much with those who entertain the opinions of New-England, which are common in the South, that I began to partake them, and grew almost ashamed of the name of Yankee; but when I returned, and judged, with an impartial eye, of the character of my countrymen, I grew prouder than ever of them; and I can say, with the sincerity of a cosmopolite, that there is no people in the world superior to those of New-England, in intelligence, in moral worth, in genuine patriotism; and I do not believe there can be found a population of twice the number, where so much prompt and efficient aid can be raised to any object of philanthropy, or science, or patriotism, as among them. Most deeply do I lament that there is not more community of feeling, more accurate knowledge of each other's character, between the people of the North and those of the South; I regret that our population do not more fully appreciate the high spirit, the generous and confiding disposition, the frank and open hospitality of the Southerner; and that yours does not more honor the intelligence, the enterprise, the moral worth, and the public spirit, of the Yankee. Did they know each other better, depend upon it, there would be fewer here to raise a hue and cry about the cruelty of slave-masters, and fewer among you to talk of Yankee trick, or Yankee interference in Southern affairs.

I have been involuntarily led to branch off to other matters than those immediately connected with your queries, but you will be better able, perhaps, to judge of public feeling here. New-England, sir, to a man, deplores the existence of Slavery; she will ever pray for its final abolition; nay, she will do more—she will, by word and deed, exert herself to accelerate it: on this subject, we have one feeling, we form one great party. But she will raise no signal of revolt, she will preach no word of sedition, she will use no improper interference with the affairs of the South; those who would agitate the slave population, who would endanger the safety of the whites, and destroy the rational hopes of the blacks, who would preach immediate and absolute emancipation, at all hazards, form but an insignificant minority; insignifi-

cant in number, insignificant in influence, and (with the exception of a few honest enthusiasts,) insignificant in character and principle.

Thus, my dear friend, I have given you, as fully as the hurried nature of my occupation will allow, the feelings and intentions of what I sincerely believe to be the overwhelming majority of New-Englanders; it is, at least, the sincere opinion of one who loves his country with more than the love of birth-place and home; who would prefer to a dissolution of this Union, the separation of the dearest ties of blood or affection; and who, should it happen, would have to blush for those years of his youth, spent in enthusiastic efforts to propagate principles, which would then be stamped as the doctrine of the fool and the visionary. But it cannot be, that the people of these United States, for the sake of paltry sectional interest, will be so blind to their own welfare, so false to the cause of liberty and humanity, and so reckless of the situation of their posterity, as to destroy the fairest fabric which ever blessed the vision of the philanthropist and the liberal.

I shall be rejoiced to hear from you on all occasions. I should still more delight to come among you, and to assure you, that, in one Yankee, at least, you have a sincere friend, and who will ever be most truly yours.

H.

SONNET.

BY LUIS DE GONGORA.

ORIGINAL.

O CLARO honor del líquido elemento,
Dulce arroyuelo de luciente plata !
Cuya agua entre la yerba se dilata
Con regalado son, con paso lento.
Pues la por quien helar y arder me sienta.
Mientras en tí se mira, Amor retrata
De su rostro la nieve y escarlata
En tu tranquilo y blando movimiento
Vete como te vas, no dejes floja
La undosa rienda al cristalino freno
Con que gobiernas tu prosaz corriente ;
Que no es bien que confusamente acoja
Tanta belleza en su profundo seno
El gran señor del húmido tridente.

TRANSLATION.

Clear honor of the liquid element,
Sweet rivulet of shining silver sheen !
Whose waters steal along the meadows green.
With gentle step, and murmur of content !
When she, for whom I bear each fierce extreme,
Beholds herself in thee,—then Love doth trace
The snow and crimson of that lovely face
In the soft gentle movement of thy stream.
Then, smoothly flow as now ; and set not free
The crystal curb and undulating rein,
Which now thy current's headlong speed restrain ;
Lest broken and confused the image rest
Of such rare charms on the deep-heaving breast
Of him who holds and sways the trident of the sea.

L.

MY BOOKS.

NO. VIII.

VALPY'S GREEK GRAMMAR.

THE recollection of some books is burnt into my memory as with a branding-iron; and the associations connected with these intellectual scars are occasionally as grateful as the reminiscences of a crop-eared rogue, while he surveys his fraction of a head in a mirror.

Valpy's Greek Grammar is one of the volumes thus remembered. The loathing, with which I look back upon my first passage through its profound obscurities, is owing to the errors of the then common mode of teaching the science of language, varied by the diverse characters of the two teachers under whom I studied it.

Both of these pedagogues were well enough as men, but in their professional character, contemptible, like most other teachers of that day. The one under whom I began the grammar, never troubled himself to explain a difficulty, if he ever went so far as to think; which is, at least, questionable. He allowed me to struggle onward through the mist and the slough by my own light and my own strength. I was fifteen years old when I first opened Valpy, and, of course, I needed not so much assistance as those who began their study at a younger age;—but some trifling aid I did require. The alphabet was my first lesson, and, by virtue of a memory as strong as the digestive powers of an ostrich, I mastered it in one afternoon. But to make letters, thus learned by the eye, into words, and read them, was a much more difficult task. I never have found but one teacher who practised what appears to me the only true system of teaching this first lesson in a language, whose letters are unlike those of our vernacular.

That one individual is Professor Seixas, the Hebrew teacher, now residing in Charlestown. His method of teaching the letters and the art of reading, is to take a Hebrew book,—say the Bible,—and make his pupil spell out each word after him, calling the letters by the name of the corresponding letters in our own alphabet. Thus:—H-a-g-(hag)-a-(haga)-d-o-(do)—(hagado)—l-ee-m-(leem)—(hagadoleem.) The scholar learns, without any trouble, to read immediately, by thus learning the *power* of the letter, instead of its *name*, at the same time with its shape; thus realizing the story of the little school-boy, who had spent two years in trying to learn the alphabet, and at last declared, in answer to his teacher, who pointed to A, “I knows it by sight, but I do’n’t know it by name.” The names of the letters are afterwards acquired without trouble; for, having become *tools*, or things of use, their names, by the power of association, are at once riveted upon the memory.

But master B. never disturbed the thick *puddle* of his brain by devising novel modes of teaching. His grand principle was to *listen*. The scholar learned from the book—not from the teacher; the teacher *heard* the recitation, but never troubled the understanding of the pupil by making him reflect, search out a reason, or hearken to an explanation. To illustrate this villanous system, by an example of its influence, I will relate an incident, the occurrence of which mortified me exceedingly at the time, and the remembrance of which makes my

cheek tingle even now. By superior power of memory I had overtaken an advanced class in the grammar, just as they reached the paradigm (*paradigm!* what a word for a school-boy!) of the contract verbs, which the American editor has added to the English editions of Valpy. The class were reviewing, and, therefore, familiar with the subject, and able to move along by large and rapid lessons. It was all new to me, however, and to keep pace with them was difficult. The paradigm gives specimens of three verbs, one of which is *τιμάω*. It came to me to repeat the imperative mood of that verb in the active form. I was delighted; for, as I had learned it, it was so simple that mistake was impossible. I therefore dashed through it with a fluency and rapidity, which I considered not merely wonderful, but most praiseworthy. Judge of my horror when my performance was received with an eruption of laughter by both teacher and classmates. What could it mean? For once the pedagogue vouchsafed an explanation. To render the blunder apparent I must copy the verbs by which it was occasioned. I will substitute English for Greek letters, and then any person will comprehend the error.

SING.		DUAL.		PLUL.	
tim-ae, a	ae, a	ae, a	ae, a	ae, a	ae, a
phil-ee, ei	ee, ei, to	ee, ei, ton	ee, ei, tone	ee, ei, te	ee, ei, tosan
chrus-ae, a	ae, ou	oe, ou	oe, ou	oe, ou	oe, ou

Now, I ask, what human being would imagine, on looking at the above conjugation, that the "*to*," "*ton*," "*tone*," "*te*," and "*tosan*," seen in the third line, in the second and succeeding columns, were terminations common to each of the three verbs in the respective columns;—that they were the *tails*, cut off of the verbs by the editor, placed, without any symbol of connexion or relationship, without hyphen or any other typographical mark of junction, opposite to the middle verb, to be rejoined,—restored to their natural union, by the scholar? I venture to affirm that no one, who had not been previously enlightened, could have seen any more clearly than I did. I began, proceeded, and completed my enunciation of the verb, without reference to the terminal syllable thus cut off, and with *ore rotundo* poured fourth *timae, tima; timae, tima*, six successive times, through singular and dual, and plural, the words running from my tongue like corn from a mill-hopper; whereas I ought to have said *timae, tima; timae-to, tima-to; timae-ton, tima-ton, &c.* The obstreperous laughter which followed my performance,—the laughter of a stupid teacher, who was the real cause of the blunder, and of classmates who were jealous of my scholarship, and ready to sneer and exult at my smallest failure,—made a most disagreeable impression upon my feelings, and left a stamp of shame and indignation on my memory, that has never been and never can be effaced.

I was the favorite pupil of Master B. notwithstanding that one mistake, and was made to suffer severely by his kindness towards me. He allowed me to trust wholly to a ready memory,—to move forwards by gigantic strides, by long lessons, and, of course, to acquire a superficial and fleeting knowledge of my study. This indulgence necessarily generated the pernicious habit of slighting the elements of science, the foundation stones, on whose exactness depends the security and

value of all subsequent attainment ; and, for years afterwards, I suffered,—nay, to this hour, I suffer, in consequence of his misjudging good will.

The first inconvenience that I felt, in consequence of this treatment, arose under the successor of Master B.—a man of the fiercest passions and most unbounded severity. His sagacity, unblinded by partiality, at once detected the deficiencies occasioned by Master B.'s neglect, and he set himself to correct them, with about as much humanity as is exercised by a celebrated veterinary surgeon (*horse-leech*) in our vicinity, in cutting open a horse's mouth to make the noble animal feel more sensibly the bit. He gave me short lessons, and a blow was threatened for every mistake. As with me, so with every other scholar ; "*stripes and imprisonment*," literally, as in the case of St. Paul, awaited us ; for if one was *beaten*, another was *kept an hour* or more *after school*, to get his lesson more perfectly. On one occasion, when my patience was worn out by his ill temper, I resolved to punish him for his mal-treatment.

A tea-party had been formed, and invitations issued to a host of gossips, among whom I knew the tyrant, "Master P." was included. "He shall not go to the tea-table," said I ; "by Jove, he shall not !" And so I called a second person into my scheme. Dana, (that was the other conspirator's name,) was delighted, as boys always are, at the prospect of revenging himself on the pedagogue, and entered heartily into the joke. On the morning of the appointed day, it was agreed that Dana should recite his lessons so badly as to provoke Master P. to detain him after school, and so keep the Master himself, if possible, away from dinner ; but at all events, too long to give him time to change his dress at noon. It was done as anticipated, and the poor teacher had only time to snatch a morsel of food, and come back to school in his thread-bare, every-day clothes. It was now my turn to practise the same joke in the afternoon, so as to be detained, and consequently detain our tormentor, beyond the hour at which he was expected to tea. There was a strong probability, that, instead of being detained, I should be flogged ;—but "neck or nothing"—I was rather too large to be whipped, and besides that, I was resolved to behave unexceptionably well,—merely saying, when he called on me to recite my last lesson, (twenty lines in Virgil,) "I have not quite got it, sir," and repeat the answer until the end was accomplished. "You will stay after school, sir, till you *have quite got it*," said Master P. with furious accents, in reply to my dilatory plea ; "Sir ?" said I, wishing him to repeat the threat so loud that the whole school might hear him, and be witnesses to his promise. "Then you will stay, I say, sir, after school, till you *have quite got your lesson* !"

"Good !" thought I ; "good ! I shall be a diplomatist yet." I kept the man, according to his promise, after the other scholars were dismissed, until dark ;—he, the mean time, alternately looking at his watch, and at his old coat,—walking to the window to gaze anxiously at the ladies, who passed singly or in couples to that land of vain promise, the tea-party,—and hearing my imperfect attempts at recitation. At last, when I felt sure that it was too late for him to dress and be in season, I concluded his imprisonment by a brilliant exercise, much to his delight,—gathered my books into my satchel, and, as I

left the room, which he always locked up himself, just by way of expressing my kind feelings for him, remarked, that "I feared my dullness had kept him away from Miss H.'s tea-party!" and then took to my heels.

"Well, Jerusha," said I to my sister the next morning at breakfast, "was the Master at the party last evening?"

"Yes," said she, "but he came in very late."

"How late?"

"So late that he lost his tea; and in such a hurry that he was not more than half dressed.

"Ha! ha! ha!" shouted I; "huzza for old *Put!*"

When the whole story came out, it appeared that the pedagogue had, in his haste, forgotten the ablution, which, after his official labors amongst pens and writing-books, was always necessary, and by some unlucky accident his fingers had communicated their professional dye to his face; and, to crown the poor man's misfortune, he had omitted, in the confusion of a hurried toilet, much of what is necessary to a gentleman's appearance, and appeared a perfect "*scare-crow*."

It was a glorious triumph to me and my associate; but we were silly enough to boast of our exploit, and, in consequence, drew down on ourselves the hatred of the Master, which manifested itself in the following manner:—

Belonging to one of the village churches there was a neat little, school-house-looking, ten-feet building, called the chapel, in which were held frequent religious meetings in the evening. The chapel was a spot famous in the history of our male and female academicians. It was the rendezvous of all the literary misters and misses between whom an amorous partiality existed, the audacity of which was not sufficient to venture on visits at home, but was only strong enough to sustain a flirtation in the purlieus of the Academy, before, between, and after school-hours,—or at and from an evening meeting, when it would have been an intolerable wrong for the beardless Abelard to allow his favorite Heloise to walk home from her devotions companionless. In the absence of other meetings, of a less serious character, these conferences and prayer-meetings were resorted to by the boys, under Master P.'s dictatorship, and by the girls, who were subject to the sway of his female partner in the "delightful task," Miss W. How often have I walked down, in a cold winter night, to the chapel, after services had commenced, and stood watching the door as the later worshipers went in, to catch a peep at the female benches, and ascertain whether Hannah, or Sarah, or Elizabeth was present! How often have I tried, from without, to penetrate the thick curtain of mist, deposited upon the windows by pious breath within, in order to discover the vicinity of certain blue, or black, or hazel, eyes, which to me were as potent as was the eastern star to the wise men of old! How often, not daring to go in, have I shivered, half frozen, in the little entry, waiting for the close of service and the egress of my favorite, and then, to my utter discomfiture, beheld her arm secured by some impudent rival, who had comfortably passed the evening in the warm atmosphere within; or, if she came forth alone, how have I shook with a ten-fold ague at the idea of exposing my tender emotions to the eyes of the outpouring crowd! Yea, verily, how often have I trampled my fears

under foot, and, wondering at my own valor, offered her my company and arm, while a platoon of disappointed competitors, at a respectful distance, dogged our steps through two or three streets, until their wrath became cool, and they dispersed, leaving me the happy victor of Helen and of Troy. And then, how have we, despite the biting frost, and boisterous wind, walked on and on, through all the streets and lanes in the vicinity of her home, until the disappearance of every parlor, and almost every chamber-light, had informed our reluctant eyes that we must separate. And, finally, how often has my good and orderly father bolted, against my disobedient and delayed return, the door, which, thanks to the tender-hearted Jerusha, was, nevertheless, always opened to me, when I came with benumbed limbs and chattering teeth, to claim admittance! Oh the luxury of thus returning to a well-warmed apartment; of pulling open the glowing bed of charcoal, wisely covered for the morning fire, and of the sisterly offices rendered in secret and stealth, with an overflowing heart! Jerusha, thou last of sisters at my father's table, thou soul participater in the thousand fears, and hopes, and high aspirings of my academic life,—when I forget thee, or forget to love thee, let my right hand forget her cunning!

But let us return to Master P. and his revenge. He was fully aware of the above-described practices of the boys and girls; and, furthermore, he knew that occasionally his pupils within the chapel were guilty of an ungodly grin, as they exchanged glances across the room with the good-natured damsels on the opposite side; or of a sacrilegious whisper with each other,—sometimes, without doubt, to the annoyance of a sober brother within ear-shot; or, perhaps, of an artificial sneeze or cough, badly feigned to smother a laugh just bursting from some incautious tongue in answer to a whispered joke, which said sneeze or cough might, and undoubtedly did, now and then, resemble the forbidden, as much as the permitted, sound. Upon these juvenile weaknesses he resolved to build his scheme of vengeance.

Once or twice in school, had he uttered general reproof on the subject of indecorous conduct in a place of religious worship; but never with such emphasis or personality as to give us any alarm. We little dreamed of the storm that was about to burst upon us.

"William Read, James Dana, Charles Livermore and Samuel Bartlett," called out Master P. one Monday forenoon, just before the morning session closed, "you will stop with me after the other scholars are dismissed." He spoke in thunder, and his fiery eye shot lightning. The whole school was appalled, and we, who were to stop, the oldest of the scholars, knew not what to expect, though well assured that it could not be any thing pleasant.

We remained, therefore, to hear our sentence, while, after the school was dismissed, many a loiterer, full of curiosity, stopped in the entry, or skulked under the open windows, to learn the cause of our detention.

"I have often spoken to you, young gentlemen," growled the master, when the sound of retiring footsteps had died away, "and frequently had occasion to reprove you for misbehavior in the chapel; I am sorry to say that my reproof and admonition have been ineffectual, and that you have continued your former evil practices; and not only

se, but that you have grown worse and worse. Your conduct last evening, in that place of worship, was such, as to disturb the devotion of all present, and cast a scandal upon the character of those who are bound to preserve order. Your whispering, and foolish flirtation with the girls, and scarcely suppressed laughter, gave great offence, and good Deacon Hopper has this morning been before a magistrate, and entered a complaint against you. All I can do is, to tell you that the law will now pursue its customary course against you, and that I fear you will be forever disgraced by the result !”

We were stunned by the information, and the old rascal grinned with half-concealed triumph of malice, as he beheld our woful countenances. **THE LAW !** It was then to us an unknown horror, at whose very name we shook with affright, like an Irishman at the name of the fairies. We were wholly ignorant of its *modus operandi*, and should not have been surprised at being sentenced to the State Prison for our transgression. Of course, therefore, we retired under a cloud of terrible apprehensions. The most provoking circumstance, connected with our case, was our innocence of the crime charged upon us. Our only fault, for at least that one evening, had been our folly in choosing seats in the vicinity of some unruly and vulgar fellows, our seniors in both age and depravity, whose conduct had been the real cause of disturbance, and for whose sins we were now to suffer. Heartily did we vow, that, in case of living through our tribulation, we would in future exercise a sounder discretion in the selection of seats, even if we were obliged to place ourselves cheek by jowl with old Deacon Elkanah Hopper himself, or, as he was diplomatized at our academy, Deacon Hobgoblin.

I had scarcely reached home, where dinner was smoking on the table, when I was called to the door to behold the village constable with a note in his hand. My legs felt as though melting from under me, when I approached this terrible functionary of the law. His personal appearance increased the terrors, with which he was invested by his official character, and heightened, by an actual picture of deformity, the dark colors of the picture of coming misfortune drawn by my imagination. He was a short man, with a crooked back and very broad shoulders; with arms so long as almost to sweep the ground, which giant limbs, on account of his stoop, hung forward of his body in a line with his toes, like the sector which connects the two ends of an arc; and his eyes, besides being large and black, were crossed in a diabolical manner, insomuch that no man could tell or even guess which way, or at what, he was looking. He gave me the note with a very knowing and ghastly smile, and left me to read it at my leisure. I have since regretted that I did not tear it, and throw the fragments into his face. But my wits were in a complete state of obfuscation, and I stood at the open door for half a minute, without moving hand, or foot, or eye. Then crowding the unopened note into my pocket, I went back,—not to dinner,—but to the dinner-table.

“ Well,” inquired my father, “ what did Mr. (thank Heaven he did not say *Constable*) M. want of you, my son ?”

At this question the family all looked at me to learn how I had suddenly become important enough to be called for by Mr. M. I felt as though they suspected the fact, and was mentally confused; but,

resolved not to be my own betrayer, I assumed as careless and composed an air as I could, and replied, "Nothing in particular—a mere errand—my friend Pearson (son of the man with whom Mr. M. boarded,) will be here this evening." Pearson had told me that he should come, and luckily that was received as satisfactory explanation.

Temperate, indeed, was my dinner that day. Dietetic Doctor Graham would have considered me one of his most exemplary disciples, had he looked in upon my abstinent meal. I ate nothing but bread—I tipped nothing but water—and these were "the bread and water of affliction." The unread and mysterious scroll in my pocket weighed down like the bottle-imp in the pocket of its unsuspecting purchaser, and produced a feeling in my bread-basket quite hostile to eating.

"Why, you have lost your appetite!" said my gentle, blue-eyed mother, "What is the matter with you?"

"Why do n't you eat?" inquired my equally kind but less gentle father; "do you expect to live, as the rustic in the fable would have his horse, on nothing, or a straw a day?"

"Do eat, brother," whispered sister Jerusha on my right, "I am afraid Hannah's bright eyes occupy too much of your thoughts."

Thus urged and questioned, I replied that I had no appetite to-day, but must go and get my afternoon lesson. So I retreated to my bedroom, stuck my penknife over the latch, (the key being on the outside,) and tore open the dreaded document.

The note was from old 'Squire Crooker, a Justice of the Peace, of well-known sternness of character, and informed me that I had, through the *clemency* of Deacon Elkanah "Hobgoblin," the choice of either going with my associate culprits before the said Deacon and the said Justice, and of there confessing my fault and begging their pardon, or of *going to law*.

The alternative was a trying one. On the one side was "the bloody book of law,"—the unimaginable horrors of the arrest, of the trial, the sentence, the punishment, and the infamous exposure. On the other, the mortification of confessing a fault never committed, and making an apology, before two men of all others most disliked, "old Put." excepted. I abhorred the 'squire for his pinching avarice, and coarse, unnatural, feelings; for, had he not, in order to save the fines for his great lubberly boy's neglect of military duty, represented him to be *non compos mentis*? He had done that mean act. And I hated the deacon, because he always sat scowling at me in the chapel, and watched every sheep's eye I threw across the aisle; and, moreover, he had once boxed my ears for kissing his daughter Anne in his entry, though the little jade had solicited the salute.

Between the two horns of the dilemma there was but little to choose. I thought it almost as bad to be empaled on the one as to be gored on the other. But the more I reflected, the more I determined, at all hazards, to keep out of the law. The confession and apology I understood; their evil I could estimate;—but the law was enveloped in mystery, and my imagination was exceedingly active. I therefore made up my mind to humble myself before my enemies, and communicated my determination to my companions, who followed the example. Let it be understood, however, that we came to this conclusion upon the express consideration of getting retaliation on the earliest

opportunity. Thus does infamous punishment always engender revenge.

The *amende* was given and received without any remarkable occurrence. We boys felt greatly relieved by a pardon from the powers legal and ecclesiastical; and I trust that the dignitaries of church and state were gratified by the exhibition of their authority. They may, perhaps, if they still live, have forgotten the occurrence; but we, who were the sufferers, shall never forget it. They could not trace the effects which that event produced upon our character and conduct in subsequent years; but, for one, I can refer many of the most important incidents in my history back to that as their cause. By a short train of association, this unpleasant confession and apology are connected with my Grammar. In relating the reminiscences awakened by some other book, I will trace out the influence of the above related fact on my after-life and adventures.

THE TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

THE protracted debate in the Massachusetts Society for the Suppression of Intemperance on the expediency of the Pledge, and their final adoption of it, have excited not a little interest in the public mind. We were not present at any portion of that debate, nor have we read or heard any detailed account of it. In expressing, as we propose briefly to do, our views upon the subject, we may tread unconsciously in the track of some, or seem to be aiming at the arguments of others, who took part in it; but neither plagiarism nor personality can fairly be charged upon us.

What, then, is the state of the case? Within a few years past, Intemperance has been found to be a great and growing evil in the land. A stir has, consequently, been made among the people to suppress it. Societies have been formed, and large sums of money subscribed, to further this laudable end. The public authorities have been weary of licensing the sale of spirits. Agents have been sent into every part of the country to alarm men's minds to their danger. Every fact that could illustrate the evil, every argument that could influence the reason, and every appeal that could engage the affections, has been arrayed, and set forth by the ablest hands. And not in vain. The cause has prospered beyond all expectation. Scarce one sight of intoxication throws a gloom over the joy of our holidays now, where, ten years back, at every corner might be met a mob of boys mocking the motions of some reeling vagabond. Capital, that yesterday was yielding large returns in thriving distilleries, is to-day forced into a new channel, or sunk in its old one. In short, public opinion, that giant arm for good or for evil, has raised itself against the fiend, and it has retreated.

But among other means that have been lately adopted in aid of the Temperance cause, by some associations, is a *pledge* of *total abstinence*—a promise, solemnly made and signed, never to use, one's self, or provide for others, any distilled spirits. We know not whether the

solemn forms of swearing are introduced in administering this promise, but no one can consider it as any thing less than an oath never to taste the proscribed liquors. To such an oath, pledge or promise, call it what you will, we have insuperable objections. We consider it as unbecoming a rational being. We consider it as interfering with the free agency and moral responsibility of man. We look upon it as contravening the system of Providence for the moral government of our race. We consider it as tending to narrow the limits of virtue, to diminish the force of principle, and to retard the moral progress of man.

The world we live in is a world of probation. Every part and power of man, and every circumstance in which he is placed, is calculated to that end. We have strong passions to fight against, and fierce temptations to encounter, and burning lusts to keep down. But we have Reason to fight with, and Conscience to spur us on ; and with every temptation there is given us also "a way to escape"—and that, by a manly resistance, not by a cowardly flight. Without a contest there can be no victory—without a cross, no crown—without trial, no virtue. "Able to stand, but free to fall," is the motto of man's moral existence. It is the *sad* condition from which he may fall into final misery. It is the *blessed* condition from which he may rise into final glory. And to us it seems at war with that condition, and wholly superseding the intended sway of our reason, to put up any such arbitrary, artificial barrier, between us and the temptations ordained for us. So far as Temperance is concerned, from the moment a man has signed this pledge, he is a mere machine. The question is no longer open to him as a moral, rational, accountable being, whether he shall be a sober man or a drunkard. All conflict between passion and principle is shut out from him. He is restrained, indeed, from vice ; but he is equally restrained from virtue. He must have no reflection, no mind about the matter, save just enough to distinguish and drink cold water—and so far, the reason of a brute may be instructed to reach. It may be well enough, in the nursery, to administer promises *to be good*. But for one who has arrived at years of discretion, it seems quite as becoming to pull out his teeth against gluttony, or mutilate his members against any other excess, as to stop up his throat against gluttony by the insertion of this moral *plug*. It is the worst consequence of Intemperance that it destroys the reason ; but how do we mend the matter by taking away all room for its use ?

But why, it is said, this hue and cry against a form which we meet with at every corner of society ? You cannot borrow money, without promising to pay it—you cannot enjoy public office, without an oath to discharge its duties—you cannot enter into the dearest relation of life, without a pledge to its faithful observance. This last promise, we think, has been rather unfortunately adduced by the friends of the Temperance Pledge. The analogy would better hold if the latter were a pledge to only one kind of spirit, or the former a vow of *celibacy*. Vows of the last sort, have not been entirely untested in other countries, and we commend them as examples of the expediency of pledges to *total abstinence*. But, aside from this, the promises alleged relate not to the moral duties of man, but to the arbitrary institutions of society. It is no part of the law within us, to bear office or to borrow

money; and, though "the world must be peopled," a man, it is believed, may "die a bachelor" in innocence. Society may well put a guard at the gates, and require pledges to the observance, of institutions created for the convenience or necessity of her members. It is essential that she should, for enforcing the performance, or exacting the penalty of a debt or a duty withheld. Some sacrifices of moral agency, as well as of natural liberty, her very existence, doubtless, demands. But to argue from these to others would justify an argument from the necessity of *some* government to a tyranny. To live temperately is the law of our nature. A thousand natural ills are attendant on its violation. It is a moral and a Christian duty. For its observance we are responsible to our conscience and our God. It is no part of the duty never to touch or taste ardent spirits. Conscience has not labeled them as criminal. Judgement may advise us to abstain from them; but that judgement, in order that we may follow, we are bound to leave free, and not to forestall it by pre-engagements and pledges.

But, how happens it that bare analogies are the most that can be adduced in aid of the Pledge? Promises of some sort are as old as civilization, and so is the vice of Intemperance. And yet, in all its annals, we can find no precedent for applying the one to the other. "Use St. Paul's instruments of sobriety," says the author of Holy Living; "Let us who are of the day, be sober, putting on the breast-plate of faith and love, and for an helmet the hope of salvation." Faith, hope, and charity are the best weapons in the world to fight against Intemperance. The faith of Mahometans forbids them to drink wine, and they abstain religiously as the sons of Rechab; and the faith of Christ forbids drunkenness in us. Not a syllable is here of pledges—but see what he says besides—"Propound to thyself (if thou beest in a capacity) a constant rule of living, of eating and drinking; which, *though it may not be fit to observe scrupulously, lest it become a snare to thy conscience, or endanger thy health upon every accidental violence,—yet let not thy rule be broken often nor much, but upon great necessity and in small degrees.*" Mechanical invention, we know, is the glory of our age and country. But moral machinery had its origin elsewhere. It has come down to us from the armory of heaven, perfect at all points. It may be dangerous to improve it. Human inventions are apt, as was said by Epictetus, to have two handles. A pledge may push a bad cause as well as a good—may promote a vice as well as a virtue—may bind together a conspiracy as well as a moral society. Indeed, we think it the peculiar instrument of a bad cause. It is expedient that one's reason should be blinded, where it must denounce what it sees. There is said to be *honesty* among thieves, and by appealing to that, under the form of a pledge, they may succeed in a cause which might otherwise be desperate.

But we object further to the Pledge, that it is a dangerous trap for the conscience. We have all heard the story of the man, who, having signed one of these pledges, never to drink ardent spirits except in case of *sickness*, was said by his wife never to have had "*a well day*" afterwards. It is in vain to conceal it; the passions of man are too cunning to be pledged to any thing. No form of words, no assent of the lips, can coop them in. They will always be getting over, or under, or round it. Somewhere or other they will find or force a loop-hole.

Nothing but reason can stop their course—and she, not by being bound hand and foot in one attitude—not by being pledged to one position—but by being free to face them, to follow them, or to *head them in*, whichever way they come. Reason, properly instructed, seriously influenced, thoroughly convinced, can raise a barrier which the gates of Hell cannot prevail against! Let man be governed by her, and he is safe. But we fear she has little to do with this system of signing pledges. If at all, we fear most men, Rhadamanthus-like, will sign first and reason afterwards—will be teased into a promise, and then bethink themselves of its nature. And what these after-thoughts will be, conceived beneath the shackles which a hasty stroke of the pen has put upon them, may be readily imagined. It has come down to us from the Fall, that forbidden fruit has more temptation in it, than all the trees of the garden. Young men of twenty and under, boys, perhaps, are here signing promises which may reach through the dark and hidden circumstances of a life. For a few years they may be kept; but how many of them will be recorded, as broken, in heaven! And let a man once bear about in his bosom the consciousness, secret to all the world beside, of a violated oath, and then calculate his chances for temperance in this world or,—we had almost said,—salvation in the next!

But, we are told, the Pledge has been tried, and there is no success without it. Undoubtedly, if there be a pledge, it must be signed. Undoubtedly, it will not do for those who are temperate, or even those who know not the taste of spirit, to decline signing on that account. No man will brand himself as a drunkard by signing a promise which none but the intemperate are called on to sign. If the Pledge, then, be continued, all who conscientiously can, must sign it, or there will be no success; and, if the Pledge be given up, we are willing to confess that the success of the cause will not be capable of so ready a demonstration. We shall not have a man's word for it, that he is temperate. We shall not be able to show, under his own hand and seal, that he is no drunkard. Nor is this kind of evidence generally considered the best which the case admits of. The cause, too, may not go on quite so fast without the Pledge. It is much easier to obtain a signature than to teach a duty. But more certainly, more safely, we believe it will go on. Better have ten men temperate from principle, than twelve from a pledge. They will be safe from a relapse. They will also be moral and religious men. Temperance will be accompanied in its progress by all the other virtues. An oath cannot bind inclination—cannot fetter passion—cannot quench the corrupt thirsts of the heart. It does not teach or strengthen principle; at most, it governs practice. It does not check the internal desire, only the external act. He, who has signed this Pledge, and kept it, may still be a drunkard at heart, may still be intemperate in soul, and show it in every other form except the use of ardent spirits.

And where shall we stop? Shall we sign a pledge not to steal, not to cheat, not to murder—to love God with all our heart, and our neighbor as ourself? What would such virtue or such love be worth? Or rather, how much of it would there really be? It is, at best, reducing all goodness to honesty, and leaving no guard for that. *Quis custodiet custodes?* Must we sign a pledge to keep our pledge? Such a course

can never advance the true interests of man. It will never permanently retard the progress of any vice.

“ It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen.”

It will call off men's minds from the real evil. It will blind their eyes to the real good. The outward sign will pass for the inward grace. Conscience will be crippled, morality lost in mere action, piety will evaporate in promises, nor principle reach further than a signature.

We cannot conclude these remarks without one suggestion, which does not, indeed, touch upon the abstract question, but which strikes us as worthy the consideration of every sober man. Associations for moral or charitable purposes have hitherto confined themselves to at most a few hundred members, and extended themselves further only by their large charities, or wholesome influence. But the introduction of the pledge-system is banding together, in one great mass, all those who, any how, from policy, principle, or persuasion, may happen to sign it. The desire, too, of furthering the cause, induces to a personal application to every member of society. And in this way is carried on an inquisition into private opinions, which, in any other cause, would be reprobated by every high-minded or honest man. Whether it will ever be made use of at the polls, remains yet to be seen. But that it *may be*, and that with no very fair or *temperate* influence, requires little foresight. It may happen, that those, who conscientiously refuse to sign away their moral liberty, may be shut out from public confidence, at the same time with those who are unworthy of it, when the question at an election shall be, “ Has he signed the Pledge ?” W.

STANZAS.

I see thee still before me, even
As when we parted,
When o'er thy blue eye's brilliant heaven
A tear had started ;—
And a slight tremor in thy tone,
Like that of some frail harp-string, blown
By fitful breezes, faint and low,
Told, in that brief and sad farewell,
All that affection's heart may tell,
And more than words can show !

Yet, thou art with the dreamless dead
Quietly sleeping—
Around the marble at thy head
The wild grass creeping !—
How many thoughts, which but belong
Unto the living and the young,
Have whispered from my heart of thee,
When thou wast resting calmly there,
Shut from the blessed sun and air—
From life and love and me !

Why did I leave thee?—Well I knew
 A flower so frail
 Might sink beneath the Summer dew,
 Or soft Spring gale :
 I knew how delicately wrought
 With the mysterious lines of thought,
 Was each sweet lineament of thine ;—
 And, that thy heaven-ward soul would gain
 An early freedom from its chain,
 Was there not many a sign ?

There was a brightness in thine eye ;
 Yet not of mirth—
 A light whose clear intensity
 Was not of earth !—
 Along thy cheek a deepening red
 Told where the feverish hectic fed,
 And, yet, each fated token gave
 A newer and a dearer grace
 To the mild beauty of thy face,
 Which spoke not of the grave !

Why did I leave thee?—Far away
 They told of lands
 Glittering with gold, and none to stay
 The gleaner's hands.
 For this I left thee—ay, and sold
 The *riches of my heart* for *gold* !—
 For yonder mansion's vanity—
 For green verandas, hung with flowers,
 For marbled court and orange bowers—
 Grove, fount, and flowering tree.

Vain—worthless, all ! The lowliest spot
 Enjoyed with thee,
 A richer and a dearer lot
 Would seem to me :
 For well I knew that thou couldst find
 Contentment in thy spotless mind,
 And in my own unchanging love.
 Why did I leave thee?—Fully mine,
 A hand—a heart—a soul like thine,
 What could I ask above ?

Mine is a selfish misery—
 I cannot weep,
 For one supremely blest like thee
 With heaven's sleep ;—
 The passions and the strife of time
 Can never reach that sinless clime,
 Where the redeemed of spirit dwell !—
 Why should I weep that thou art free,
 From all the grief which maddens me?—
 Sainted and loved—Farewell !

8th of 7th mo. 1833.

12. 12. 1833

AN ADDRESS

Delivered before the Inhabitants of Worcester on the Fourth of July, 1833.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

Fellow-Citizens,

I HAVE accepted, with great cheerfulness, the invitation, with which you have honored me, to address you on this occasion. The citizens of Worcester did not wait to receive a second call, before they hastened to the relief of the citizens of Middlesex, in the times that tried men's souls. I should feel myself degenerate and unworthy, could I hesitate to come, and, in my humble measure, assist you in commemorating those exploits, which your fathers so promptly and so nobly aided our fathers in achieving.

Apprised by your committee, that the invitation, which has brought me hither, was given on behalf of the citizens of Worcester, without distinction of party,—I can truly say, that it is, also, in this respect, most congenial to my feelings. I have several times had occasion to address my fellow-citizens on the fourth of July; and sometimes at periods, when the party excitement,—now so happily, in a great measure, allayed,—has been at its height; and when custom and public sentiment would have borne me out, in seizing the opportunity of inculcating the political views of those, on whose behalf I spoke. But of no such opportunity have I ever availed myself. I have never failed, as far as it was in my power, to lead the minds of those, whom I have had the honor to address, to those common topics of grateful recollection, which unite the patriotic feelings of every American. It has not been my fault, if ever, on this auspicious national anniversary, a single individual has forgotten, that he was a brother of one great family, while he has recollected, that he was a member of a party.

In fact, fellow-citizens, I deem it one of the happiest effects of the celebration of this anniversary, that, when undertaken in the spirit, which has animated you on this occasion, it has a natural tendency to soften the harshness of party, which I cannot but regard, as the great bane of our prosperity. It was pronounced, by the Father of his Country, in his valedictory Counsels to the People of the United States, “the worst enemy of popular governments;” and the experience of almost every administration, from his own down, has confirmed the truth of the remark. The spirit of party unquestionably has its source in some of the native passions of the heart; and free governments naturally furnish more of its aliment, than those, under which the liberty of speech and of the press are restrained by the strong arm of power. But so naturally does party run into extremes,—so unjust, cruel, and remorseless is it, in its excess,—so ruthless in the war, which it wages against private character,—so unscrupulous, in the choice of means for the attainment of selfish ends,—so sure is it, eventually, to dig the grave of those free institutions, of which it pretends to be the necessary accompaniment,—so inevitably does it end, in military despotism and unmitigated tyranny, that I do not know how the voice and influence of a good man could, with more propriety, be exerted, than in the effort to assuage its violence.

We must be strengthened in this conclusion, when we consider, that party controversy is constantly showing itself as unreasonable and absurd, as it is unamiable and pernicious. If we needed illustrations of the truth of this remark, we should not be obliged to go far to find them. In the unexpected turns that continually occur in affairs, events arise, which put to shame the selfish adherence of resolute champions to their party names. No election of Chief Magistrate has ever been more strenuously contested, than that which agitated the country the last year; and I do not know, that party spirit, in our time at least, has ever been higher, or the party press been more virulent, on both sides. And what has followed? The election was scarcely decided; the President, thus chosen, had not entered upon the second term of his office, before the state of things was so entirely changed, as to produce, in reference to the most important question, which has engaged the attention of the country since the adoption of the Constitution, a concert of opinion among those, who, two months before, had stood in hostile array against each other. The measures, adopted by the President for the preservation of the Union, met with the most cordial support, in Congress and out of it, from those who had most strenuously opposed his election; and he, in his turn, depended upon that support, not only as auxiliary, but as indispensable, to his administration, in this great crisis. And what do we now behold? The President of the United States, traversing New-England, under demonstrations of public respect, as cordial and as united, as he would receive in Pennsylvania or Tennessee; and the great head of his opponents in this part of the country, the illustrious champion of the Constitution in the Senate of the United States, welcomed, with equal cordiality and equal unanimity, by men of all names and parties, in the distant West.

And what is the cause of this wonderful and auspicious change;—auspicious, however transitory its duration may unfortunately prove? That cause is to be sought in a principle so vital, that it is almost worth the peril, to which the country's best interests have been exposed, to see its existence and power made manifest and demonstrated. This principle is, that the union of the states,—which has been in danger,—must, at all hazards, be preserved; that union, which, in the same parting language of Washington, which I have already cited, “is the main pillar in the edifice of our real independence, the support of our tranquility at home, our peace abroad, our safety, our prosperity; of that very liberty which we so highly prize.” Men have forgotten their little feuds, in the perils of the Constitution. The afflicted voice of the country, in its hour of danger, has charmed down, with a sweet persuasion, the angry passions of the day; and men have felt that they had no heart, to ask themselves the question, Whether their party were triumphant or prostrate? when the infinitely more momentous question was pressing upon them, Whether the Union was to be preserved or destroyed?

In speaking, however, of the preservation of the Union, as the great and prevailing principle in our political system, I would not have it understood, that I suppose this portion of the country to be more interested in it, than any other. The intimation, which is sometimes made, and the belief, which, in some quarters is avowed, that the

Northern States have a peculiar and a selfish interest, in the preservation of the Union;—that they derive advantages from it, at the uncompensated expense of other portions;—I take to be one of the grossest delusions ever propagated by men, deceived themselves, or willing to deceive others. I know, indeed, that the dissolution of the Union would be the source of incalculable injury to every part of it; as it would, in great likelihood, lead to border and civil war, and eventually to military despotism. But not to us would the bitter chalice be first presented. 'This portion of the Union,—erroneously supposed to have a peculiar interest in its preservation,—would be sure to suffer, no doubt, but it would also be among the last to suffer, from that deplorable event; while that portion, which is constantly shaking over us the menace of separation, would be swept with the besom of destruction, from the moment an offended Providence should permit that purpose to reach its ill-starred maturity.

Far distant be all these inauspicious calculations. It is the natural tendency of celebrating the Fourth of July, to strengthen the sentiment of attachment to the Union. It carries us back to other days of yet greater peril to our beloved country, when a still stronger bond of feeling and action united the hearts of her children. It recalls to us the sacrifices of those, who deserted all the walks of private industry and abandoned the prospects of opening life, to engage in the service of their country. It reminds us of the fortitude of those, who took upon themselves the perilous responsibility of leading the public counsels, in the paths of revolution, in the sure alternative of that success, which was all but desperate, and that scaffold already menaced as their predestined fate, if they failed. It calls up, as it were, from the beds of glory and peace where they lie,—from the heights of Charlestown to the southern plains,—the vast and venerable congregation of those, who bled in the sacred cause. They gather in saddened majesty around us, and adjure us, by their returning agonies and re-opening wounds, not to permit our feuds and dissensions to destroy the value of that birthright, which they purchased with their precious lives.

There seems to me a peculiar interest attached to the present anniversary celebration. It is just a half century, since the close of the revolutionary war. It is the jubilee of the restoration of peace, between the United States and Great-Britain. It has been sometimes objected to these anniversary celebrations, and to the natural tendency of the train of remark, in the addresses which they call forth, that they tend to keep up a hostile feeling toward the country from which we are descended, and with which we are at peace. Without denying that this celebration may, like all other human things, have been abused in injudicious hands, for such a purpose, I cannot, nevertheless, admit, that, either as philanthropists or citizens of the world, we are required to renounce any of the sources of an honest national pride. A revolution like ours is a most momentous event in human affairs. History does not furnish its parallel. Characters like those of our fathers,—services, sacrifices, and sufferings like theirs, form a sacred legacy, transmitted to our veneration, to be cherished, to be preserved unimpaired, and to be handed down to after ages. Could we consent, on any occasion, to deprive them of their just meed of praise, we should prove ourselves degenerate children; and we should be guilty,

as a People, of a sort of public and collective self-denial, unheard of among nations, whose annals contain any thing, of which their citizens have reason to be proud. Our brethren in Great-Britain teach us no such lesson. In the zeal, with which they nourish the boast of a brave ancestry by the proud recollections of their history, they have,—so to speak,—consecrated their gallant and accomplished neighbors, the French,—(from whom they, also, are originally, in part, descended,)—as a sort of Natural Enemy, an object of hereditary hostile feeling, in peace and in war. That it could be thought ungenerous or unchristian to commemorate the exploits of the Wellingtons, the Nelsons, or the Marlboroughs, I believe is an idea, that never entered into the head of an English statesman or patriot.

But at the same time, I admit it to be not so much the duty, as the privilege, of an American citizen, to acquit this obligation to the memory of his fathers, with discretion and generosity. It is true, that the greatest incident of our history,—that which lies at the foundation of our most important and most cherished national traditions,—is the revolutionary war. But it is not the less true, that there are many ties, which ought to bind our feelings to the land of our fathers. It is characteristic of a magnanimous people to do justice to the merits of every other nation; especially of a nation, with whom we have been at variance and are now in amity; and most especially of a nation of common blood. Where are the graves of our fathers? In England. The school of the free principles, in which, as the last great lesson, the doctrine of our independence was learned, where did it subsist? In the hereditary love of liberty of the Anglo-Saxon race. The great names, which,—before America began to exist for civilization and humanity,—immortalized the language which we speak, and made our mother tongue a heart-stirring dialect, which a man is proud to take on his lips, whithersoever on the face of the earth, he may wander, are English. If it be, in the language of Cowper,

praise enough
To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language is his mother-tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own,

let it not be beneath the pride nor beyond the gratitude of an American to remember, that Wolfe fell on the soil of this country, with some of the best and bravest of New-England by his side; and that it was among the last of the thrilling exclamations, with which Chatham shook the House of Lords:—"Were I an American, as I am an Englishman, I never would lay down my arms; never, never, never!"

There were, indeed, great and glorious achievements in America, before the revolution, in which the colonies and the mother country were intimately and honorably associated. There lived brave men before the Agamemnons of seventy-six; and, thanks to the recording pen of history, their names are not and never shall be forgotten. Nothing but the noon-tide splendor of the revolutionary period could have sufficed to cast, into comparative forgetfulness, the heroes and the achievements of the Old French War, and of that which preceded it, in 1744. If we wished an effective admonition of the unreasonableness of permitting the events of the revolution, to engender a feeling of permanent hostility in our minds, toward the land of our fathers, we

might find it in the fact, that the war of independence was preceded, by only twenty years, by that mighty conflict of the Seven Years' war, in which the best blood of England and the colonies was shed beneath their united banners, displayed on the American soil, and in a cause, which all the colonies, and especially those of New-England, had greatly at heart. And this observation suggests the topic, to which I beg leave to call your attention, for the residue of the hour.

It will not be expected of me, on this happy occasion,—which seems more appropriately to be devoted to the effusion of kind and patriotic feeling, than to labored discussion,—to engage in a regular essay ;—particularly as other urgent engagements have left me but a very brief period of preparation, for my appearance before you. I shall aim only, out of the vast storehouse of the great revolutionary theme, to select one or two topics, less frequently treated than some others, but not inappropriate to the day. Among these, I think we may safely place *the civil and military education, which the country had received, in the earlier fortunes of the colonies* ; the great *præparatio libertatis*, which had fitted out our fathers, to reap the harvest of independence on bloody fields, and to secure and establish it, by those wise institutions, in which the only safe enjoyment of freedom resides.

This subject, in its full extent, would be greatly too comprehensive for the present occasion, and the circumstances under which I have the honor to address you. I shall confine myself chiefly to the Seven Years' war, as connected with the war of the Revolution ;—a subject, which has not, perhaps, received all the attention which it merits. The influence on the revolutionary struggle of the long civil contest, which had been kept up with the Crown, and the effect of this contest in awakening the minds of men in the colonies, and forming them to the intelligent and skillful defence of their rights, have been often enough set forth. But the peculiar and extraordinary concurrence of facts, in the military history of the colonies ; the manner in which the moving causes of the Revolution are interwoven with the great incidents of the previous wars ; deserve a particular development. If I mistake not, they disclose a systematic connection of events, which, for harmony, interest, and grandeur, will not readily be matched with a parallel, in the annals of nations.

When America was approached by the Europeans, it was in the occupancy of the Indian tribes ; an unhappy race of beings, not able, as the event has proved, to stand before the advance of civilization ;—feeble, on the whole, compared with the colonists when armed with the weapons and arts of Europe ; but yet capable of carrying on a most harassing and destructive warfare, for several generations ; particularly after having learned the use of fire arms, and provided themselves with steel tomahawks and scalping-knives, from the French and English colonists. Between the two latter, the continent was almost equally divided. From Nova Scotia to Florida, the English possessed the sea coast. From the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, the French had established themselves in the interior. The Indian tribes, who occupied the whole line of the frontier and the intermediate space between the settlements, were alternately stimulated, by the two parties against each other ; but more extensively and effectively, along the greater part of the line, by the French against the English, than by

the English against the French. With every war in Europe, between England and France, the frontier was in flames, from the Savannah to the St. Croix ; and down to so late a period did this state of things last, that I have noticed, within eighteen months, the death of an aged person, who was tomahawked by the Canadian savages, on their last incursion to the banks of the Connecticut river, as low down as Northampton. There were periods, at which the expulsion of the English from the continent seemed inevitable ;—and, at other times, the French empire in America appeared equally insecure. But it was plain, that no thought of independence could suggest itself, and no plan of throwing off the colonial yoke could prosper, while a hostile power of French and Canadian savages, exasperated by the injuries, inflicted and retaliated for a hundred years, was encamped along the frontier. On the contrary, the habit, so long kept up, of acting in concert with the mother country against their French and savage neighbors, was one of the strongest ties of interest, which bound the colonies to the crown.

At length, in the year 1754, the conflicting claims of the two crowns to the jurisdiction of various portions of the Indian territory, belonging, by no very good title to either of them, led to the commencement of hostilities between the English and the French, in different parts of the colonies. Among the measures of strength which were adopted against the common foe, was the plan of a Union of the colonies into a general confederation, not dissimilar to that which was actually formed in the revolutionary war. It is justly remarked by the historians, as a curious coincidence of dates and events, that, on the fourth of July, 1754, General Washington, then a colonel in the provincial service, under Virginia, should have been compelled to capitulate to the French, at Fort Necessity, and that Benjamin Franklin, as one of the commissioners assembled at Albany, should have put his name, on the same day, to the abortive plan of the confederation ; and that, on the very same day, twenty-two years afterwards, General Washington should be found at the head of the armies of Independent and United America, and Franklin in the Congress at Philadelphia, among the authors and signers of the Declaration.

It is obvious, that the necessary elements of a Union could not subsist in a state of dependence on a foreign government ; and the failure of the confederation of 1754 is another proof that our Union is but the form, in which our independence was organized. One in their origin, there is little doubt that they will continue so in their preservation. The most natural event of a secession of a small part of the Union from the other states, would be its re-colonization by Great-Britain. It was only the *United States*, which were acknowledged to be independent by Great-Britain ; or declared to be independent by themselves.

Two years after the period last mentioned, namely, in 1756, the flames of the war spread from America to Europe, where it burst forth and raged to an extent and with a violence, scarcely surpassed by the mighty contests of Napoleon. The empress of Austria and Frederic the Great, France and Spain, not yet humbled, and now united by the family compact, in the closest alliance, and above all England,—then comprehending within her dominions the colonies, that now form the United States,—and at last roused and guided by the lordly genius and the lion heart of the Elder Pitt, plunged, with all their resources, into

the conflict. There were various subsidiary objects at heart, with the different powers, but the great prize of the contest was the possession of America. That prize, by the fortune of war, or rather by that Providence, which, through this instrumentality of mighty events, was preparing the way for American Independence, was adjudged to the arms of England. The great work was accomplished,—the decisive blow was struck,—when Wolfe fell, in the arms of victory, on the heights of Abraham; furnishing, in his fate, no unapt similitude of the British empire in America, which that victory had seemed to consummate. As Wolfe died in the moment of triumph, so the power of the British on this continent, received its death blow in the event that destroyed its rival.

It is curious to remark, how instantly this effect began to develop itself. Up to this time, the utmost political energy of the colonies, in conjunction with that of the mother country, had been required to maintain a foothold on the continent. They were in constant apprehension of being swept away, by the united strength of the French and Indians. Their thoughts had never wandered beyond the frontier line, marked as it was, in its whole extent, with fire and blood. But the French power once expelled from the country, as it was, with a trifling exception at New-Orleans, and their long line of strong holds transferred to the British Government, the minds of men immediately moved forward, over the illimitable space, that seemed opening to them. A political miracle was wrought; the mountains sunk, the valleys rose, and the portals of the West were burst asunder. The native tribes of the forest still roamed the interior, but, in the imaginations of men, they derived their chief terror, from the alliance with the French. The idea did not immediately present itself to the minds of the Americans, that they might, in like manner, be armed and stimulated by the English against the colonies, whenever a movement toward independence should require such a check. Hutchinson remarks an altered tone, in the state papers of Massachusetts, from this period, which he ascribes less distinctly than he might, to the same cause. Governor Bernard, on occasion of the fall of Quebec, congratulates the General Court on “the blessings they derive from their *subjection* to Great-Britain;” and the Council, in their echo to the speech, acknowledge that it is “to their *relation* to Great-Britain, that they owe their freedom;” and the same historian traces the rise of a vague idea of independence to the same period and the same influence upon the imaginations of men, of the removal of the barrier of the French power.

The subversion of this power required, or was thought to require, a new colonial system. Its principles were few and simple. An army was to be stationed, and a revenue raised, in America. The army was to enforce the collection of the revenue; the revenue was to pay the cost of the army; and by this army, stationed in the colonies and paid by them, the colonies were to be kept down and the French kept out. The policy was ingenious and plausible; it wanted but one thing for its successful operation; but that want was fatal. It needed to be put to practice among men, who would submit to it. It would have done exceedingly well, in the new Canadian conquests; but it was wholly out of place, among the descendants of the pilgrims and the puritans. Up to this hour, although the legislative supremacy of England had

not been contested in general terms, yet the government at home had never attempted to enact laws, simply for the collection of revenue. They had confined themselves to the indirect operation of the laws of trade, (which purported to be for the advantage of all parts of the empire, the colonies as well as the mother country,) and those not rigidly enforced. The reduction of the French possessions was the signal, not merely for the infusion of new vigor into the administration of the commercial system, but for the assertion of the naked right to tax America.

When a great event is to be brought about, in the order of Providence, the first thing, which arrests the attention of the student of its history in after times, is the appearance of the fitting instruments for its accomplishment. They come forward and take their places on the great stage of action. They know not themselves, for what they are raised up. But there they are. James Otis was then in the prime of manhood, about thirty-seven years of age. He was fully persuaded, that the measures adopted by the British government were unconstitutional, and he was armed with the genius, and learning, the wit, and eloquence; the vehemence of temper, the loftiness of soul, the firmness of nerve, the purity of purpose, necessary to constitute a great popular leader in difficult times. The question was brought before a judicial tribunal, I must confess, in a small way,—on the petition of the Custom House officers of Salem, for writs of assistance to enforce the acts of trade. Otis appeared, as the counsel of the commercial interest, to oppose the granting of these writs. Large fees were tendered him, but his language was, “in such a cause, I despise all fees.” His associate counsel, Mr. Thacher, preceded him in the argument of the cause, with moderation and suavity; “but Otis,” in the language of the elder President Adams, who heard him, “was a flame of fire. With a promptitude of classical allusions, a depth of research, a rapid summary of historical events and dates, a profusion of legal authorities, a prophetic glance of his eye into futurity,” (that glorious futurity, which he lived not, alas, to enjoy,) “and a deep torrent of impetuous eloquence, he carried all before him. American Independence was then and there born. Every man of an immense crowded audience appeared to me to go away, as I did, ready to take arms against writs of assistance. Then and there was the first scene of the first act of opposition, to the arbitrary claims of Great-Britain.”*

It would be traveling over a beaten road, to pursue the narrative of the parliamentary contest, from this time to 1775. My object has merely been to point out the curious historical connection, between the consolidation and the downfall of the British empire in America, consequent upon the successful issue of the Seven Year's war. One consequence only may deserve to be specified, of a different character, but springing from the same source, and tending to the same end, and more decisive of the fate of the Revolution, than any other merely political circumstance. The event, which wrested her colonial possessions, on this continent, from France, gave to our Fathers a friend in that power, which had hitherto been their most dreaded enemy, and prepared France,—by the gradual operation of public sentiment and the influence of reasons of State,—when the accepted time should

arrive, to extend to them a helping hand, to aid them in establishing their independency. Next to a re-conquest of her own possessions, or rather vastly more efficacious toward humbling Great-Britain, than a re-conquest of the colonies of France, was the great policy of enabling the whole British empire in America, alike the recent acquisitions and the ancient colonies along the coast, (for, to this length the policy of France extended,) to throw off the English yoke. France played, in this respect, on a much grander scale, that game of state, which gave Mr. Canning so much *éclat*, a few years since, in reference to the affairs of Spain. Perceiving Spain to be in the occupation of the French army, Mr. Cauning, with a policy it must be owned more effective as towards France, than friendly toward Spain, determined, as he said, to redress the balance of power in the Spanish colonies; and, in order to render the acquisition of Spain comparatively worthless to France, to use his own language, "he called into being a new world in the west." Much more justly might the Count de Vergennes have boasted, that England, having wrested from France her American colonies, he had determined to redress the balance of power, in the quarter where it was disturbed; to shut up the victorious arms of England, within their comparatively unimportant new acquisitions,—to strike their ancient foothold from beneath their feet; and call into being a new world in the west. On the score of generosity, the French minister had the advantage, that his blow was one of retaliation, aimed at his enemy, while the British minister struck at a power with which he was at peace, through the sides of his ally.

But all this wonderful conjunction of political causes, does not sufficiently explain, in a practical way, the phenomenon of the revolution, nor furnish a satisfactory account of the promptitude, with which the feeble colonies made the decisive appeal to arms, against the colossal power of England,—the boldness with which they plunged into the revolutionary struggle,—and the success with which, through a thousand vicissitudes, they conducted it to a happy close. Fully to comprehend this, we must again cast our eyes on the war of 1744, and still more on that of 1756, as forming a great school of military conduct and discipline, in which the future leaders of the revolution were trained to the duties of the camp and the field. It was here, that they became familiarized to the idea of great military movements, and accustomed to the direction of great military expeditions, conceived, in the colonial councils, and often carried on, in the first instance, by the unaided colonial resources.

In the extent of their military efforts, the numbers of men enlisted in the New-England colonies,—the boldness and comprehension of the campaigns,—the variety and hardship of the service, and the brilliancy of the achievements, I could almost venture to say, that as much was effected in these two wars, as in that of the revolution. The military efforts of the colonies had, indeed, from the first, been remarkable. It was calculated, near the commencement of the last century, that every fifth man in Massachusetts, capable of bearing arms, had been engaged in the service, at one time. The more melancholy calculation was, at the same time, made, that, in the period of thirty years from king Philip's war, from five to six thousand of the youth of the colony had perished in the wars. In the second year of the war of 1744

the famous expedition against Louisbourg was planned, by the Governor of Massachusetts, and sanctioned by its General Court. Three thousand two hundred of her citizens, with ten armed ships, sailed against that place. This force, compared with the population of Massachusetts at that time, was equal to an army of twelve thousand men, with our present numbers; and the same immense force was kept up the following year. Louisbourg, by an auspicious coincidence, fell on the 17th of June, just thirty years before the battle of Bunker-Hill. Colonel Gridley, who pointed the mortar, which, on the third trial, threw a shell into the citadel at Louisbourg, marked out the lines of the redoubt on Bunker-Hill;* and old Colonel Frye, who hastened to join his regiment on Bunker-Hill, after the fight had begun, recalling the surrender of Louisbourg, at which he had been present, thirty years before, declared that it was an auspicious day for America, and that he would take the risk of it. At the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, between the great powers of Europe, this poor little New-England conquest was all that Great-Britain had to give, for the restitution of all the conquests made by France, in the course of the war.

But in the war of 1756, the military efforts of the colonies were still more surprizing. If it is said, that they were upheld by the resources of the mother country, let it not be forgotten, in making the comparison of their exertions in this war, with those in the revolution, that in the latter, they had the powerful support of France. The Seven Years' war was carried on in America, at the same time, in the extreme south, against the Cherokee Indians, then a formidable enemy, in the western part of Virginia and Pennsylvania, at Niagara, on the whole frontier line, from Albany to the St. Lawrence and Quebec, in the extreme north-eastern corner of the country, where Nova Scotia and Cape Breton were retaken, in the West-Indies, and on the Spanish Main. The regiments of New-England and New-York, in this war, fought on lake Ontario, and lake George, at Quebec, in Nova Scotia, in Martinico, Porto Bello, and the Havanna. From the year 1754 to 1762, there were raised, by the single province of Massachusetts, thirty-five thousand men; and for three years successively, seven thousand men, each year. This was in addition to large numbers of the sea-faring inhabitants, who enlisted or were impressed into the British Navy; and in addition to those, who enlisted in the regular British Army, who amounted in one year, to near a thousand. Napoleon, at the summit of his power, did not carry an equal number of the French people into the field. An army of seven thousand, compared with the population of Massachusetts, in the middle of the last century, is considerably greater, than an army of one million for France, in the time of Napoleon.

If I were to repeat the names of all the distinguished pupils, in this great school of war, I should have to run over the list of a large proportion of the officers of the revolutionary army. Among them were Prescott, Putnam, Stark, Gridley, Pomroy, Gates, Montgomery, Mercer, Lee, and, above all, Washington. If I were to undertake to recount the heroic adventures, the incredible hardships, the privations and exposures, that were endured in the frontier wilderness, in the war-

* For this and some other facts in this address, I am indebted to Colonel Swett's interesting and valuable history of the battle of Bunker-Hill.

fare with the savage foe,—on the dreary scouting parties in mid-winter,—I should unfold a tale of human fortitude and human suffering, to which it would make the heart bleed to listen. I should speak of the gallant Colonel Williams, the founder of the important institution, which bears his name, in the western part of the Commonwealth, the accomplished, affable, and beloved commander, who fell at the head of his regiment, on the bloody eighth of September, 1755. Nor would I forget the faithful Mohawk chieftain, Hendrick, who fell at his side. I should speak of Putnam, tied to a tree by a party of savages, who had surprised him at the commencement of an action, in a subsequent campaign, and exposed, in this condition, to the fire of both parties; afterwards bound again to the stake, and the piles kindled which were to burn him alive, but, by the interference of an Indian warrior, rescued from this imminent peril, and preserved by Providence to be one of the thunderbolts of the revolution. I should speak of Gridley,—whom I have already mentioned,—the engineer at Louisbourg,—the artillerist at Quebec, where his corps dragged up the only two field-pieces, which were raised to the heights of Abraham, in the momentous assault on that city, and who, as I have already said, planned the lines of the redoubt on Bunker-Hill, with consummate ability. I should speak of Pomroy, of Northampton, who, in the former war, wrote to his wife from Louisbourg, that “if it were the will of God, he hoped to see her pleasant face again; but if God, in his holy and sovereign Providence, has ordered it otherwise, he hoped to have a glorious meeting with her, in the kingdom of heaven, where there are no wars, nor fatiguing marches, nor roaring cannons, nor cracking bomb-shells, nor long campaigns, but an eternity to spend in perfect harmony and undisturbed peace;” * and who did not only live to see his wife’s pleasant face again, but to slay, with his own hands, in the year 1755, the commander of the French army, the brave Baron Dieskau; and who, on the 17th of June, 1775, dismounted and passed Charlestown Neck, on his way to Bunker-Hill, on foot, in the midst of a shower of balls, because he did not think it conscionable to ride General Ward’s horse, which he had borrowed, through the cross fire of the British ships of war and floating batteries. I should speak of Rogers, the invincible New-Hampshire partizan, who, in one of the sharp conflicts in which his corps of Rangers was continually engaged, was shot through the wrist, and having had his queue cut off, by one of his men, to stop up the wound, went on with the fight. I should speak of the superhuman endurance and valor of Stark, a captain in the same corps of Rangers, throughout the Seven Years’ war,—a colonel at Bunker-Hill,—and who, by the victory at Bennington, which he planned and achieved, almost by the unaided resources of his own powerful mind and daring spirit, first turned the tide of disaster, in the revolutionary war. I should speak of Frye, who was included as commander of the Massachusetts forces, in the disastrous capitulation of Fort William Henry, in 1757, and escaping, stripped and mangled, from the tomahawk of the savages, who fell upon them the moment they were marched out of the fort, wandered about the woods several days naked and starving, but who was one of the first to obey the summons, that ran through the coun-

* See the note at the end.

try, on the 19th of April, 1775, and who called to mind the 17th of June, 1745, as he hastened to join his regiment on Bunker-Hill. I should speak of Lord Howe, the youthful, gallant, and beloved British general. On the eve of the fatal assault on Ticonderoga, in 1758, he sent for Stark to sup with him, on his bear-skin, in his tent, and talk over the prospects of the ensuing day. He fell the next morning, at the head of his advancing column, equally lamented by Britons and Americans. The General Court of Massachusetts erected a monument to his memory, in Westminster Abbey; and Stark, who never spoke of him without emotion, used to rejoice, since he was to fall, that he fell before his distinguished talents could be employed against America. Above all, I should speak of Washington, the youthful Virginia colonel, as modest as brave, who seemed to bear a charmed life amidst the bullets of the French and Indians at Braddock's defeat, and who was shielded, on that most bloody day, by the arm of Providence, to become the earthly savior of his country.

Such were some of the incidents, which connect the Seven Years' war with that of the Revolution. Such was the school in which, upon the then unexplored banks of the Ohio, by the roaring waters of Niagara, and in the pathless wilderness of the North-Western frontier, the men of 1776 were trained, in the strictest school of British military discipline and conduct. And if there were wanted one instance more signal than another of the infatuation, which, at that time, swayed the councils of Great-Britain, it would be the fact, that the British ministry not only attempted to impose their unconstitutional laws upon men, who had drawn in the whole great doctrine of English liberty, with their mothers' milk, but who,—a few years before,—had, for eight campaigns, stood side by side with the veterans of the British army; who had marched beneath the wings of the British Eagle, and shared the prey of the British Lion, from Louisiana to Quebec.

At length the Revolution, with all this grand civil and military preparation, came on; and oh, that I could paint out, in worthy colors, the magnificent picture! Such a subject as it presents, considered as the winding up of a great drama, of which the opening scene begins with the landing of our fathers, is no where else, I firmly believe, to be found in the annals of man. It is a great national *Epos* of real life,—unsurpassed in grandeur and attraction. It comprehends every kind of interest; politics of the most subtle and expansive schools; great concerns of state and humanity, mingled up with personal intrigues; the passions of ministers and the arts of cabinets, in strange contrast with mighty developments of Providence, which seem to take in the fate of the civilized world for ages. On the one hand, the great sanctuary of the British power, the *adytum imperii*, is heard, as Tacitus says of the sanctuary at Jerusalem, to resound with the valediction of the departing gods. On the other hand, the fair temple of American Independence is seen rising, like an exhalation from the soil,

Not in the sunshine and the smile of heaven,
But wrapt in whirlwinds, and begirt with woes.

The incidents, the characters are worthy of the drama. What names, what men! Chatham, Burke, Fox, Franklin, the Adamses, Washington, Jefferson, and all the chivalry and all the diplomacy of Europe

and America. The voice of generous disaffection sounds beneath the arches of St. Stephens; and the hall of Congress rings with an eloquence, like that, which

Shook the arsenal, and fulminated over Greece,
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.

Then contemplate the romantic groups that crowd the military scene; all the races of men, and all the degrees of civilization, brought upon the stage at once. The English veteran, the plaided Highlander, the hireling peasantry of Hesse Cassel and Anspach, the gallant chevaliers of Poland, the legions of France, the hardy American yeoman, his leather apron not always thrown aside, the mountain rifleman, the painted savage. At one moment, we hear the mighty armadas of Europe thundering in the Antilles. Anon we behold the blue-eyed Brunswickers, whose banners told, in their tattered sheets, of the victory of Minden, threading the wilderness between the St. Lawrence and Albany, under an accomplished British gentleman, and capitulating to the American forces, commanded by a naturalized Virginian, who had been present at the capture of Martinico, and was shot through the body at Braddock's defeat. While the grand drama is closed at Yorktown, with the storm of the British lines, by the emulous columns of the French and American army, the Americans led by the gallant scion of the oldest French noblesse, the heroic Lafayette; a young New-York lawyer, the gallant and lamented Hamilton, commanding the advanced guard.*

Nor let us turn from the picture, without shedding a tear over the ashes of the devoted men, who laid down their lives in the cause, from Lexington and Concord to the farthest sands of the South. Warren was the first conspicuous victim. If ever a man went to an anticipated and certain death, in obedience to the call of duty, he was that man. Though he had no military education, he knew, from the first, that to hold Bunker-Hill, in the state of the American army, was impracticable. He was against fortifying it, but overruled in that, he resolved to assist in its defence. His associate, in the provincial Congress, Mr. Gerry, besought him not to risk his life, for that its loss was inevitable. Warren thought it might be so, but replied,—that he dwelt within the sound of the cannon, and that he should die beneath his roof, if he remained at home, while his countrymen were shedding their blood for him. Mr. Gerry repeated, that if he went to the hill, he would surely be killed; and Warren's rejoinder was,—“*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*” Montgomery moved to the assault of Quebec in the depth of a Canadian winter, at the end of December, under a violent snow-storm. One gun only was fired from the batteries, but that proved fatal to the gallant commander and his aids, who fell, where he had fought by the side of Wolfe, sixteen years before. Mercer, who had passed through the Seven Years' war with Washington, was pierced three times through the body, with a bayonet, at Princeton. Scammel, severely wounded at Saratoga, fell on the eve of the glorious success at Yorktown; and Laurens, the youthful prodigy of valor and conduct, the last lamented victim of the war, paid the forfeit of his brilliant prospects, after those of the country were secured.

* Some of the ideas in this paragraph are contained in an article by the author, published in a periodical work, some years since.

These were all men, who have gained a separate renown; who have secured a place for their names, in the annals of liberty. But let us not, while we pay a well-deserved tribute to their memory, forget the thousand gallant hearts, which poured out their life-blood in the undistinguished ranks; who followed the call of duty up to the cannon's mouth; who could not promise themselves the meed of fame, and Heaven knows, could have been prompted by no hope of money; the thousands, who pined in loathsome prison-ships, or languished with the diseases of the camp; and, returning from their country's service, with broken fortunes and ruined constitutions, sunk into an early grave.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
With all their country's wishes blest.
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf, that wraps their clay;—
And Freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit, there.

Still less let us forget, on this auspicious anniversary, the venerable survivors of the eventful contest. Let us rejoice, that so many of them are spared to enjoy the fruits of their efforts and sacrifices. Let us behold, in their grey locks and honorable scars, the strongest incentives to the discharge of every duty of the citizen and patriot; and, above all, let us listen to the strong appeal, which the whole army of the Revolution makes to us, through these its aged surviving members, to show our gratitude to those who fell, by smoothing the pathway to the grave of those, whom years and the early hardships of the service, yet spare for a short time among us.

But it is time to turn from all these mingled contemplations, to the practical lesson, which it becomes us to draw from our reflections, on this great subject.

Momentous as the revolution was in its origin and causes, its incidents and characters, it derives a still greater interest from its results.

Fifty years have elapsed, since the termination of the war, and in that half-century, we have been reaping fruits of the precious seed then sown,—most costly and peculiar. One general constitution of federal government has been framed; and connected with it, in most harmonious relation, twenty-four constitutions of government for the separate States. These, in their respective spheres,—operating each to its assigned end,—have secured us in all the blessings of political independence and well-regulated liberty. The industry of the country has been protected and fostered, and carried to a wonderful point of skill. The rights of the country have been triumphantly vindicated in a second war;—its boundaries pushed into the remote wilderness,—its population increased five-fold, and its wealth augmented in still greater ratio,—avenues of communication, by land and by water, stretched across the plains and over the mountains, in every direction;—the most astonishing improvements made in all the arts of life,—and literature and science not less successfully cultivated.

Did time permit me to descend to particulars, I could point out five or six principles or institutions, each of the highest importance in civil

society; for some of which the best blood of Europe has, from time to time been shed, and mighty revolutions have been attempted in vain; and which have grown up, silently, and unconsciously, in this country, in the space of fifty years. I can but run over the names of the reforms, which, in this connection, have been achieved or are in progress. The feudal accumulation of property in a few hands has been broken down, and liberty has been founded on its only sure basis, equality; and with this all-important change, a multitude of minor reforms have been introduced into our system of law. The great question of the proper mode of disposing of crime has been solved, by the establishment of a penitentiary system, which combines the ends of penal justice with the interests of humanity; divests imprisonment of its ancient cruelties, without making it cease to be an object of terror;—affords the best chance for the reform of the convict, and imposes little or no burden on the state. A like success seems to be promised, in reference to the other great evil of pauperism, a burden of intolerable weight in every other country. Experiments have pretty satisfactorily shown, that, by a judicious system carefully administered, pauperism may be made to cease to be a school for crime, and to a considerable degree, also, cease to be a burden to the public. A plan of popular education has been introduced, by which the elements of useful knowledge have been carried to every door. Political equality has been established, on the broadest footing, with no other evils, than those which are inseparable from humanity,—evils infinitely less than those of despotic government. In fine, freedom of conscience has been carried to the highest point of practical enjoyment, without producing any diminution of the public respect due to the offices of religion.

These, I take to be the real substantial fruits of our free institutions of government. They are matters each of the highest moment. Their importance would well occupy each a separate essay. Time only has been left me to indicate them.

With these results of our happily organized liberty, we are starting, Fellow-citizens, on the second half century, since the close of the revolutionary war. Let us hope that we are to move, with a still accelerated pace, on the path of improvement and happiness, of public and private virtue and honor. When we compare what our beloved country now is,—or to go no farther than our own state,—when we compare what Massachusetts now is, with what it was fifty years ago, what grounds for honest pride and boundless gratitude does not the comparison suggest? And if we wished to find an example of a community, as favored as any on earth, with a salubrious climate, a soil possessed of precisely that degree of fertility, which is most likely to create a thrifty husbandry,—advantages for all the great branches of industry,—commerce, agriculture, the fisheries, manufactures, and the mechanic arts; free institutions of government, establishments for education, charity, and moral improvement; a sound public sentiment,—a widely diffused love of order,—a glorious tradition of ancestral renown,—a pervading moral sense, and an hereditary respect for religion; if we wished to find a land where a man could desire to live, to educate and establish his children, to grow old and to die,—where could we look, where need we wander, beyond the limits of our own ancient and venerable state?

Fellow-Citizens of Worcester,—words, after all, are vain. Do you wish to learn how much you are indebted to those, who laid the foundation of these your social blessings, do not listen to me, but look around you; survey the face of the country, of the immediate neighborhood in which you live. Go up to the rising grounds, that overlook this most beautiful village; contemplate the scene of activity, prosperity, and thrift spread out before you. Pause on the feelings of satisfaction, with which you dismiss your children in the morning to school, or receive them home at evening; the assured tranquility, with which you lie down to repose at night, half of you, I doubt not, with unbolted doors, beneath the overshadowing pinions of the public peace; dwell upon the sacred calm of the Sabbath morn, when the repose of man and of nature is awakened by no sound, but that of the village bell, calling you to go up and worship God, according to the dictates of your conscience; and reflect that all these blessings were purchased for you, by your high-souled fathers, at the cost of years of labor, trial, and hardship; of banishment from their native land, of persecution and bloodshed, of tyranny and war. Think, then, of Greece and of Poland; of Italy and Spain; aye, of France and of England; of any, and of every country, but your own; and you will know the weight of obligation, you owe your fathers; and the reasons of gratitude, which should prompt you to celebrate the Fourth of July.

NOTE.

I have thought that the reader, who is curious in the earlier history of our country, would be gratified with the whole of the letter of General Pomroy, of which a characteristic sentence is quoted in the text. It has never been printed, and is here subjoined from a copy furnished me, by my much valued friend, Mr. George Bancroft, of Northampton.

From ye Grand Battre 5 mile & haf North From ye City Louisbourg.
May ye 8, 1745.

My dear Wife, Altho ye many Dangers & hazards I have been in since I left you, yet I have been through ye goodness of God Preserved, tho much worried with ye grate business I have upon my hands. But I go cherefully on with it. I have much to write, But little time Shall only give some hints Tuesday ye Last day of April, ye fleet landed on ye Island of Cape Breton about 5 miles from Louisbourg. ye French saw our vessels and came out with a company to prevent our landing But as Fast as ye boats could git on shore ye men were landed. A warm ingagement with them: They sone retreated, we followed them, & drove them into ye woods but few of them able to git into ye city yt day 4 we killed yt were found many taken we lost not one man: We have taken & killed since many more, ye number I do not know, but not less than eighty persons what is since killed. The grand Battre is ours: but before we entered it the people were fled out of it, and gon over to ye town But had stopt up ye Tutch-hols of ye cannon—General Peppril gave me ye Charge & oversight of above twenty smiths in boaring of them out: Cannon boals & Boums hundred of them were fired at us from ye city & ye Island Fort. Grate numbers of Them struck ye Fort: Some in ye parade among ye People But none of them hurt & as sone as we could git ye cannon clear we gave them Fire for Fire & Bombarded them on ye west side. Louisbourg an exceeding strong handsom & well sittiated place with a fine harbor it seems impregnable. But we have ben so succeeded heitherto yt I do not doubt But Providence will Deliver it into our hands.

**Sunday
May ye
12 from
this
below
writ**

What we have lost of our men I do not certinly know, But I fear near 20 men ye army in general have been in health : It looks as if our campane would last long But I am willing to stay till God's time comes to deliver ye Citty Louisbourg into our hands, which do not dcubt but will in good time be done : we have shut them up on every side and still are making our works stronger against them. 42 pound shot they have fired in upon them every day ; one very large mortar we have with which we play upon them upon there houses often braks among them : there houses are compact, which ye boums must do a grate deal of hirt & distress them in a grate degree Small mortars we have with which we fire in upon them. I have had my health since I landed.

My dear wife I expect to be longer gon from home then I did when I left it : but I desire not to think of returning Till Louisbourg is taken : & I hope God will inable you to submit quietly to his will whatever it may be ; & inable you with courage & good conduct to go through ye grate business yt is now upon your hands & not think your time ill spent in teaching & governing your family according to ye word of God.

My company in general are well : Some few of them are Ill, But hope none dangerous.

The affairs at home I can order nothing But must wholly leave Hoping yt they will be well ordered & taken care of : My kind love to Mr. Sweetland my duty to Mother Hunt & love to Brothers and sisters all

My Dear wife If it be the will of God I hope to see your pleasant face again : But if God in his Holy & Sovereign Providence has ordered it others wise, I hope to have a glorious meeting with you in ye Kingdom of heaven where there is no wars nor Fatiguing marches, no roaring cannon nor cracking Boum shells, nor Long Campains ; But an Eternity to spend in Perfect harmony and undisturbed peace.

This is ye hartty Desire & Prayer
of him yt is your Loving

Husband **SETH POMROY**

To Mrs MARY POMROY at Northampton in New England.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Orations, delivered on the Fifty-Seventh Anniversary of American Independence.

There is *but one thing* more difficult to write than an oration for the Fourth of July. The themes appropriate to the day—the topics expected to be discussed—have all been treated so often and so elaborately, that an orator at the present day must be in rare good luck, if he can impart interest enough to his performance, to make it worth a review—which is *the one thing* harder to write than the oration itself. This labor we have no desire to undertake. But we have, on our table, several discourses, delivered on the last anniversary of American Independence, which are entitled to a brief notice.

The Address delivered before the Young Men of Boston, by Amasa Walker, is modest and unpretending, but, nevertheless, a very sensible and well-written performance; and, if it would not endure the ordeal of rigid and unmitigated criticism, it may claim remembrance for its moral, patriotic, and religious character, and from the historical fact of its having been written at the request of eleven societies of young men, associated for the most honorable of purposes—"moral and intellectual improvement—" a fact which may and probably will establish an epoch in this age of moral and intellectual exertion. We extract from the Address a few paragraphs, which will communicate to the reader some of the details of what may be called the moral organization of the city of Boston. The Societies before whom it was delivered are—

Boston Young Men's Marine Bible Society; Boston Young Men's Society; Young Men's Society for the Promotion of Literature and Science; Franklin Debating Society; Boston Laboring Young Men's Temperance Society; Lyceum Elocution and Debating Society; Mercantile Library Association; Mechanic Apprentices Library Association; Boston Lyceum; Young Men's Temperance Society; Mechanics Lyceum.

* * * * *

The twelve [*eleven?*] societies assembled on this occasion are separate and independent associations, with no bond of union; save that which results from a community of feeling, and similarity of purpose. They are composed of persons of all religious sects, of all political parties, of every grade and profession; the gentleman of leisure, and the man of business; the native Bostonian, and the adopted citizen; all ranks and classes intermingle. We can therefore safely assert that we are not the propagandists of any religious faith, nor the partizans of any political creed. Nor do we profess to be wiser or better than our fellow-citizens. We do not take the attitude of censors or instructors; but, feeling our own wants and frailties, we are associated for the purpose of mutual improvement, to make ourselves happier and better, and to exert what influence we may, to promote the welfare of others. We pretend not to be the only laborers in the wide field of human improvement; we merely aspire to the honor of being coadjutors in a noble cause, with our superiors and seniors. Our societies are all open to public inspection, and amenable to public opinion. Our objects may be fully and distinctly known; if our measures are good, they will receive, we trust, the counte-

nance and support of an enlightened community; if they are bad, we know they will be visited with that indignant frown of public disapprobation, before which nothing can stand.

The societies of which we speak, may be divided into two classes; those for intellectual improvement, and those for moral influence. These are somewhat necessarily connected, for there is a natural affinity in their objects and purposes.

Through the means of our societies for intellectual improvement, we hope to excite amongst ourselves a relish for rational enjoyments, to bring the social sympathies to the aid of the intellectual faculties, to awaken an interest in those pursuits which are calculated to develop the mental powers, and teach man the energies of his own mind.

Through the influence of our moral and benevolent associations, we hope to elevate the standard of character; awaken in ourselves and others a becoming sense of the proper destiny, and true dignity of man; and extend the hand of charity to the destitute and suffering.

* * * * *

To furnish the means of INTELLECTUAL IMPROVEMENT to the mass of common mind, is one of the principal objects to which we direct our attention. We deem it essential to the well-being of society, that a general desire should be excited for the acquisition of useful knowledge; we think it more important that the many should be well-informed, than that the few should be learned. We do not, in our various associations, propose to prepare men to act distinguished parts as scholars. We do not expect to produce literary prodigies; we merely wish and intend to promote a spirit of inquiry, to excite an interest in intellectual pursuits, and teach ourselves the truth, that there are sources of enjoyment and pleasure, other than those of gain, political ambition, or sensual indulgence. We do not wish or expect to elevate any of our members to places of influence and power, but we would do what we can, to qualify each one to act his particular part with propriety, and sustain the various relations of life, in a manner honorable to himself and beneficial to others.

* * * * *

We wish to change the MORAL CHARACTER of our metropolis. Let us not be misunderstood. We will not slander our own fair city. We believe she stands on as high an elevation as any other in the land. We much doubt whether there be a community on earth, equally large and dense, where virtuous principle and action are more predominant. Yet is it not true, that even here vice finds a shelter, and profligates a home? Is it not true, that in Boston, dangers stand thick on every side, and temptations are laid in every street, by which multitudes are enticed and destroyed? We know, indeed, (thanks to the moral sense of the people,) that vice wears not her once unblushing front; she stalks not now abroad at noon-day; but the monster is still here, in many of her thousand shapes, habited indeed in a better garb, more decent and cautious in external appearance, but not the less malignant and dreadful. We hope by the influence of moral associations, to form among young men a virtuous public sentiment, to render every departure from rectitude unpopular and disgraceful. We would so far establish the reputation of our various societies, that the fact of membership shall be an ample certificate of good character, and honorable standing. This result we anticipate, not by coercion, not by appeals to civil power, but simply and only by furnishing the means of rational amusement, of intellectual culture, of social intercourse; by uniting our efforts in favor of all measures calculated to improve the mind, refine the taste, and purify the heart. We believe all this practicable; we have seen great good already accomplished, and we are animated with the cheering prospects, which we think are dawning on our city, on our country, on the world. We hope to prove by actual demonstration, that great cities are not necessarily, as the proverb says, "great sores."

We hope to prove the fallacy of the long received opinion, that, in a dense population, there must, of course, be greater moral impurity, than among the same number of inhabitants scattered throughout a large extent of territory. We agree with our favorite Cowper in his description:

“—————Rank abundance breeds
In gross and pampered cities sloth and lust,
And wantonness, and gluttonous excess.
In cities vice is hidden with most ease,
Or seen with least reproach: and virtue, taught
By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there,
Beyond the achievement of successful flight.”

But we cannot join the poet in his alternative ; for, however true to life may be this glowing picture, we cannot abandon cities to remediless depravity. We do not believe that " virtue can hope no triumph, but in the achievement of successful flight ;" far otherwise. We believe she may and must make a bold stand. Clad in the panoply of truth, arrayed in the lovely robes of innocence, decked with all the charms of moral beauty, virtue may suffer, but should never fly ; she may be assailed, but can never be vanquished ; her conflict with vice may be long and severe, but her victory is sure. It is alone in fable that Astrea can be banished from human abodes.

That moral pestilence and death *must* and *will* interminably reign within our cities and large towns, we do not admit. No. We anticipate, and if we do not greatly mistake the indications that gather around us, we perceive the rising of a brighter day,—a day of promise and joy. Whatever their past character may have been, we do confidently predict, that the time is approaching, when our cities will become the great fountains of healthful moral influence, sending forth streams that shall fertilize and bless the land ; shall be not only the favorite abode of literature, science, and the arts, but of virtue in her brightest manifestation.

We wish to aid in hastening such a time. We would concentrate our efforts and influence in favor of measures calculated to remove the occasions of mischief, the temptations to evil ; we would create a public sentiment, among young men, especially, favorable to the cause of virtue ; we would render it popular and honorable to be exemplary and discreet in all the walks of life. We do trust we have done something effectual for this object,—we hope to do more.

* * * * *

In connexion with the subject of moral influence, we should do great injustice to our own personal feelings and to the societies assembled on this occasion, if we did not allude to the active part they have taken in the *temperance cause* ; a cause with whose success the liberties and happiness of this country are identified ; a cause the most glorious that has ever called forth the energies of man ; a moral enterprise the most magnificent the human intellect has ever conceived ; embracing the grandest objects and requiring the greatest efforts of the human mind ; whose past success affords the highest encouragement to philanthropic exertion the world has ever witnessed, and whose final triumph will be the most brilliant moral achievement than man has ever attained.

In *this cause*, twelve hundred young men of Boston have enlisted. They have solemnly pledged themselves to God and their country. Shoulder to shoulder, and heart to heart, they have unalterably resolved to form one phalanx of that mighty army, before whose onward march the unnumbered hosts of intemperance are destined to be vanquished and destroyed. They could wish, indeed, that instead of numbers sufficient to form a regiment, they had enough for a brigade ; instead of twelve hundred rank and file, they had twelve thousand ; and although they can offer to new recruits no other advance pay than a *pledge* of total abstinence ; no other wages than health and happiness ; no other bounty lands than the prospective glory and felicity of our common country ; and no greater rations of grog than a plenty of cold water ; yet such is their confident reliance on the virtue and patriotism of their young fellow-citizens, that they entertain no doubt of the success of enlistments, or the popularity of the service.

* * * * *

To inspire among young men a spirit of *mental independence* is one of the objects of our ambition. The true foundation of freedom is in the individual mind. Man must be free from the tyranny of vicious habits, of sensual appetites, free from superstition, from a slavish deference to the opinions of others. He should in all matters, whether political, moral or religious, think for himself, and never allow others to think for him. Till this time arrives, man will never enjoy that peaceful freedom, for which his creator designed him. Is there not in all communities a want of this spirit ? Is not the number small, who dare to think, who venture to have an opinion, till they know the opinion of the world, till they find out with much certainty, what is *popular* ? Can any thing be more servile and degrading ? Is there aught that better fits men for slaves ? Of all the characteristics of our times, there is none of which we should be more heartily ashamed, than this ; none, for the reformation of which we should strive more earnestly. The habit of acting independently, and from a conviction of truth, like all other good habits, should be acquired early. The natural ingenuousness of youth predisposes them to this. They are ardent, they act from feeling. The sordid lea-

sons of cold-hearted selfishness they have not learned ; have not acquired those sentiments of prudence, falsely so called, which prompt a man to inquire, not whether what he is about to do is right, but whether it will be popular and safe. The non-committal policy young men are not generally disposed to adopt. It is in accordance with this natural characteristic of youth, that we find they have always been foremost in every struggle for liberty.

Who were most active in raising the spirit of rebellion and resistance in the American colonies, against the aggressions and encroachments of British power ? Young men. Who first dared to assail the despotism of Charles the Tenth ? The boys, ay, "the rash boys" of the Polytechnic School. Who first raised the standard of liberty in Poland ? The young men attached to the military academy of Warsaw. Now we wish to seize upon this well known trait of youthful character, and wield it in the cause of truth. We would cultivate this feeling, instead of suppressing it ; we would direct it to useful and noble ends ; would preserve it in all its freshness and vigor, and make it a settled principle of the soul.

We could select many more paragraphs from this address, to justify our commendation ; but these are sufficient. We cannot suppress the fact, that Mr. Walker is not, technically, a professional man—he has not, we believe, received what is technically called a liberal education ; but his production evinces an educated mind, a deep sense of moral responsibility, and an independence of character, that merit high consideration, and are worth more, to himself and his friends, than all the diplomas that could be awarded by all the universities in the Union.

Mr. Lunt's Oration, delivered at Newburyport, may be placed among the most agreeable of this class of productions the present year. It is rich in beautiful thoughts, expressed in eloquent language—"apples of gold in pictures of silver." We copy a single passage.

If we would justly appreciate the objects and tendency of human existence, we must forget the distinctions of periods and people. We must remember that there is a universal bond of brotherhood between man and man. No matter, when or where he may have had his being : whether he stands with us to-day in the light of freedom, or groveled ages ago, where its name was never whispered : no matter, whether he toiled and fought and died, in the vain anticipation of seeing those glorious results, which our eyes have witnessed : no matter, whether he fell with Liberty at Chæroneæ, or saw it and was glad, when it welcomed our fathers to the battle-plain of Lexington : no matter, whether he perished in the dungeons of the inquisition, or worships God, as he pleases, in his stately temples : no matter, whether his body slumbers under the ghastly ruins of ancient superstition, or the fresh soil of a free land presses lightly on his bosom ;—civilized or savage,—high or low,—living or dead,—he is a member of the same human family. Wherever the sun-beams publish God's glory, or the liberal elements utter his bounty, they have found man the same : always an intellectual and a moral being, aspiring, sometimes feebly and again more earnestly, towards the same high objects : actuated by the same motives, worn by the same sufferings, elevated by the same hopes, tried by the same temptations : now overborne by intolerable wrongs and anon rising and trampling upon cowardly oppression : traveling through earth with a struggling mind and a beating heart, and longing for heaven ! The sage who thought, and the hero who conquered, are all connected with us by innumerable ties. The illustrious achievements of other days belong to us rather than to them, for we enjoy their full influence and harvest their complete fulfilment. All that has ever been executed for the good of man,—all exalted enterprise, all heroic devotion, all self-sacrificing fortitude,—every generous impulse of the affections and every lofty effort of the mind,—constitute but one unbroken chain of brilliant events, all tending to accomplish the same glorious and eternal end. If then we contemplate man in this interesting aspect ; as one great mass of human existence, pressing constantly forward, under the direction of a benevolent Providence, to secure the ultimate happiness of the race ;—that happiness, which consists in a free intellect and the removal of every fictitious and unnecessary restraint from the bodies and the souls of men ;—if we look at him in this relation, hindered and checked, at times, in his career, but

with a mind never totally paralyzed, and a heart never altogether broken,—like some single noble spirit, which misfortune may indeed stagger, but cannot subdue; if we consider all the illustrious actions of our predecessors, but as distinct pulsations of the same mighty heart:—every gallant stroke for independence,—every splendid example of magnanimous endurance and heroic martyrdom,—but as one grand series of connected causes, whose consequences have been accumulating, until they are ready to spread over and refine and liberalize the world;—with what thrilling interest shall we then regard the history of the past! with what profounder emotions shall we dwell upon the character of the present and speculate upon the boundless prospects of the future! It is thus, that the friend of his country, at whatever remote and obscure period he may have existed, becomes indeed the friend of mankind: that the great reformer has toiled, and the great philosopher taught for all coming generations, and the myrtle-bough, that wreathed the sword of the patriot, thus lives and flourishes forever, in the beauty and the glory of immortal loveliness!

Discourses and Addresses on Subjects of American History, Arts, and Literature. By Gulian C. Verplanck.

Biography seems to be Mr. Verplanck's *forte*. The best discourses in this volume, (best because they are the only ones in which an unity of design is perceived, or an unity of effect produced,) are an Eulogy upon Lord Baltimore, and one upon Daniel H. Barnes, an eminent schoolmaster. The author seems incapable of discussing systematically any subject, that has not tabernacled in the flesh; and, where he attempts any other topic, he is vague and unsatisfactory. We have often seen Mr. Verplanck's name in the public prints; but we have not traced his literary or political career, and know his character only from the book before us. In that it is faithfully portrayed; and from that we will venture a sketch of his mental and moral history and endowments. He was conversant in childhood or early youth with men of exalted and pure minds. From such intercourse he derived an ardent admiration for excellence, not in the abstract, but as enshrined in the souls and exhibited in the lives of its subjects. Nature had but sparingly endowed him; yet habits of industry, in a great measure, supplied the deficiency. He improved with avidity the means of education, and acquired an ardent relish for the models of classical taste both ancient and modern. With these he has always been conversant; these he has always assayed to imitate. Upon these he has formed a style, remarkable for purity and elegance, though not for brilliancy or force. He has always believed that "the proper study of mankind is man;" it has therefore been his chief ambition to understand and to sympathize with living and departed worth. He has made the fine arts his study, so far as they relate to the delineation of character; and is an excellent connoisseur in portrait painting and statuary. Generalization is his strange work; and, therefore, though the *manifestation* of character has been his constant study, his ideas on mental and moral science are probably very vague. He cannot be a violent partizan; for he has learned that talents and integrity have never been the exclusive property of a party. He would prefer a literary *coterie* to the halls of Congress; and had rather be a Boswell than a Burke or a Chatham. Thus has our imagination pictured the man. Let those who know him say whether there be a likeness.

Almost half of the volume before us is occupied by an Anniversary Discourse before the New-York Historical Society with copious notes.

His design in this discourse is to "commemorate some of those virtuous and enlightened men of Europe, who, long ago, looking with a prophetic eye towards the destinies of this new world, and regarding it as the chosen refuge of freedom and truth, were moved by a holy ambition to become the ministers of the most high, in bestowing on it the blessings of religion, morals, letters, and liberty." In pursuance of this design he presents biographical sketches of ten or twelve distinguished men, most of whom were the active benefactors, some only the ardent well-wishers of America. There is also a digression upon the character of our puritan fathers, and another urging the claims of their Dutch ancestors upon the gratitude of the citizens of New-York. Under the last head Irving is severely rebuked for his Knickerbocker's History of New-York, "in which," says our author, "it is painful to see a mind, as admirable for its exquisite perception of the beautiful, as it is for its quick sense of the ridiculous, wasting the riches of its fancy on an ungrateful theme, and its exuberant humor in a coarse caricature." The first character portrayed is that of Las Casas, who is highly eulogized, and from whose memory Mr. Verplanck attempts, (unsuccessfully, as we think,) to wipe away the imputation of his having, in mistaken philanthropy, originated the plan of negro slavery. The last subject of eulogy is Louis XVI. who deserves not the obloquy so often poured upon him in republican harrangues, but our warmest gratitude for his efficient services in our revolution, and our sympathy in his dethronement and death, of which that event was the moving cause. We cannot forbear laying before our readers, in our author's happiest style, the rare picture of a patriotic, virtuous, and pious king.

"The historian will never lose sight of the meek and steady virtues of the patriot king. He will describe him, in early youth, in the midst of a corrupt and sensual court; forming his conscience and regulating his life by the mild and holy precepts of Fenelon; surrounded by bigoted or heartless politicians, yet glowing with affection for his people, and eagerly co-operating with the virtuous Turgot and other enlightened friends of freedom in reforming old abuses and lightening the burden of his subjects. He will relate that he staked every thing on this vast and bold experiment of regulated liberty and representative government; and at last voluntarily yielded up his life in that cause rather than purchase it at the expense of the blood of his countrymen. He will portray him, as the danger thickened, summoning all his virtues to his heart, and rising greater and greater in the hour of calamity.

"Finally, the historian will paint the sorrows and the consolations of the prison—or rather, he will tell that touching story in the plain words of those who saw and loved him to the last: and then, as he follows the king to the place of his death, accompanied by his last and faithful friend, the venerable Abbe Edgeworth, he will insensibly catch that good man's pious enthusiasm, and with him, forgetting the wrongs of the patriot, and the sorrows of the husband and the father, in his veneration of the saint and the martyr, he will exclaim at the foot of the scaffold, 'Go, Son of St. Louis, ascend to heaven.'"

The third discourse in the volume is an address on the *uses and value of the fine arts*, in which there is no connected train of thought, no point proved, no new views produced or old views made clearer, but barely a miscellaneous collection of very good and very well expressed ideas on subjects connected more or less remotely with the fine arts.

The fifth place is occupied by an anniversary address before the literary societies of Columbia College. Here Mr. Verplanck again turns biographer, and presents a series of finely drawn sketches of the character

of some of the most eminent deceased alumni of the college. The chief of these are Hamilton, Jay, Chancellor Livingston, and De Witt Clinton.

Then comes a speech on the Law of Literary Property, made at a dinner given at New-York to the author, on account of his agency in procuring the act of Congress, passed during the session of 1830-31, for the amendment and consolidation of several acts for the protection of copy-rights to books, prints, &c. The speech contains a succinct history of the attempts at amendment; and concludes with the annunciation of the following pointless toast:—

*"Our Authors and Artists—*Their country recognizes and protects their rights of intellectual property. It is their high privilege to repay that protection a thousand fold, in their country's glory, and the freedom and virtue of her sons."

The volume closes with an Introductory Lecture before the Mercantile Association of New-York. If this have a subject, a cursory perusal has not enabled us to eliminate it. The middle of the lecture, relates to the pre-eminent means of intellectual culture enjoyed by young men in this age and country; and, perhaps, the author considered that as the general subject of it. But he finds himself unable to close without reverting to his favorite pursuit of sketching character; and he accordingly gives, at considerable length, the characters of Franklin, Priestley, Richards, and Roscoe.

Memoranda of a Residence at the Court of London. By Richard Rush, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of America, from 1817 to 1825.

This is altogether one of the most interesting of the very many new books of the present year. It is, we believe, unique. We have never before seen a sketch of life and manners at Court by a republican. Mr. Rush places us behind the curtain, and makes us familiar with *premiers*, dukes, and princesses. He gives us a good outline of the mode of life, the relative rank, and the privileges of the *corps diplomatique* at St. James's, and of the etiquette observed by them and towards them. He takes us now to a dinner at Lord Castlereagh's, then to the wedding of the Princess Elizabeth, then to the Queen's drawing-room. And, wherever he goes, he talks about America, as uniformly as Ulysses inquired about Ithaca; for we no sooner find him seated at a dinner-table, or standing in a drawing-room, than he makes such remarks as these: "Our conversation was chiefly about the United States;" "conversation turned upon the United States;" "spoke of the institutions of the United States," &c. A diplomatic functionary from this country must needs make up by talking largely about it for his utter inability, on account of his small salary, to honor it by splendid equipages or magnificent entertainments. In this last way we suspect that Mr. Rush did very little. He does not mention giving even a single dinner, though the diplomatists in general seem to be a dinner-giving race. We are glad to find that magnificence is not essential to the respectability of an ambassador in London; and are much pleased with the spirit that pervades the following remarks:—

"The policy of my government being to give to its public servants small salaries, the latter act but in unison with this policy, in having their establishments

small. It is not for those, honored by being selected to serve the republic abroad, to complain. Nor, with the English, do I believe, that the consideration attaching to foreign ministers, is dependent upon the salaries they receive. However large these may be, and sometimes are, in the persons of the representatives of the imperial and royal governments of Europe, they are still so much below the wealth of the home circles in London, as to be no distinction, supposing distinction to be sought on that ground. The surpassing incomes in the home circles, and habit of expenditure, with the ample accommodations by which the many who possess them live surrounded, incline their possessors to regard such official strangers, as objects, rather than agents, of hospitality. It may be otherwise in capitals on the continent, but this is the general relationship which the diplomatic corps holds to society in London; the result of its own state of manners as well its riches."

Lord Castlereagh was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs during the whole of Mr. Rush's residence in London; and it was with him chiefly that the latter transacted the business of his mission. An outline of the negotiations conducted between them is interwoven with the narrative of Mr. Rush's private life. The subjects of negotiation, especially *impressment* and the *fisheries*, are discussed with great ability; and the mission terminated advantageously for the United States.

A personal narrative, unless very *outré*, offers but little opportunity for minute criticism. We shall not attempt it; but shall close our brief notice of this book, in a way much more acceptable to our readers, by quoting from it the description of a royal wedding.

"April 8. The Princess Elizabeth was married last evening to the Prince of Hesse Homberg. The cabinet ministers, foreign ambassadors and ministers, officers of the royal household, persons in the suite of the royal dukes and princesses, the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, the Bishop of London, the lord chancellor, the lord chief justice, and a few others were present. The Prince Regent was not there, being ill. Our invitation was from the Queen, given through the Earl of Winchelsea, nearly three weeks before.

"We got to the palace at seven o'clock. Pages were on the stairs to conduct us to the rooms. The ceremony took place in the throne room. Before the throne was an altar covered with crimson velvet, on which was a profusion of golden plate. There was a salver of great size, on which was represented the Lord's supper. The company being assembled, the bridegroom entered with his attendants. Then came the Queen, on the arm of the Duke of York, with the bride and royal family. All approached the altar. Her majesty sat; the rest stood. The marriage service was read by the Archbishop of Canterbury. The Duke of York gave the bride away. The whole was according to the forms of the church of England, and performed with great solemnity. A record of the marriage was made. When all was finished, the bride knelt before the Queen to receive her blessing.

"The consent of the king (or regent) and privy council, is necessary to the validity of a royal marriage in England. There is another mode, where the party intending to marry, and being of the male branch, is of the age of twenty-six. In such case, a record of the intention on the books of the privy council will authorize the marriage at the expiration of a twelvemonth, unless parliament interpose an objection.

"Soon after the service was performed, the bride and bridegroom set off for Windsor, the rest of the company remaining. The evening passed in high ceremony, without excluding social ease. From the members of the royal family, the guests had every measure of courtesy; but the whole demeanor of the Queen was remarkable. This venerable personage, the head of a large family, her children at that moment clustering about her; the female head of a great empire, in the seventy-sixth year of her age,—went the rounds of her company, speaking to all; no one did she omit. There was a kindness in her manner, from which time had struck away useless forms. Around her neck hung a miniature portrait of the king. He was absent—scathed by the hand of heaven; a marriage going on in one of his palaces—he, the lonely, suffering tenant of another. But the

portrait was a token superior to a crown! It bespoke the natural glory of wife and mother, eclipsing the artificial glory of queen. For more than fifty years this royal pair had lived together in affection. The scene would have been one of interest in any class of life. May it not be noticed on a throne?

"Tea was handed. The Queen continued to stand, or move about the rooms. In one was a table of refreshments. I went to it with Major General Sir Henry Torrens, an officer distinguished by service and wounds, whose acquaintance I had made at Lord Bathurst's. He was of the establishment of the Duke of York. On the table were urns and tea-kettles of fretted gold. Sir Henry recommended me to a glass of what I supposed wine, in a flagon near me; but he called it king's *cup*, given only at royal weddings.

"Returning to the chief rooms, the Princess Sophia Matilda, pointed out to Mrs. Rush and myself, the paintings; also the representation of a bird from India formed of precious stones, so as to resemble beautiful plumage, with other objects of curiosity or taste in the palace. She did more—she spoke of Washington. She paid a spontaneous tribute to his virtues. None but Americans can know how this would fall upon the heart! To hear his immortal name pronounced with praise in a palace of George III., and by a princess of his family, had a high and touching value. Mentioning this princess, I add, that myself and family afterwards experienced her obliging civilities, in ways, the remembrance of which is cherished with grateful pleasure.

"At ten, the company came away."

A Collection of the Familiar Letters and Miscellaneous Papers of Benjamin Franklin, now, for the first time, published.

As regards *eye-sight*, the human race are divided into three classes, *near-sighted* people, *far-sighted* people, and people whose eyes are as they should be; and we may make a similar classification with regard to the *mental* character of our fellows. We see some whose minds are constantly engrossed by objects near at hand, by humble and familiar objects, who can perceive these in their full or more than their full proportion; but to whom all beyond, great truths, far-reaching relations, general laws and important results, are shrouded in impenetrable mist. This is by far the largest class. Then there are some, whose mental vision is constantly strained to its utmost keenness, who can look deep, and high, and far, to whom objects immense and obscure appear in well-defined proportions; but who are blind to the daily occurrences, the daily duties, and the common-place relations of life, who are dead weights upon all the minor machinery of society, and who, while the path of their spirits is among the clouds, fairly cumber the ground on which they vegetate. These are vulgarly called great men, but, notwithstanding all their services to science and to literature, they are great nuisances; for their example leads new aspirants after greatness to commence their career by neglect of duty. The truly great man is, in our apprehension, a much rarer phenomenon. He, only, deserves that name, to whom, great and small things, things terrestrial and spiritual, things visible and invisible, duties, pleasures and privileges, appear each in its just proportions, each in its full importance. To this third and small class, Dr. Franklin indubitably belongs. In this we have always assigned him a high rank, and the chief value of the work before us, is, that it confirms him in that rank. These letters are such as delicacy and justice ought to have kept forever unpublished. They make the reader shudder for the fate of his own unburned letters; for there is hardly any man, who

can spell decently and write grammatically, whose every-day epistles are not as well worth printing as Franklin's *Familiar Letters*. These are simply letters to near relatives or intimate friends, such as every man must write from time to time to save appearances, or will write frequently from the promptings of affection. They generally relate to family affairs, often trivial, often delicate, often of the most unedifying kind. Nor does the circumstance, that they are discussed by his pen, magnify their importance. He treats trifles as trifles, expresses his regards, and makes friendly inquiries as any other printer would have done, and gives good advice as sparingly and modestly as every wise man ought to. If Franklin had belonged to our *second* class of great men, his (so called) familiar letters might have been interesting from their eccentricity and irrelevancy. Thus, had he been a Byron, he would have berated his mother instead of reverencing her gray hairs; or, had he resembled Tom Moore, we should have found a donation of cash to his relatives enveloped in half a dozen lines of highly wrought poetry, rather than in a letter stating the simple fact that the money was sent. But for the very reason that they are just what they should be, the major part of these epistles will be deemed not worth the perusal.

These letters, as we have already observed, show the true greatness of the author's *mind*. In the last number of the North-American Review, a high value is attached to this volume, as relieving Franklin's *moral* character from the charge of selfishness and irreligion. That he was, throughout life, a selfish man,—that he governed his appetites, obeyed the laws, and served his country, because he deemed it his best policy so to do,—we have never doubted. We discern traces of supreme selfishness in the very letter quoted in that journal, as proof positive of his generosity. We will quote the entire letter, since it will serve as a fair specimen of the volume.

“TO MRS. JANE MECOM.

“New-York, 19 April, 1757.

“DEAR SISTER,

“I wrote a few lines to you yesterday, but omitted to answer yours relating to sister Douse. As *having their own way* is one of the greatest comforts of life to old people, I think their friends should endeavor to accommodate them in that, as well as in any thing else. When they have long lived in a house, it becomes natural to them; they are almost as closely connected with it, as the tortoise with his shell; they die, if you tear them out of it: old folks and old trees, if you remove them, 't is ten to one that you kill them; so let our good old sister be no more importuned on that head. We are growing old fast ourselves, and shall expect the same kind of indulgences: if we give them, we shall have a right to receive them in our turn.

“And as to her few fine things, I think she is in the right not to sell them, and for the reason she gives, that they will fetch but little; when that little is spent, they would be of no further use to her; but perhaps the expectation of possessing them at her death, may make that person tender and careful of her, and helpful to her to the amount of ten times their value. If so, they are put to the best use they possibly can be. I hope you visit sister as often as your affairs will permit, and afford her what assistance and comfort you can in her present situation. *Old age, infirmities, and poverty*, joined, are afflictions enough. The *neglects* and *slights* of friends and near relations, should never be added. People in her circumstances are apt to suspect this sometimes without cause; *appearances* should therefore be attended to, in our conduct towards them, as well as *realities*. I write by this post to cousin Williams, to continue his care, which I doubt not he will do.

"We expect to sail in about a week, so that I can hardly hear from you again on this side the water; but let me have a line from you now and then, while I am in London. I expect to stay there at least a twelve-month. Direct your letters to be left for me at the Pennsylvania Coffee-house, in Birchin Lane, London.

"My love to all, from, dear sister,

"Your affectionate brother,

"B. FRANKLIN.

"P. S. April 25. We are still here, and perhaps may be here a week longer. Once more adieu, my dear sister."

It appears that this sister Douse was aged, infirm, and destitute, and therefore had strong claims upon the sympathy and liberality of her relatives. And how does her philosophic brother proceed on these premises? Does he express any fraternal sympathy? No. He might have spoken as tenderly, had the subject of the letter been an old family drudge, or even a worn-out horse. Does he send her pecuniary aid from his own already ample resources? No; not a word of this. But yet he is lavish of his good advice; and to what does he advise her? Forsooth, not to sell those superfluities by which she might procure the money which he does not see fit to offer her. "Be thou warmed and be thou comforted," says he; "yet, my dear sister, do not expect from my bounty, and do not procure for yourself the means of warmth and comfort." But Dr. Franklin, if not himself beneficent, like a skilful engineer, brings fuller fountains of beneficence to play upon his poor sister. Mrs. Mecom is urged to pay her assiduous attention. Cousin Williams is directed to continue his care. A loud appeal is made to the selfishness, (a principle in which Franklin's own experience seems to have given him great confidence,) of *that person*, (an ill-fed domestic, we presume.) And we cannot but hope that, blessed with a sister's frequent visits, a cousin's constant care, and a discontented servant's all-grasping cupidity, sister Douse finished her mortal sojourn without feeling the want of her brother Benjamin's advice or aid. *Expressions* of affectionate interest abound in the letters to his sisters; but they seem too mechanical and business-like to have been prompted by deep feeling, and are sufficiently accounted for by the following judicious remark in one of those letters: "The more affectionate relations are to each other, the more they are respected by the rest of the world."

The best letters in this collection are those addressed to two ladies, with whom Franklin commenced a correspondence when they were young girls, and continued it after they became matrons. The first of these ladies was Miss Catharine Ray, afterwards wife of Governor Green, of Rhode-Island. She seems to have been a sprightly, good-humored girl, ready, in the abundance of her *philanthropy*, to make any *man* happy for the time being, whether he were single or married, young or old. Franklin was captivated by her gaiety of spirit, and her devoted affection to himself,—then so far advanced in age, as to make the attachment of a young lady a high compliment to his *mental* graces. She seems not to have been a lady of cultivation,—hardly one of decent education; for we find the following rather suspicious comment on her orthography in one of his letters to her. "As to your spelling, do n't let those laughing girls put you out of conceit with it. 'T is the best in the world; for every letter of it stands for something." Franklin's earlier letters to her are written in a playful

style, full of compliments, so artfully set forth as to show that he had already sunk the mechanic in the courtier.

The other lady with whom he corresponded was Miss Stevenson, daughter of his hostess at London, and afterwards the wife of Dr. Hewson. She was an amiable, interesting, intelligent, and highly educated young lady, in whose progress in knowledge and prospects in life, Dr. Franklin took a deep interest. His letters to her are of a much more serious character than those to the mirthful Miss Ray. They are such as a judicious and well-informed parent would write to a daughter, whose mind and morals were his chief care. He gives her good advice as to her reading, study, and conduct; writes interesting sketches of his residence at France; and occasionally discusses literary and moral subjects. Very nearly one half of the letters are addressed to her.

The *miscellaneous papers*, which occupy the last eighty pages of this volume, seem to have been copied from odd pieces of waste paper found under Franklin's table. The first of them is a paper of such memoranda as a man holds in his hand to refresh his memory when about to address a deliberative assembly; and neither of them, (with a single exception) could ever have been issued from the press by any but an incorrigible book-maker. The exception is the Craven Street Gazette, in which the pompous annunciations of Court movements are ridiculed by a journal of the trivial household affairs at Mrs. Stevenson's mansion in Craven-street, drawn up in an equally pompous style.

Though no American can read this volume without interest, we must, in conclusion, express our willingness that Mr. Sparks may lose money by this act of literary sacrilege; and remind him that, unless he repent of this before he dies, every one of his *billets-doux*, every college theme, every thing which he would the most anxiously desire to bequeath to the flames, may, through the officiousness of his surviving admirers, be presented to a frowning public.

The Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States; or, an Account of its present Organization and Influence.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that the Methodist Episcopal Church in our country is a perfect hierarchy. It is, in fact, an *imperium in imperio*. Its ministers are not only the *religious* guides of the people; but, by their habits of domestic intercourse with them, and by the strong influence which reputed sanctity exerts over uncultivated minds, they are able to sway the sentiments and actions of the Methodist body with regard to the character of private or public men, of political measures and judicial decisions. This influence, if exerted by each clergyman without concert with his brethren, would be comparatively harmless. But their church is so organized, that it is perfectly easy to concentrate all its clerical influence, and to give it a simultaneous direction. The whole country is cantoned out into twenty-two Conferences, in each of which there is an annual meeting of all the itinerant preachers within its limits. All these Conferences are united in the General Conference, which meets once in four years, and is composed of one delegate to every seven members of the annual

conferences. The property of all the Methodist meeting-houses is vested in the General Conference; so that they can fill the pulpits as they please, and promulgate from them whatever they please. The General Conference has also under its control a very large and rapidly increasing fund, derived from the profits of the *Book concern*, the managers of which are publishers, and the itinerant preachers booksellers to the whole Methodist denomination. The people, who build the churches and pay the preachers, have no voice whatever in the occupancy of the churches or the location of the preachers. The ministers are appointed to their several stations at the Annual Conference; and we have known instances in which the united petition of a society and a minister, that he might be located among them, has been disregarded. And there is nothing to prevent a society's being burdened for two years with a peculiarly obnoxious minister. Thus, had the New-England Conference, a few weeks since, thought fit to station E. K. Avery at Fall River, within a stone's throw of the scene of his villany, that outraged village would have been compelled to bear the infliction.

All the preachers receive their instructions from, and are amenable to, the Annual Conferences; and these last are under the control of the General Conference. Thus any plan of operation recommended by the latter may with the greatest ease be carried into effect from Maine to Georgia. Nor has this Conference always confined its deliberations to ecclesiastical subjects. At its meeting at Pittsburg, in 1828, the question of the then pending presidential election was tried, and decided in favor of the present incumbent. This decision, emanating from what the Methodists deem the most august assembly upon earth, must have added vast numbers to Jackson's party,—may even have turned the scale in his favor.

Now the Methodists have an undoubted right to yield up their property, nay, their consciences, to the control of their clergy. But is not the existence of a body of men in the midst of us, endowed with so much power, fraught with danger? A Methodist party in politics might easily, may very soon, be raised. We confess that we have never stood much in awe of Masons, or felt any sympathy with Anti-Masons; for the Masons are a small minority of voters; they have no grand national treasury, nor are their means of communication so direct and easy as is commonly imagined. We think the Methodists a much more formidable body. Their clergy are, we doubt not, as a body, eminent for their disinterestedness and piety. But power is a dangerous possession, especially in the hands of those who have no right to it, and by such men, almost uniformly abused. We are, therefore, glad to hear the alarm sounded, and especially, glad that it was first sounded in their own camp. Little was known or suspected of the Methodist hierarchy, till a secession had taken place from their own body, not on account of difference in doctrine, but because the seceders believed the ecclesiastical constitution of the Episcopal Methodists irrational, unscriptural, and *uncongenial to the spirit of our republican institutions*. Their first church was organized at Baltimore, in 1827. They have now in their connexion about one hundred itinerant preachers. Besides the associated societies to which these minister, there are, in different parts of the country, many independent societies, which retain the rites and doctrines of the Methodists, but

have seceded from them on account of their form of government. There are two societies of these *Protestant* Methodists, (as they call themselves,) in this city; one worshiping in the Hancock school-house,—the other in the western part of the city, consisting chiefly of colored people.

We have not yet mentioned the pamphlet at the head of this article, because we wanted to discuss the *subject*, and had but little to say of the merits or demerits of the *book*. Its style is vehement and rather vulgar. Its object is to inflame the public mind against the Episcopal Methodist Church, and it is well adapted to that end. It is one of that kind of pamphlets that obtain extensive circulation in the Middle and Western States, by means of tin and other pedlars; and we doubt not, that it will be read with avidity. Its anonymous author handles metaphors without gloves, as our readers will perceive by his eccentric, mock-heroic concluding paragraph, with which we will conclude our article.

“Fellow-citizens,—whether Catholics, Episcopalians, Lutherans, Calvinists, Methodists, Quakers, or of any other sect or denomination, no matter by what name you are known, other than that of citizens of Republican America,—behold in our land a monster of less than seventy years growth, with six bishops for its head, with upwards of two thousand traveling preachers as its arms, five hundred thousand communicants for its body, thirty-six thousand annual increase as its legs, and an influence over three millions as its feet, Jesuitically stalking abroad over our land, and undermining, by an union of *temporal* and *spiritual*, civil and ecclesiastical power, the grand corner-stone of our civil and religious liberties; benighting the intellectual faculties of man with a cloud of superstition, seven fold more dense than that, which, during the dark ages, benighted Europe. Again, we say, fellow-citizens, of whatever denomination ye may be, behold this monster, with a power fast approaching that which once enabled *ministers* and *preachers* to sway, with an unparalleled despotic power, every sceptre in Europe—unite without distinction, and with an iron grasp, seize it, ere it entombs your liberties, and offer it a sacrifice at the shrine of your sovereignty.”

A Lecture before the Boston Young Men's Society, on the subject of Lotteries. By George William Gordon.

To this lecture of forty pages is added an appendix of an equal number. The whole matter is composed chiefly of facts and speculations tending to show the baneful effects of lotteries, whether considered in relation to society or to individuals. We profess to be among the number of those who consider lotteries as great evils, and we are grateful to Mr. Gordon for his labors.

POLITICS AND STATISTICS.

THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR.

On the 6th of June, the President of the United States left Washington, on a long-contemplated visit to the Northern and Eastern States. He was accompanied by Mr. M'Lane, Secretary of State, Mr. Cass, Secretary of War, and Major Donaldson, his private Secretary.

At half past 12 on the same day, a committee of citizens of Baltimore, accompanied the members of the city council, officers of the army and navy, and others invited on the occasion, to the number in all of 150 to 200, proceeded in a train of carriages, for the purpose of meeting the President at the intersection of the Rail-Road and Washington Turnpike, about six and a half miles from the city. Soon after the train had been arranged for the return, the President approached. On alighting, he was received by General Smith, chairman of the committee. While salutations were interchanging between the parties, the train was thrown back until the centre car, which had been specially set apart for the President's accommodation, was brought in front of the place where he stood. As soon as all were seated, the locomotive was again put in motion, and in about thirty minutes the long train was conveyed to the "Three Tuns." On leaving the rail-road carriage, the President took his seat in an open barouche, with General Smith and James H. McCulloh, Esq. His suite followed in another barouche, and the gentlemen of the committee came after in carriages. He passed to the lodgings prepared for his reception at the Baltimore House, where he was duly received and welcomed by the Mayor of the city, and the committee deputed to perform that duty on behalf of the citizens.

The next day was spent in giving and receiving visits among the citizens.

On the 8th, the President left Baltimore in the steam-boat Kentucky, and proceeded with a numerous escort of citizens, for Philadelphia. On his passage, he stopped about twenty minutes at Chesapeake city, while the barges

were preparing to proceed through the canal. At Delaware city, the President and suite were received into the steam-boat Ohio, and at New-Castle they disembarked with military salutes, where the President was received by Governor Bennett, of the state of Delaware, and committees and delegates from Wilmington and all the towns in the vicinity. Again they embarked amid the salutes of the guns. About five o'clock, the President landed at the Navy Yard, below Philadelphia, under a national salute, and was cheered with the oft-repeated plaudits of the people. He proceeded along the defile prepared, escorted by Commodore Barron and Mr. Horn, followed by the marshals, by the committee of sixty, with their appropriate badges, and the other committees also with their distinctive emblems. Before he left the Navy-Yard, he was received into an open barouche, and was accompanied by Messrs. Horn, Worrell, and Wager. The density and anxiety of the crowd assembled at the gate, with the number requesting to shake hands with the General, prevented, for a considerable period, the President's egress. He was then preceded by the military escort, and followed by the committees in carriages, to the City Hotel. Every part through which he rode was filled with immense crowds of spectators, and every house, from which a view might be taken, was filled to excess by the most respectable ladies and gentlemen. His onward progress was marked by the repeated congratulations of the citizens.

A more formal reception took place at Philadelphia on Monday, the 10th. From 9 to 12 o'clock, the President remained at the State House, to receive the compliments of his fellow-citizens. At 12 he proceeded, on horseback, to Arch-street, where he reviewed the military, which was assembled in great numbers. During his stay in Philadelphia, he visited Fair Mount.

On the morning of the 11th, after receiving at his lodgings the visits of an immense crowd of visitors of all ages,

ladies and gentlemen, he took his departure, accompanied by an immense concourse of his fellow-citizens. He embarked on board the steam-boat Philadelphia, which moved off from the wharf, under a salute of twenty-one guns. The President stopped for about twenty minutes at Burlington, and thence crossed over to Bristol, where he took a short excursion through the town; then returned on board the boat, and proceeded to Bordentown. After a short delay in this place, he next proceeded to Lambertton, where he took carriage for Trenton. Here he dined, and soon after passed on to Princeton, where he spent the night. The next morning he proceeded in a carriage to New-Brunswick, where the steam-boat New-York was in readiness to convey him to Perth Amboy.

At Amboy, which the President reached at one o'clock, he was met by the steam-boat North-America, having on board the members of the Common Council of New-York, the Vice-President of the United States, the Ward and Military Committees, Revolutionary Soldiers, Delegations from Rhode-Island, Connecticut, &c. United States and State Senators, and Members of Congress and Assembly, Foreign Ministers and Consuls, officers of the Army and Navy, and invited guests—making altogether a company of about five hundred.

Having spent half an hour at Amboy, he went on board the North-America, and was received with proper honors by the company, with whom he dined.

On passing the Narrows, salutes were fired from forts Hamilton and Lafayette. After lying too a few minutes opposite these forts, the boat crossed over to the Staten Island shore, and passed through the shipping at the quarantine, all of which were decorated with flags. Salutes were fired by vessels of various nations; three steamers, elegantly decorated, and crowded with passengers, attended the North-America, and, on approaching the city, numerous steam and sail-boats were plying about the river, which, with the crowds of men and women in the Castle and Battery, and on the house-tops in the neighborhood, gave to the whole scene a magnificent effect.

On entering Castle Garden, the President was escorted to the Saloon, where he was received by the Hon. Gideon Lee, mayor of the city, who delivered a neat and appropriate address, to which the President made a suitable reply.

He was then escorted to the Battery, where the military were drawn up to receive him. He was thence escorted to the City Hall, where Governor Marcy was in waiting, attended by his suite in military costume. Attended by the Governor and Major-General Morton, and other military officers, the President moved down to the front of the esplanade to review the troops. There were between two and three thousand under arms. Soon after the close of the review, the President entered a barouche with the Vice-President and Governor, and was escorted to the splendid apartments which had been prepared for him at the American Hotel.

Thursday and Friday, the 13th and 14th, were spent in New-York and the vicinity. At the Governor's room, in the city-hall, the President received the visits of the ladies from 11 o'clock to 1. He afterwards visited the Navy Yard, Merchants' Exchange, Castle Garden, Newark, Jersey city, &c. On Saturday morning, at 5 o'clock, the President, accompanied by the Vice-President, Messrs. M'Lane, Cass, and Woodbury, Major Donaldson, and General Earl, were escorted to the foot of Beekman-street, where they embarked on board the steam-boat Splendid, for New-Haven.

At the moment when the steam-boat got under way, the whole escort and the citizens present waved their hats and rent the air with cheers. The President, standing in the stern of the boat, continued to bow and wave his hat, till the boat cleared the harbor. Commodore Chauncy was present in a fully manned long-boat, and was towed by the Splendid till she reached the Navy Yard. At this place the yards of the Franklin 74 were manned, and the air again rang with loud and repeated huzzas. A grand national salute from the Franklin closed the scene.

The steam-boat, with its passengers, arrived at New-Haven, about three, P. M. A detachment of artillery saluted his entrance into the harbor. On reaching the landing-place, he was escorted by the military to the State House, where he was received by Governor Edwards, and the municipal authorities of New-Haven, and welcomed to Connecticut. The Governor, after an appropriate address, conferred upon him the freedom of the state. The President was then conducted to the Representatives' Chamber, where the ladies had assembled to greet his arrival. After reviewing the troops on the Green, he proceeded to his apartments

at the Tontine Hotel. Subsequently he was waited upon by the students of Yale College, who formed in double line for his examination. On Sunday morning the President attended religious service at Trinity Church—in the afternoon at the North Presbyterian Church, and at the Methodist Church.

Leaving New-Haven, on Monday morning, in company with Governor Edwards, and other public men, the President was met at Berlin, by the Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of Hartford, and by them conducted to the city, and through the principal streets to the apartments prepared for him at the City Hotel. He reviewed a portion of the militia, and received the congratulations of the ladies of the city, at the city hall. The reverend clergy waited upon him at his lodgings. He afterwards visited the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb.

The President left Hartford on Tuesday morning in a steam-boat, and reached Norwich in the afternoon, between two and three o'clock, accompanied by the Governor of Connecticut and several other gentlemen. At this place, he laid the corner-stone of a monument to Uncas, the celebrated Indian Chief, and a short address was delivered on the occasion by the Secretary of War. From Norwich he proceeded to New-London, and arrived a little before 8, P. M. where he was received with hospitalities similar to those of other cities. He arrived at Newport on Wednesday, from New-London, in the steam-boat Boston, and was saluted from fort Wolcott, and the revenue cutters, lying in the harbor. The shipping was decorated with flags. The Boston stopped in the middle of the inner harbor, and the President and his suite (consisting of the Vice-President, the Secretaries of War and the Navy, Major Donelson, Col. Earl, Gov. Cass, and Mr. Poinsett) embarked on board the Rush Light, and were conveyed to town, where a procession was formed, escorted by a military company, to the apartments provided for them. At 1 o'clock they embarked on board the Rush Light, and visited the fortifications in progress on the Neck.

At nine o'clock on Thursday morning the President arrived at Providence in the Boston, from Newport, having touched on his way at Warren and Bristol. He landed under a salute of cannon and the ringing of bells, and was received with many marks of respect. He visited the public institutions, and received the visits of all the principal

citizens. The venerable Moses Brown called upon the President, at his lodgings, and was ushered into a parlor on the lower floor. The President came down to receive him, and was addressed as follows: "Friend Jackson, having been acquainted with thy predecessors, I thought I would call upon thee." To which the President replied, that "he was happy to meet a man so venerable in years, in the possession of all his faculties, and hoped that God would continue to bless him." Mr. Brown expressed a desire that he might visit the Friends' School, before he should leave the city, which he accordingly did in the afternoon, where he again met the venerable patriarch, whom on taking leave, he addressed in the following terms: "Mr. Brown, I have examined your Institution, and find no imperfection in it—God bless you, sir." To which the sage of almost a century, replied, "I wish thee a safe return to thy home—the Lord bless thee."

On Friday morning the journey began for Boston. At the line, which separates the states of Massachusetts and Rhode-Island, he was met by Colonels Quincy and Washburn, aids to his Excellency Governor Lincoln, and welcomed to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. At Dedham, he was received by a large body of the citizens, and welcomed in their behalf by Hon. James Richardson, in a handsome address, to which he made an appropriate reply. After reviewing Col. Eaton's regiment of militia, he was conducted to the Norfolk Hotel, where a dinner was provided. Leaving Dedham, he arrived at Roxbury at 2 o'clock, P. M. and was received at the Common with civil and military honors, beneath a richly decorated arch which had been erected for the occasion. He was here addressed by Jonathan Dorr, Esq. in behalf of the Selectmen and a Committee of the town. In front of the Norfolk House, he reviewed a battalion of artillery and light infantry, under the command of General Bradley. At the Norfolk House, he received the congratulations of a large number of the ladies and gentlemen of Roxbury, and partook of a collation in an apartment richly ornamented with flowers.

At 4 o'clock, the President reached the boundary of the city of Boston, where he was met by the members of the city government, and welcomed, by his Honor the Mayor, in a short but pertinent address. He took a seat by the side of the Mayor in an open barouche, drawn by four elegant gray

horses, and was escorted through the principal streets to the lodgings provided for him at the Tremont House. The procession was splendid. The light infantry companies were full, and the cavalcade of citizens, both in carriages and on horseback, was unexpectedly numerous. The sidewalks of the streets were thronged with spectators. The windows, every where on the route, were filled with ladies and children. The President rode uncovered,—although there was a slight sprinkling of rain,—and, with eloquent though silent gesture, responded to the graceful waving of handkerchiefs by ladies at the windows, and the acclamations which occasionally saluted him from the multitude below.

On Saturday morning, at nine o'clock, the President, accompanied by the Vice-President, the Secretaries of War and the Navy, and the City authorities, was escorted from his residence at the Tremont House by the Independent Cadets, under the command of Colonel Fessenden, to Faneuil Hall, where he received the congratulations of a large number of citizens. On returning thence, a procession was formed, which moved under the escort of the same fine corps, to the State House. The President was there received by the Governor and Lieutenant Governor, the Council, and many members of the Legislature, together with a number of civil, military, and naval officers, and was addressed by the Governor, in a brief, but very happy and impressive manner. His reply was short but appropriate. After many citizens had been presented to him, he partook of a collation, which had been provided with much taste and elegance in the Senate chamber. In the afternoon, the Boston brigade, under the command of Brigadier-General Tyler, was reviewed by the President upon the Common. The weather was at this time delightful, and an immense concourse were assembled to witness the parade, in the mall, and on the balconies and roofs of the houses in the neighborhood. After passing in review along the line, and receiving the marching salute of the brigade, which was repeated, at the special request of the President, who expressed the greatest gratification at their appearance and manœuvres, he rode along the line of citizens, receiving their civilities, and acknowledging them in a graceful and respectful manner.

On Sunday, the President, on the invitation of Lieutenant-Governor Arm-

strong, attended religious services at the Old South Church. Owing to indisposition arising from fatigue, and inclement weather, he was unable to attend the ceremonies at the Navy Yard on Monday, (when the frigate *Constitution* was received into the Dry Dock) or to leave his rooms on Tuesday.

On the President's arrival in Boston, the Corporation of Harvard University, through President Quincy, invited him to visit the institution. The invitation was accepted. It has been the custom, on the occasion of a visit to the University from a President of the United States, to confer upon him publicly the Honorary Degree of LL. D. Accordingly, as soon as it was understood that President Jackson would visit the University, the Corporation voted him this academical degree, and the vote was, at an extraordinary meeting of the Board of Overseers, confirmed.

On Wednesday morning, therefore, according to previous notice, the President, Vice-President and their usual suite, attended by the Governor of the Commonwealth, and his suite, visited Cambridge. About 10 o'clock, the President and Corporation of the University met the President of the United States on the steps of University Hall, and conducted him to the Corporation's room, where the Overseers and Professors of the Institution were assembled to receive him. A procession was then formed to the adjoining Chapel, the galleries of which were filled with ladies, and the floor by the Students of the University, and others. The ceremonies at the Chapel commenced with the following Address from the President of the University to the President of the United States:—

The President and Fellows of Harvard University welcome the Chief Magistrate of the nation to this ancient seat of learning. They are happy in the opportunity to receive within these walls one, whom it has pleased the people of the United States so highly and so frequently to honor—whose name is destined to fill so wide a space in the civil history of our country; and whose fame is so intimately blended with its military glories.

It is auspicious to the cause of science, when men in elevated stations, or those who are eminent for talents, or virtue, or influence, condescend to evince an interest in seats of learning. Our youth cannot fail to derive encouragement, and our academic authorities strength and support from all such evidences of countenance, sympathy, and respect.

The institution which you now honor by your presence was founded nearly two centuries ago, by our pilgrim fathers, amid sorrow, and suffering, and danger. In every successive period of our country's history, it has been a cherished object of public bounty and private munificence. In every period, it has amply reciprocated and remunerated that patronage, by the happy influ-

ences it has uniformly shed on the literary, moral, and religious character of the community.

It is our happiness on this occasion to be enabled to state that the great objects which the founders of this institution proposed to themselves by its first establishment, continue to be pursued with a zeal and fidelity, proportionate to their importance, and to the increasing wants and requisitions of an inquisitive and intellectual age.

The great faculties of an University,—Theology, Law, Medicine, and the Arts, are well endowed and satisfactorily sustained. Suitable means and opportunities are afforded for the successful cultivation of all the branches of literature and science. No important facilities are wanting to excite, assist and encourage those ingenuous youths, who enter upon an academic course, with true views of the dignity of their nature, and with a just sense of their obligations to themselves and their country.

In attending to general education, the great principles, on which the strength and duration of our peculiar forms of government depend, are diligently sought and carefully inculcated; whatever is exclusively local, geographical or sectional, either in feeling or character, or of a party aspect, is repressed, and sedulously discountenanced. Our youth are taught to look up to the national constitution with affection and reverence, and to regard the union of these states as the only efficient guarantee for the continuance of our peace, our prosperity, and our republican institutions.

In presenting to you the youths now assembled within these walls, it is a great gratification that we are justified in speaking of them as worthy of the distinguished privileges they here enjoy; and as well performing the duties of their station, and giving substantial pledges of future usefulness and success.

May these anticipations be realized! may their names be hereafter enrolled by their country among its distinguished benefactors! In their respective spheres of action may they become instruments of its prosperity,—ornaments of its glory,—and pillars of its strength!

Permit us, sir, on this occasion, to congratulate you on the happy auspices under which your second term of administration has commenced,—on the disappearance of those clouds which of late hung so heavily over the prospects of our Union, and which your firmness and prudence contributed so largely to dissipate.

Our best wishes and prayers will accompany you in the fulfilment of the remaining duties of your exalted station. May it be your happiness to witness the uninterrupted felicity and advancing prosperity of your country,—the continuance of its union,—the increasing attachment to its constitution, and the brightening and strengthening of the chain of friendship between the states!

May it be ours to co-operate in this work of patriotism, by annually transmitting to the offices and business of manhood, well-educated youths, capable of being useful to their country in all its exigences,—qualified to assist in its councils, to lead in its defence, and adequate to all the duties and energies which will be claimed of them by its unparalleled destinies!

To this address the President of the United States returned a short reply. The address was followed by a Salutatory Oration in Latin by a member of the senior class. The degree was then presented by President Quincy, in the usual form, and the reasons for giving it assigned in the Latin language. The exercises being finished, the President

was escorted by the Students of the University to the Library, and thence to President Quincy's house, where he was introduced to the Students and Faculty of the University.

From Cambridge, the President proceeded to Charlestown, which he entered under a military escort. On arriving in the vicinity of the Bunker-Hill Monument, he was addressed by Hon. Edward Everett, in behalf of the citizens of Charlestown, and was presented with a box, made of the timber of the frigate Constitution, and containing balls found on Bunker-Hill, and on the battle-field of New-Orleans. The following inscription was engraved on a silver plate on the box containing the balls:—"These now harmless memorials of the 17th June, 1775, and the 8th of January, 1815, were presented to General Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, by the citizens of Charlestown, on the 24th June, 1833, on his visit to Bunker-Hill."

The following is the Address of Mr. Everett:—

MR. PRESIDENT:—I have been directed, by the Committee of Arrangements, on behalf of themselves, of their fellow-citizens, and of the vast multitude here assembled, to bid you welcome to the ancient town of Charlestown, and its famous heights.

The inhabitants of a small and frugal community, we cannot, like our brethren of the metropolis and of the other great cities, through which you have passed, receive you in splendid mansions and halls of state; but here, Sir, upon the precious soil once moistened with the best blood of New-England; with nothing above us but the arch of heaven, we tender you the united, respectful, and cordial salutations of our ancient town.

There are many interesting historical recollections, connected with this immediate neighborhood, which I will not take up your time in recounting. I will only say that on yonder gentle elevation, the first company of the settlers of this Commonwealth, a little more than two centuries ago, laid the foundations of the ancient colony of Massachusetts:—and upon the hill on which we are now assembled,—upon the very spot, on which we stand,—on the 17th of June, 1775,—beneath the thunder of the batteries from the opposite heights of Boston, from the vessels of war on the bay beneath us, and from the head of the columns of the advancing army of five thousand chosen British troops;—(while the entire town of Charlestown was wrapped in flames, and every steeple, roof, and hill-top of the surrounding country was crowded with anxious spectators of the dreadful drama,)—Prescott, Putnam, Stark, and their gallant associates bravely fought, and Warren, with his heroic comrades, nobly fell, in the cause of American Independence. You, Mr. Secretary Cass, may well cherish the memory of that day, for your father bore his share in its perils and its glory. Stark's regiment, where he fought, was stationed not very far from the spot where you stand.

We bid you, Mr. President, who like those our fathers, have exposed your life in the cause of your country, and more favored than they,

have been permitted to enjoy the fruit of your toils and dangers,—we bid you welcome to the precious spot. Most of those, who have preceded you in the chief magistracy,—Washington, Adams, Monroe, and your immediate predecessor, have trod it before you;—and but a few years since, the Nation's Guest, the great and good Lafayette, made his pilgrimage also to the same venerable precincts. To you, Sir, who, under Providence, conducted the banners of the country to victory, in the *last* great struggle of the American arms, it must be peculiarly grateful to stand upon the spot, immortalized as the scene of the *first* momentous conflict.

We have thought it might not be unwelcome to you, to possess some joint memorial of these two eventful days, and such an one I now hold in my hands;—a grape-shot dug up from the sod beneath our feet, and a cannon-ball from the battle-field of New-Orleans, brought from the enclosure, within which your head-quarters were established. They are preserved in one casket; and on behalf of the citizens of Charlestown, I now present them to you, in the hope that they will perpetuate, in your mind, an acceptable association of the 17th of June, 1775, and the 8th of January, 1815;—the dates of the first and last great battles fought under the American standard.

To designate, in all coming time, the place of the first of these eventful contests, the gratitude of this generation is rearing a majestic monument on the sacred spot. We invite you, Sir, to ascend it, and to behold from its elevation a lovely scene of town and country;—a specimen not unfavorable of this portion of the great republic, whose interests have been confided to your care, as chief magistrate of the United States. We rejoice that you have taken an opportunity of acquiring a personal knowledge of its character. Less fertile than some other portions of the Union, its wealth is in its population, its institutions, its pursuits, its schools and its churches. We doubt not you will find, in your extensive journey, that the great springs of its prosperity are in harmony with the interests and welfare of every other part of our common country.

The spot on which we are gathered, is not the place for adulation. Standing over the ashes of men, who died for liberty, we can speak no language but that of freemen. In an address to the Chief Magistrate of the United States, there is no room for one word of compliment or flattery. But with grateful remembrance of your services to the country;—with becoming respect for your station, the most exalted on earth;—and with UNANIMOUS approbation of the firm, resolute, and patriotic stand which you assumed, in the late alarming crisis of affairs, in order to preserve that happy union under one constitutional head,—for the establishment of which those streets were wrapped in fire, and this hill was drenched in blood;—with one heart and one voice;—we bid you welcome to BUNKER-HILL.

To the foregoing Address the President made the following Reply:—

Sir—For the kind reception you have given me, in behalf of the citizens of Charlestown, and for the friendly sentiments expressed on this occasion, I return you my sincere thanks.

It is one of the most gratifying incidents of my life, to meet my fellow-citizens upon Bunker-Hill, at the base of that Monument, which their patriotism is erecting; and upon the sacred spot hallowed by so many interesting recollections:—A spot rich in the various national objects which it presents to view, and richer still in the associations, moral and historical, which belong to it.

The earlier incidents of the revolution;—the high-toned patriotic declarations;—the stern determination to meet the coming events, and the vigorous preparations to resist them successfully;—the great battle which opened the revolutionary contest, whose full results upon human institutions are yet to be disclosed, and in which,—if your sacred Mount was lost, and if your devoted town was consumed,—imperishable glory was acquired;—the services, the sacrifices, and the sufferings of this generous and enlightened state, and the memory of the renowned men she has furnished for the field and the cabinet; all these recollections crowd upon the mind, and render this one of the high places, where the American citizen will ever repair, to contemplate the past and indulge in the anticipation of the future.

And when to all these are added your moral, social, literary, and religious institutions,—your happy equality of condition,—your charitable establishments,—your foundations for education,—the general diffusion of knowledge,—your industry and enterprise;—and when we reflect that most of this is common to the New-England states, you may well be proud of your native land, and our country may well be proud of New-England.

I have seen much to admire and emulate,—nothing to excite regret;—and if my journey be attended with no other result to myself, I shall feel amply repaid, by witnessing this fair prospect of human comfort; and by finding, that, however high I had rated the moral and intellectual character of the eastern portion of the Union, I had yet to learn, that I had not done it justice. I do not speak of the personal kindness I have met with: I cannot. But the impression is on my heart; it will only leave me when life departs.

I accept with gratitude the interesting relics you have presented to me. I am sure I speak the sentiments of my fellow-soldiers upon the plains of New-Orleans, when I say, that to be associated with the memory of that band of patriots, who fought with Warren, when he sealed his principles with his life, is the highest meed of praise, which our country could bestow. I am sensible that we owe it to a too partial estimate of our services. It was my good fortune, on that eventful day, to lead an army composed of American citizens, appreciating the value of the prize they contended for, and determined upon exertions proportioned to its magnitude;—and it was theirs to expel a superior force, and to preserve an important section of the Union.

Accept, Sir, for yourself, my acknowledgements for your personal kindness.

From Charlestown, the President proceeded towards Lynn and Marblehead. He was escorted into Lynn, by three Independent Companies, and an elegant collation was provided for him. On the common, a decorated arch was erected, after passing which, the pupils of the several schools, to the number of 500, appeared in view. At the entrance of Marblehead, arches were erected over the street through which he passed, and a large cavalcade accompanied him through the town. A collation was provided, and various other demonstrations of respect and hospitality were exhibited. At the Salem line, the arrival of the cavalcade was announced by a salute of artillery. He was addressed by Nathaniel Frothingham,

Esq. chairman of the Selectmen, and welcomed to the town in an appropriate manner. His reply was very brief, and the manner of its delivery indicated extreme feebleness of body. Having been landed at his quarters, he appeared for a few minutes at the piazza, wrapped in his cloak, and, with every indication of exhaustion and indisposition, waved his hat gracefully to the crowd. He then retired, and it was announced by the Chief Marshal, that he would not make his appearance again, or receive any visits during the day. He visited the East-India Museum the next morning, and soon after departed for Lowell, passing through Andover.

The reception of the President at Lowell was magnificent. He approached the place about three o'clock. The military escort was composed of a company of artillery, a company of riflemen, several companies of light infantry, and a procession of young females employed in the factories. The number of women in this procession was from 3000 to 4000. All were neatly dressed in white, with sashes of different colors to designate the different manufacturing establishments, to which each respectively belonged. They were formed four deep. The length of the procession gave occasion to a spectator to remark that there was a *mile of girls*. After the President and suite had arrived at the Merrimac Hotel, the whole procession passed in review before him. The manufacturing works had all been suspended during the day, and, at the request of the President, one of the mills was put in operation, that he might witness the ingenuity of the machinery, and the immense power of the water-wheels. He appeared to be much engaged, and made such inquiries as evinced that he felt a deep interest in the establishments and the progress of the manufactures. He afterwards attended a public dinner at the Merrimac Hotel, and proceeded to Concord, N. H. the next day.

At Concord, the President was received by the state authorities, (the legislature being in session) and by the citizens, in a manner both grand and imposing. He was addressed by the chairman of the committee, and made a short reply.

This northern tour was terminated at Concord. It was originally the intention of the President to visit the states of Maine and Vermont; but ill health induced him to set out on his return to Washington, on Monday, the first day of July. He returned with great

speed, and, avoiding Boston and New-York, and making no stop in Philadelphia or Baltimore, reached the Capitol on Thursday, the fourth.

MAINE.

Bowdoin College. President Allen has resumed the functions of his office in this institution. Some disapprobation was expressed, by a few of the students; but after the President had read the opinion of Judge Story, and made an address to the students, his return was greeted with an unanimous burst of applause. The opinion was delivered at the session of the Circuit Court of the United States in Portland, in May last. The principles it embraces are highly important, and are discussed with the usual clearness and ability of the learned Judge. The ground of the action, which it decided, is an act of the legislature of Maine, passed in March, 1831, and *acquiesced in* by the Board of Overseers of the College in September following. The act provided that the office of the Presidents of all the Colleges in the state should be vacated after the next commencement, and that, thereafter, two-thirds of each Board of the College—the trustees and the overseers—should be necessary to re-elect a President. It also made the President removeable at the pleasure of the Boards. In September, the Boards proceeded to an election, but were unable to make a choice by the required majority. The College has therefore remained without an acknowledged President. This action was brought by President Allen against the Treasurer of the College, for his salary and perquisites,—viz. one thousand dollars a year, and five dollars for all diplomas issued since September, 1831. On the first point, the Court decided that President Allen could maintain the action against the Treasurer of the College for the fees received for degrees, because by the charter, they were required to be paid to the Treasurer for the use of the President. But as to the salary, it was held not to be maintainable. A verdict was accordingly entered for such a sum as should be found to be due by an auditor for fees received for degrees.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

The Legislature closed its session on Saturday, July 6. The House of Representatives, by a vote of 109 to 86, refused to appropriate \$10,000 towards the erection of an Insane Hospital. The resolution proposing this appro-

priation contained a condition, that \$10,000 should be raised by subscription for the same purpose. A bill from the Senate, proposing to repeal the laws for the better observance of the Sabbath, was indefinitely postponed by the House by a vote of 121 to 56. Another bill from the Senate, for the repeal of the act allowing bounties for the destruction of crows, wild-cats, &c. was postponed until the next session of the Legislature. The resolution from the Senate, requiring that the sense of the people shall be taken at the annual meeting in March next on the expediency of revising the constitution, was adopted by the House by a vote of 90 to 53. The committee of the House of Representatives on Public Lands, to whom were referred the resolutions of the Legislature of Massachusetts, in favor of a distribution of the proceeds of the sales of the public lands of the United States among the several states, reported that it is not expedient to legislate upon the subject. When the report was taken into consideration, Mr. Livermore moved to amend it by striking out the word *not*. On this question, an animated debate arose, which terminated in the rejection of the motion, and the adoption of the report by a vote of 150 to 51.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Commerce and Navigation. It is stated by the Taunton Gazette, that the shipping of Massachusetts is more numerous than that of any state in the Union, and in the extent of its foreign commerce, it is second only to New-York. The value of imports into the state during the year ending September 30th, 1832, was \$18,118,900, of which \$17,670,184 in value, were imported in American vessels. The value of exports from the state in the same year was \$11,993,768, of which \$4,656,635 in value, was of domestic produce. The amount of shipping owned in the state, and employed in the foreign and coasting trade, and in the fisheries, on the last day of December, 1831, was 342,676 19 tons—it being 4,837 78 tons greater than the amount owned and employed in the business in the state of New-York. The Fisheries were formerly considered of greater importance than all the other maritime interests of Massachusetts. They are still important, and the state continues more extensively engaged in them than all the other states in the Union. The shipping in this state employed in the Fisheries on the last day of December, 1831,

amounted to 142,733 74 tons, of which 69,055 51 tons were engaged in the Whale Fishery, 38,724 88 tons in the Cod Fishery, and 34,943 32 in the Mackerel Fishery. Of the shipping of Massachusetts, 17,659 tons belong to the district of Newburyport, 1,567 to Ipswich, 12,838 to Gloucester, 25,539 to Salem, 6,914 to Marblehead, 138,174 to Boston, 17,877 to Plymouth, 3,809 to Dighton, 64,049 to New-Bedford, 26,857 to Barnstable, 2,620 to Edgartown, and 24,678 to Nantucket.

Divinity School at Cambridge. The annual visitation of the Divinity School of Harvard College took place in the college chapel on the 17th of July. Twelve discourses were read by the same number of individuals, who composed the graduating class.

RHODE-ISLAND.

At the recent session of the Legislature, a resolution was introduced into the House of Representatives, postponing until the next session the further consideration of a memorial, which urged that the several Masonic Lodges may be cited to appear, to show cause why their charters should not be declared to be forfeited, and ordering the memorialists to cause notice of the pending of the memorial to be given by the corporators, by publishing a copy of the resolution. It was proposed to amend this resolution by substituting another, to the effect, that the several Lodges be cited to appear at the next session, to show cause why their charters should not be withdrawn. The purpose of the amendment appeared to be, to prevent the order of notice from containing any reference to the memorial. The original resolution was adopted, the amendment being rejected by a vote of 32 to 15. The session of the General Assembly terminated on Saturday, June 29. A resolution, declaring the election of Mr. Robbins, as a Senator in Congress, null and void, was postponed until the next session.

NEW-YORK.

University of New-York. The cornerstone of this Institution was laid on the 16th of July, with appropriate ceremony. The Officers and Students of the University, the President and Professors of Columbia College, the Clergy, Mayor, Recorder, and City Authorities, Strangers, and a large assemblage of citizens formed in procession at the centre of Washington Square, and marched to the site of the University, which fronts the square on its northeast cor-

ner. Having arrived at the spot henceforth devoted to literature and science, the Rev. Dr. Milnor commenced the exercises of the afternoon by a brief, but pertinent introductory address. He alluded to the object which had called the assemblage together, and remarked that it was a ceremony sanctioned by usage, and suited to the importance of the institution. It was for the purpose of laying the corner-stone of an edifice whose exterior should add to the architectural beauty of the city, whilst the exercises within its walls, would, it was hoped, improve its moral and intellectual condition. It was founded in a catholic spirit and in conformity with the liberal views of the age. Various Christian denominations had united in its establishment, and it was intended to present the character of a Christian institution, without inculcating the distinctive tenets of any particular sect, and to prepare the student for usefulness in the world, by enlightening the understanding, rather than by controlling it. Dr. Milnor then invoked the blessing of Heaven upon the enterprize now undertaken. The Rev. Dr. Matthews, Chancellor of the University, addressed the assembly, and presented a succinct history of its origin and progress to the present period, and explained, at some length, the particular objects proposed in the plan of instruction to be adopted in it. A cardinal point would be to render education auxiliary to the practical pursuits of life, without falling below the standard, in literary and scientific attainments, of other institutions of the country. The Chancellor then proceeded to perform the ceremony of laying the corner-stone, (in which were enclosed copies of the Scriptures, the character and statutes of the University, and several other publications relative to the institution, and to the events of the day,) and concluded with the following words:—

"With these hopes and prospects, in the name of The Most High God, The Father, The Son, and The Holy Ghost, from whom cometh down every good gift and every perfect gift, and with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning, *do we now lay this Corner-Stone of the University of the City of New-York*; and with the humble hope of his blessing and favor, we dedicate it—

"TO THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM—of Freedom, Civil, Intellectual, and Religious; and to that high cause for which our fathers were first exiles, and then warriors. May this institution furnish able and devoted sons, who will appreciate and maintain the privileges transmitted to them as their heritage and their birthright. We dedicate it,

"TO THE CAUSE OF LETTERS—OF SCIENCE, AND OF EDUCATION:—the brightest earthly or-

naments of a nation as free and happy as ours, and without which, freedom itself soon degenerates into coarse licentiousness, and results in anarchy and every evil work. We dedicate it,

"TO THE CAUSE OF RELIGION—for without this, the tree of knowledge is severed from the tree of life; but with it, Freedom and Knowledge alike become sanctioned into blessings that endure forever.

"And firmly and permanently as we have now laid this corner-stone in its place, would we also lay this Institution deep in the affections and confidence of this community; and commit it confidently to the care and patronage of Him who sees the end from the beginning, and in whom we trust, that after our names and memorials shall have passed away, this University will remain a pillar of light and glory to our city and our nation. *Esto perpetua!*"

The ceremonies were concluded with a prayer and benediction by the Rev. Mr. Cone.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Girard College. On the fourth of July, the corner-stone of the Girard College at Philadelphia was laid with imposing ceremonies. An address was delivered by the Hon. John Sergeant, of which the following were the concluding sentences:—

In the name of *Stephen Girard, of the city of Philadelphia, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, merchant and mariner*, we lay the foundation of this *Girard College for Orphans*. We dedicate it to the cause of CHARITY, which not only feeds and clothes the destitute, but wisely confers the greatest blessings on the greatest sufferers;

To the cause of *Education*, which gives to human life its chief value;

To the cause of *Morals*, without which, knowledge were worse than unavailing; and finally,

To the cause of our *Country*, whose service is the noblest object to which knowledge and morals can be devoted.

Long may this structure stand, in its majestic simplicity, the pride and admiration of our latest posterity: long may it continue to yield its annual harvest of educated and moral citizens to adorn and to defend our country. Long may each successive age enjoy its still increasing benefits, when time shall have filled its halls with the memory of the mighty dead who have been reared within them, and shed over its outward beauty, the mellowing hues of a thousand years of renown.

The college is located on a tract of land, containing forty-five acres, situated on the Ridge Road, one and a quarter mile from the city. The estate was purchased from Mr. William Parker, by Mr. Girard, a short time before his death, for the purposes of the college. The College is located parallel with the city streets, fronting the south. The land at the base of the building is 26 feet above the reservoir on Fair Mount. The whole height of the edifice is 97 feet, making the elevation of the roof 123 feet above the said reservoir.

NORTH-CAROLINA.

The Internal Improvement Convention of the state of North-Carolina met at Raleigh, on the 4th of July. The Hon. D. L. Swain, Governor of the state, was chosen President, and two Secretaries were appointed. One hundred and eighteen delegates were present. A Committee, composed of one member from each county delegation, was appointed, to whom were referred all matters of inquiry, with instructions to make a general report. This committee made a detailed report on Friday afternoon, which produced protracted discussion. After being modified in several particulars it was finally adopted, on Saturday. Nearly the whole of the debate which occurred in the Convention, took place on a resolution reported by the Committee, which affirms "that the true policy of the state requires that its funds should, in the first instance, be *exclusively* applied to providing the means of internal transportation, and in creating and improving markets within her own limits." The true point appears to have been whether the necessary improvements should not terminate at some point or points in North-Carolina, rather than be connected with improvements, in other

states on the north, south and west, which might lead the trade to Norfolk, or to Charleston, or down the western waters to New-Orleans.

The resolutions finally adopted declare it expedient that "a liberal system of internal improvements should be immediately organized and vigorously prosecuted ;"

That the General Assembly ought to provide "by law or otherwise," a fund for purposes of Internal Improvement ;

That this fund ought to be applied, "in the first instance, *exclusively*" to creating and improving markets within the limits of the state ;

That provision ought to be made by law, that the state shall subscribe for *two-fifths* of the stock of every company chartered for internal improvement ; and

That every company so chartered, ought to have power to cross and intersect at pleasure, any work previously authorized or made.

Committees of correspondence and to address the people of the state on the subject were appointed, and a memorial was directed to be laid before the next legislature. A new convention was recommended, to be held in November next, to deliberate farther.

DEATHS,

AND OBITUARY NOTICES OF PERSONS LATELY DECEASED.

In New-York, on the evening of the first of June, OLIVER WOLCOTT, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. The name of Oliver Wolcott, signed, by the father of him whose death is now commemorated, to the Declaration of Independence, is associated in our historical annals with nought but illustrious deeds. The signer of the Declaration of Independence, and who was afterwards made a Brigadier-General on the field of battle at Saratoga—and subsequently to the peace was long Governor of Connecticut—had in him who has now gone to join the heroic band of the revolution, a worthy son. While yet a boy, he marched as a volunteer in the hastily mustered forces that repelled the British marauders, who, during the revolutionary war, attacked Danbury in Connecticut, and burnt Norwalk. His mother, with Spartan heroism, buckled on his knapsack and placed the musket in his hands. His whole subsequent life proved that the virtues and patriotism of such parents were not degenerate in him. Educated for the bar, he had hardly entered upon his career when the discerning eye of Washington selected him for Comptroller of the Treasury ; in which office he remained till Alexander Hamilton retired from the post of Secretary of the Treasury, when the same unerring judgement promoted the Comptroller to the head of the Department and made him Secretary. This office Mr. Wolcott filled with unquestioned ability and integrity during the resi-

due of Gen. Washington's administration, and the whole term of that of John Adams. He was one of the Circuit Judges appointed by Mr. Adams under the Judiciary act passed at the close of his administration, but which, ere it had well gone into effect, was repealed under Mr. Jefferson. Thus thrown out of public life, at the early age of forty, Mr. Wolcott removed to New-York in 1800, and commenced business as a merchant. He was soon at the head of a flourishing house in the China trade, and was President of the Merchants' Bank, and subsequently of the Bank of America. On the breaking out of the war with Great-Britain, in 1812, he closed his mercantile concerns, and, under the full conviction that the war was both just and politic, gave the whole support of his name, and means, and talents, to the administration—differing therein from the political friends with whom he had always before acted. After the close of the war, Mr. Wolcott returned to his native village of Litchfield, in Connecticut, occupying himself in the quiet cultivation of a farm, and the society of his books. He was soon called by the voice of his fellow-citizens to preside over the state—as his father for many years had done before—and for ten successive elections he was chosen Governor of Connecticut.

At the close of this period he removed again to New-York, to be in the vicinity of his children, who were settled there ; and living in

great retirement and privacy, he there breathed his last. The character of Mr. Wolcott was strongly marked. Stern, inflexible and devoted, in all that duty, honor and patriotism enjoined, he was in private life of the utmost gentleness, kindness and simplicity.

The body was removed to Litchfield, and deposited in its final resting place, with the customary funeral obsequies.

In Manchester, Vt. the Hon RICHARD SKINNER, aged 55 years. On the 10th of May, Judge Skinner had occasion to visit a neighboring town for the transaction of business. On that occasion he was accidentally thrown from his wagon, and received a severe wound on his head, and very serious injury in his side and other parts of his body. He was removed to his own residence on the Friday following, and died on the 23d, two weeks after the injury was received. He was born in Litchfield, Con., on the 30th of May, 1778. He was admitted to the Bar of Litchfield Co. in 1800, and removed to Manchester the same year. In 1801 he received the office of States Attorney; was appointed Judge of Probate in 1809, and elected a member of Congress in 1813. In the year 1816 he was appointed Associate Judge of the Supreme Court in Vermont, and received the office of Chief Justice the year following. In 1818 he was a member of the State Legislature and Speaker of the House of Representatives. In 1820 he was chosen Governor, in which office he continued three years. He was re-appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court in 1824, and resigned in 1829. He was President of the North Western Branch of the American Education Society; a Trustee of Middlebury College, and of the Burr Seminary. As an advocate, he was indefatigable in investigation, careful and thorough in his prepara-

tions, in argument ingenious and successful. As a Jurist, he was well versed in the principles of law. As a Judge, he was able, dignified, and impartial—correct and felicitous in the application of legal principles, and thorough and expeditious in the discharge of business. He made a public profession of religion in 1829. His views of Christian doctrine were clear and consistent, yet he was exceedingly distrustful of his own piety. When actively engaged in the duties of religion, his doubts seemed to be forgotten, and his heart kindled with free devotion. As a companion, Judge Skinner was communicative and agreeable; as a husband, tender and affectionate; as a father, mild and firm, uniform in the government of his family, commanding the affection and respect of all the members of his household. The various institutions with which he was connected will miss his counsel and co-operation; and the community at large will realize the loss of a distinguished and useful fellow-citizen.

In Springfield, Ms. Major MOSES WHITE, of Lancaster, N. H. aged 77. He was an officer in the revolutionary army from its beginning, and sustained an honorable part in many actions throughout the war. In private as well as public life, he was a man of firm and manly principle, and delicate and disinterested feeling, inspiring all his acquaintance with sentiments of respect and regard. After a life, useful and unstained, but like those of some of his associates of the Revolution, darkened by much disappointment and sorrow, he rests from his labors. All who knew him, say, that an upright and excellent man is gone from among them; and there are many who lament him more deeply as an affectionate father, and a wise, venerable, and most faithful friend.

OUR FILE.

We insert the following letter with perfect cheerfulness and good will, and also without any "compunctious visitings of nature." If the lady, who was the subject of the criticism in our last number, together with the "whole family, resided in England about seven years," as we are informed, during her childhood, it is not very remarkable that she should be supposed, by one who had no personal acquaintance, to be an English woman.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

In the "Literary Notices" of the last (July) number of the New-England Magazine, there is a mistake which requires to be rectified. It is there asserted that Miss Leslie, the author of "Pencil Sketches; or Outlines of American Character and Manners," is an "Englishwoman," and her book is reviewed as the production of one whose "national prepossessions" are English, and motives in writing to give a representation of the prominent faults and follies of Americans, in order to "expose to ridicule or reprobation some particular custom, or class of people, or state of society."

Now this view of the book is entirely erroneous. Miss Leslie is an American, born in Philadelphia; her parents and grand-parents were natives of Maryland; it is nearly a century since her ancestors, by the father's side, emigrated from Scotland to this country; her maternal ancestors were Swedes, and she has not a drop of English blood in her veins.

I am thus particular, because Miss Leslie, being in heart and mind, in feeling and principle, by birth and education, devotedly American, considers it no light accusation to be called an *Englishwoman writing about America*. Nor while we reflect that this impression, if suffered to remain on the public mind, would rank her with the Trollopes, and Fiddlers, and other British describers of American manners, can we wonder at the mortification and regret she feels when introduced to her readers as an alien and a spy.

Presuming that the editor of the New-England Magazine will be ready and willing to correct any erroneous impression his works may have disseminated, the above statement is respectfully submitted to him by

A FRIEND OF MISS LESLIE.

2. /

J. S. [illegible] [illegible]

Secretary of Education Boston

HON: EDW.^D EVERETT.

For the NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE

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THE
NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1833.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

THE biography of individuals, who have passed from the stage of life, distinguished by their actions and virtues, is not only a proper tribute to their memories, but the best lesson for imitation to those they leave behind. But the biography of the living, alike distinguished, has additional advantages. If it is just, it is a higher reward to a virtuous life than posthumous biography. It is a living, and therefore a more impressive, example for imitation; and it enables society more fully to appreciate, and apply to the most beneficial purposes, those talents and virtues, which, without such publication, would be known in a sphere almost infinitely smaller. These remarks naturally occur to the mind in presenting to the public a sketch of the life of the Hon. Edward Everett.

Mr. Everett was born in Dorchester, Norfolk County, Massachusetts, in 1794. He descended from one of the earliest settlers of that state, who, near two centuries since, established himself in Dedham, where the family yet remain, reputable farmers. The grandfather of Mr. Everett was a farmer in that town. His father, Oliver Everett, was apprenticed to a carpenter. After coming of age, he prepared himself for college, which he entered, somewhat late in life. In 1782, he was settled as the pastor of the New South Church, in Boston. In the Biographical Dictionary of President Allen, it is stated "that after a ministry of ten years, and after having acquired a high reputation for the very extraordinary powers of his mind, the state of his health induced him to ask a dismissal from his people, in 1792."—President Kirkland was his successor in that church. After retiring from the

ministry, he purchased an estate in Dorchester, where he resided until his death, in 1802. In 1799, he was appointed a Judge of the Common Pleas,—this office he held until his death. He left eight children, of whom the subject of this sketch was the fourth.

Mr. Edward Everett received his early education at the town schools of Dorchester and Boston, with the exception of a few months at Exeter Academy, and at a private school under the charge of the late Ezekiel Webster, of New-Hampshire. At thirteen years old Mr. Everett entered the University. He was the youngest member of his class. He graduated in 1811, having sustained, through his collegiate course, the highest reputation as a scholar.

The law was the profession of his choice,—a profession in which he must have attained a most distinguished rank. But, at that early period of his life, being only seventeen, he yielded his own opinion to the persuasion of his friends, particularly to the influence of his pastor, the late Rev. J. S. Buckminster. He pursued the study of divinity two years, at Cambridge, during one of which he filled the office of Latin tutor. In 1813, at nineteen years old, he succeeded his friend, Mr. Buckminster, as pastor of the church in Brattle-street, in Boston. His labors in his profession were most successful and arduous; so much so as to impair his health. During the first eight months of his ministry, in addition to his pulpit and pastoral duties, he wrote a most able defence of Christianity in reply to the work of Mr. English.

In 1815, the professorship of Greek Literature was founded in Cambridge, by Mr. Elliot. Mr. Everett was invited to accept this office, receiving, with the invitation, permission to visit Europe to recruit his health. He asked and received a dismissal from his church, and was inducted into the professorship before he was twenty-one years old.

In the spring of 1815, Mr. Everett embarked at Boston, for Liverpool, in one of the first ships that sailed after the peace, intending immediately to visit the Continent. But, on his arrival at Liverpool, he learned the escape of Napoleon from Elba, and was detained in London until after the battle of Waterloo. From London he went, by the way of Holland, to Gottingen, which was, at that time, the seat of the most famous German university. He remained there more than two years, to acquire the German language—to ascertain the state of learning and the mode of instruction in the German universities—and to study those branches of ancient literature appropriate to his professorship. During this residence, he visited Prussia, Holland, and many of the German cities; and, during his residence abroad, made the acquaintance of a large portion of the men of letters in Europe. The winter of 1817–18, he spent in Paris, devoted to studies subsidiary to

his professorship. He there formed the acquaintance of Koray, whose writings have so powerfully contributed to the regeneration of modern Greece, and from him Mr. Everett derived no small share of the great interest he has uniformly evinced in the cause of that country. In the spring of 1818 he went to London, and was for several weeks in daily attendance in Parliament. He also spent a few weeks at Oxford and Cambridge, and visited Wales and Scotland. In the autumn of that year, he visited the most interesting parts of France, Switzerland, and Italy. He spent the winter in Rome, occupied in the study of ancient literature and antiquities, enjoying constant access to the library of the Vatican. At this period, he made the acquaintance of Canova, then employed on the Statue of Washington. General Lyman was his fellow-traveler during most of the tour after leaving Germany. They went in company to the Ionian Islands and Greece, and were, at Yanina, treated with great kindness by Ali Pacha, to whom they carried letters of introduction from Lord Byron. After visiting all that was interesting in Greece, they proceeded to Troy, Constantinople, and Adrianople, and crossed the Balkan near the road taken by the Russian army. They then proceeded through Vienna to Paris and London, and returned home to the United States in 1819—Mr. Everett having been absent more than four years and a half.

Soon after his return, he was invited by the proprietors of the *North-American Review* to join them and assume the editorship of that journal. Until this period, this Review was published once in two months, and the subscription did not exceed six hundred. Under the auspices of Mr. Everett it was changed into a quarterly publication, a new series was commenced, and so rapid was the increase of the circulation, that it became necessary to republish a second and even a third edition of some of the numbers. This was the first instance of a critical journal that succeeded in establishing itself firmly in this country.

Mr. Everett, in this undertaking, received not only the aid of the former contributors, but that of many new ones, and was particularly indebted to his distinguished brother, A. H. Everett, late minister to Spain. In 1823, the editorship passed into the hands of Mr. Sparks, and afterwards into those of Mr. A. H. Everett. During all this period, however, Mr. Edward Everett has regularly contributed to this journal, especially since his brother assumed the editorial conduct of it. From the first moment of his connexion with the Review, he gave it an American character and spirit. He defended our country against the slanders of British tourists and essayists. He had discovered, whilst abroad, that the war kept up against us was a war against liberal

principles, and that America was vilified in order that free institutions might be disparaged. This unbroken tide of detraction was producing an unfavorable influence on the minds of our young men. In the second number of the new series, in commenting on Mr. Walsh's "Appeal from the Judgements of Great-Britain," Mr. Everett commenced a systematic vindication of our country. This called forth a flippant commentary from one of the contributors to the *New Monthly Magazine*, then edited by Thomas Campbell. To this Mr. Everett rejoined. Mr. Campbell, in a subsequent number, bestowed his approbation on this reply. These articles have been approved by the candid presses in England, and been well received here, and have had great influence in changing the character of the English press to a more respectful tone towards this country.

After Mr. Everett's return from Europe, he fixed his residence at Cambridge, and entered on the duties of his professorship. He prepared and delivered a complete course of lectures on the history of Greek literature, containing an account of the lives and works of every Greek classic author, besides several shorter courses, amongst them one on Antiquities, and another on Ancient Art. He also prepared a translation of Buttman's German Greek Grammar, and a class-book on the basis of Jacob's Greek Reader.

The situation of Greece had ever excited the deepest sympathies of Mr. Everett; and the "restoration of Greece" had formed the subject of his Oration so early as 1814, when he took his second degree at the University. This interest had been greatly increased by his personal intercourse with Greeks, his personal observation of their capacity for improvement, and their oppressions. In 1822, he received from Koray the address of the first revolutionary body assembled in Greece, to the people of the United States, with a request to translate and publish it. This failed, however, to attract much notice. But in 1823, in the *North-American Review* for October, Mr. Everett published a most animated appeal to the people of America, containing an entire translation of the Constitution of Epidaurus. A great interest in behalf of Greece soon manifested itself in various parts of the Union, and liberal subscriptions were made in aid of the cause; and, at the next session of Congress, Mr. Webster took up the subject, and urged it upon the American people.

† In 1824, when La Fayette visited Cambridge, Mr. Everett, who had formed his acquaintance at Paris, was selected as the Orator of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. The subject of his Oration, was *the peculiar motives to intellectual exertion in America*. In discussing the various topics thus presented, Mr. Everett dwelt largely on the new form of

civil society, which has been here devised and established—the extension of one language, government and character, over so vast a space as the United States of America—and the growth of the country, with a rapidity entirely without example in the old world.^x Our dry detail of facts in chronological order, (of which this memoir is chiefly composed,) will be relieved by an extract from this Oration, taken almost without choice in selection.

“This march of our population westward has been attended with consequences in some degree novel, in the history of the human mind. It is a fact, somewhat difficult of explanation, that the refinement of the ancient nations seemed almost wholly devoid of an elastic and expansive principle. The arts of Greece were enchained to her islands and her coasts; they did not penetrate the interior. The language and literature of Athens were as unknown, to the north of Pindus, at a distance of two hundred miles from the capital of Grecian refinement, as they were in Scythia. Thrace, whose mountain tops may almost be seen from the porch of the temple of Minerva at Sunium, was the proverbial abode of barbarism. Though the colonies of Greece were scattered on the coasts of Italy, of France, of Spain, and of Africa, no extension of their population toward the interior took place, and the arts did not penetrate beyond the walls of the cities, where they were cultivated. How different is the picture of the diffusion of the arts and improvements of civilization, from the coast to the interior of America! Population advances westward with a rapidity, which numbers may describe, indeed, but cannot represent, with any vivacity, to the mind. The wilderness, which one year is impassable, is traversed the next by the caravans of the industrious emigrants, who go to follow the setting sun, with the language, the institutions, and the arts of civilized life. It is not the irruption of wild barbarians, come to visit the wrath of God on a degenerate empire; it is not the inroad of disciplined banditti, marshaled by the intrigues of ministers and kings. It is the human family led out to possess its broad patrimony. The states and nations, which are springing up in the valley of the Missouri, are bound to us by the dearest ties of a common language, a common government, and a common descent. Before New-England can look with coldness on their rising myriads, she must forget that some of the best of her own blood is beating in their veins; that her hardy children, with their axes on their shoulders, have been literally among the pioneers in this march of humanity; that, young as she is, she has become the mother of populous states. What generous mind would sacrifice to a selfish preservation of local preponderance, the delight of beholding civilized nations rising up in the desert; and the language, the manners, the institutions, to which he has been reared, carried with his household gods to the foot of the Rocky Mountains? Who can forget that this extension of our territorial limits is the extension of the empire of all we hold dear; of our laws, of our character, of the memory of our ancestors, of the great achievements in our history? Whithersoever the sons of the thirteen states shall wander, to southern or western climes, they will send back their hearts to the rocky shores, the battle fields, and the intrepid councils of the Atlantic

coast. These are placed beyond the reach of vicissitude. They have become already matter of history, of poetry, of eloquence :

The love, where death has set his seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow.

“ Divisions may spring up, ill blood may burn, parties be formed, and interests may seem to clash ; but the great bonds of the nation are linked to what is passed. The deeds of the great men, to whom this country owes its origin and growth, are a patrimony, I know, of which its children will never deprive themselves. As long as the Mississippi and the Missouri shall flow, those men and those deeds will be remembered on their banks. The sceptre of government may go where it will ; but that of patriotic feeling can never depart from Judah. In all that mighty region, which is drained by the Missouri and its tributary streams—the valley co-extensive with the temperate zone—will there be, as long as the name of America shall last, a father, that will not take his children on his knee and recount to them the events of the twenty-second of December, the nineteenth of April, the seventeenth of June, and the fourth of July ?

“ This then is the theatre, on which the intellect of America is to appear, and such the motives to its exertion ; such the mass to be influenced by its energies, such the crowd to witness its efforts, such the glory to crown its success. If I err, in this happy vision of my country's fortunes, I thank God for an error so animating. If this be false, may I never know the truth. Never may you, my friends, be under any other feeling, than that a great, a growing, an immeasurably expanding country is calling upon you for your best services. The name and character of our Alma Mater have already been carried by some of our brethren thousands of miles from her venerable walls ; and thousands of miles, still farther westward, the communities of kindred men are fast gathering, whose minds and hearts will act in sympathy with yours.

“ The most powerful motives call on us, as scholars, for those efforts, which our common country demands of all her children. Most of us are of that class, who owe whatever of knowledge has shone into our minds, to the free and popular institutions of our native land. There are few of us, who may not be permitted to boast, that we have been reared in an honest poverty or a frugal competence, and owe every thing to those means of education, which are equally open to all. We are summoned to new energy and zeal by the high nature of the experiment we are appointed in Providence to make, and the grandeur of the theatre on which it is to be performed. When the old world afforded no longer any hope, it pleased Heaven to open this last refuge of humanity. The attempt has begun, and is going on, far from foreign corruption, on the broadest scale, and under the most benignant prospects ; and it certainly rests with us to solve the great problem in human society, to settle, and that forever, the momentous question—Whether mankind can be trusted with a purely popular system ? One might almost think, without extravagance, that the departed wise and good of all places and times, are looking down from their happy seats, to witness what shall now be done by us ; that they who lavished their

treasures and their blood, of old, who labored and suffered, who spake and wrote, who fought and perished, in the one great cause of Freedom and Truth, are now hanging from their orbs on high, over the last solemn experiment of humanity. As I have wandered over the spots, once the scene of their labors, and, mused among the prostrate columns of their Senate Houses and Forums, I have seemed almost to hear a voice from the tombs of departed ages—from the sepulchres of the nations, which died before the sight. They exhort us, they adjure us to be faithful to our trust. They implore us, by the long trials of struggling humanity, by the blessed memory of the departed; by the dear faith, which has been plighted by pure hands, to the holy cause of truth and man; by the awful secrets of the prison-houses, where the sons of freedom have been immured; by the noble heads which have been brought to the block; by the wrecks of time, by the eloquent ruins of nations,—they conjure us not to quench the light which is rising on the world. Greece cries to us, by the convulsed lips of her poisoned, dying Demosthenes; and Rome pleads with us, in the mute persuasion of her mangled Tully."

Until 1824, Mr. Everett had taken no part in politics. The representative of Middlesex district to Congress had declined a re-election, and another candidate had been regularly nominated. Without being consulted, Mr. Everett was nominated by a volunteer convention. Not intending to relinquish his professorship, before he consented to become a candidate, he consulted his friends, and some of the high officers of the University, who gave it as their opinion, that he would be allowed to retain his professorship, as Mr. Adams had, whilst in the Senate of the United States. Unexpectedly to himself, he was elected by a handsome majority; and equally unexpected was the decision of the Corporation of the University, that, by accepting a seat in Congress, he had vacated his professorship, as he had not the slightest idea of retiring from Academic life. But his final separation from the University was amicable, and he was shortly after elected, by the overseers, a permanent member of that body. X

In December, 1824, he delivered the anniversary oration at Plymouth; and, on the April following, the half-century oration at Concord, on the battle which commenced the war of the revolution. These orations are rich repasts to those who would study the feelings and principles of our fathers.

In December, 1825, he took his seat in Congress. His reputation had preceded him, and he was placed on the Committee of Foreign Affairs. The Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Affairs being opposed to the mission at Panama, Mr. Everett drew the report of the committee on that subject, in which he fully sustained the policy of our government towards the American governments, and the propriety of the mission. He also made the report, from that Committee, on the

X In new Journal of the American...

spoliations, by foreign powers, on our commerce. He had previously urged the validity of our claims in the *North-American Review*. His papers on that subject have since been collected in a volume. At this session, he took part in the debate on Mr. McDuffie's proposed amendment of the Constitution.

On the fourth of July, 1826, a day signalized by the simultaneous deaths of Adams and Jefferson, he delivered a most popular oration before the citizens of Cambridge, and, on the first day of August subsequent, a eulogy on the characters of those deceased patriots.

In the autumn of that year he was re-elected, by a vote nearly unanimous, and has continued to be, with but little opposition, at every election, from that day to this. At the second session of the nineteenth Congress, he was chairman of the Committee to whom was referred the controversy between Georgia and the General Government, in relation to the Creek Indians, and from the immense mass of documents submitted to this Committee, he made an elaborate report on the principles which had regulated our relations with the Indian tribes, and the history of the troubles in Georgia.

In the recess between the sessions of Congress, he wrote a series of letters addressed to Mr. Canning, to disabuse the public mind in Europe and America, in relation to the misrepresentations, by Mr. Canning, of the course pursued by our government in this controversy. He also delivered the introductory lecture before the Mechanic Institute, then just formed in Boston, with Dr. Bowditch as President.

At the first session of the twentieth Congress, he was in the minority. He was, however, notwithstanding, placed by Mr. Speaker Stevenson, at the head of the Committee of Foreign Affairs, and drew all their reports at that session, some of which were of great labor and detail. At this session, the preposterous clamor about retrenchment was got up, and Mr. Everett defended the President, Mr. Adams, in the most able manner, against the unjust imputations that were cast on him during this electioneering movement. In his speech on this occasion, Mr. Everett predicted the dissolution of the unnatural combination formed to overthrow the existing administration—a prediction which has been since so fully verified.* Mr. Sergeant and Mr. Everett

* Before I sit down, Sir, I must ask leave to say, that if every member had spoken in the tone of the gentleman from Tennessee, [Mr. BELL,] I should probably not have troubled the House. To almost every remark that fell from him, I yielded a hearty assent. I feel, not less strongly than he, though I may be unable to express it with that manly force which enchained the attention of the House, that this warfare is *mali exempli*, without our even being able to plead, in excuse, that the bad example sprang from a good one. The gentleman, with a liberality which I could not but admire, however little I might be willing to sanction the consciousness of political strength with which he spoke, told us that the joy of the huntsman is in the chase, and that when the game is run down, he calls off the pack, and will not let them mangle the carcass. The gentleman cannot expect me to agree with him that the game is run down, but he will agree with me, that, of the

formed the minority of the Retrenchment Committee, and the masterly report from the minority was their joint production. Before the expiration of the first year of General Jackson's administration, the mover of this project, the Chairman of this Committee, and two other members, four ardent friends, at that time, of General Jackson, became his decided opponents.

In the summer of 1828, Mr. Everett delivered an oration on the Fourth of July, before the citizens of Charlestown. He also, during the same season, made a most appropriate address on the erection of an Obelisk, to the memory of Harvard, the founder of our University, in the Grave-Yard at Charlestown. This monument was erected at the expense of the Graduates, and was done at the suggestion of Mr. Everett. He also, in the *North-American Review* for October, exposed the gross misrepresentations of the *Quarterly Review*, in relation to our diplomatic intercourse. This article contained a minute account of the diplomatic controversy between this country and Great-Britain, for thirty years, particularly in relation to the North-Eastern Boundary, and the Mouth of the Columbia River.

During the recess of Congress, he devoted three months to visit the western states, and proceeded as far south as New-Orleans. Public dinners were given to him at Nashville and Lexington, and in other places he was invited to public entertainments, which his engagements compelled him to decline. He was every where received with the utmost kindness, and has uniformly expressed the highest sense of the kindness and hospitality of the people of that section, where his political opponents rivaled his friends in their attentions to him.

In the autumn of this year, he reviewed Captain Hall's travels, and, by contrasting his remarks on Canada with those on the United States,

pack which sprang at the throats of this administration, there were some, whose fangs were already fleshed in other game. And is the law of the chase altered? Will not what has been, again be? Believe me, Sir, it will; the fate of Actæon is no fable here: and scarcely will the gentleman's gallant huntsman—(unless some rare felicity of fortune shall elevate him above the lot of his predecessors,) scarcely will he have wound his horn in triumph, when he will find, to his amazement, that he is the game, and some of those who have shared in the triumph of the chase will turn and spring upon him.

Ille fugit per quæ fuerat loca sæpe secutus.

Sir, the gentleman will pardon my allusion, as I, most cheerfully, accepted his. I make it not insidiously, nor with the slightest shade of personality; but in some measure in consideration of the well-known composition of the two great parties, and still more on the immutable principles of our nature, by which it follows, of stern necessity, that

—— in these cases,
 We still have judgement here, that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
 To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
 To our own lips.

showed the absurd lengths to which Captain Hall had allowed his national prejudices to carry him.

At the ensuing session of Congress, he again served on the Committee of Foreign Affairs, but not as Chairman. He closed the debate on the part of the opponents of the Indian Bill, which passed at this session, and also took an active part in the debate on the bill in relation to the frauds in the Custom-House. In the course of this winter, he delivered the annual address before the Columbian Institute in the House of Representatives.

In the recess of Congress, he delivered, in Charlestown, an address on the completion of the second century from the arrival of Governor Winthrop at that place, and the foundation of the colony of Massachusetts proper. He also delivered the Fourth of July Oration at Lowell. In the October number of the *North-American Review*, he wrote an elaborate article on the public land system of the United States and nullification; and, in this article, introduced a letter he had received on that subject, from the venerable Madison. He also delivered an admirable address upon the Workingmen's party,—and the introductory Franklin lecture at Boston.

At the next session of Congress, on presenting some petitions, he gave a complete review of the points in which the rights of the Indians had been invaded by Georgia.

In the spring of 1831, he delivered a lecture before the Salem Lyceum on the subject of Reform, then agitated in England. This was afterwards enlarged, and published, in the form of a review, in the *North-American Review*. It attracted great attention here, and passed rapidly through three editions in London; it was cited (as a text) by both parties in Parliament; and few, if any, articles from a foreign source, have ever attracted so much attention. The next year, he further treated on this subject in the same Review. The past and passing events in England have stamped his views on this subject as prophetic, sound in principle, and profoundly imbued with a knowledge of the subject.

Mr. Everett had for several years been President of the Phi Beta Kappa Society. The mysterious name, oaths, and injunctions of secrecy, hieroglyphical characters, grips, medals, and ribbons, appeared to him so exceedingly useless, that, at his instance, a special meeting was called, at which the secret character of the society was changed, and the door of mystery unclosed.

In October, 1831, he delivered the annual address before the American Institute at New-York. In this address, he proved that the great inducement to the adoption of our Constitution, was the prospect it

held out of protection to manufactures. From that part of the address which had peculiar reference to this topic, we make the following extract :—

“ The present manufacturing system of the United States may be considered, partly as the result of the revenue laws of 1789, which remained without essential changes till the embargo of 1807, and partly as the effect of that and the other restrictive measures, and of the war which followed them. Those branches of industry, which are commonly called the mechanic arts, received, for the most part, though not without exception, an ample protection under the former laws :—manufactures on a large scale, requiring great capital and skill, owed their existence to the total interruption of commerce. In the combined result, a very large amount of American capital was, at the peace of 1815, found invested in manufactures. It was the prevalent opinion of the statesmen of that day, and those of the South among the foremost, that this capital ought to be protected ; and the success which had attended some of the manufactures, on a large scale, had produced some change in the public opinion, as to the capacity of the country to support them. At this period, however, and for several years after, it is well known, that the current of opinion ran strongly against the protection of manufactures, by high duties, in the commercial parts of the Union. By slow degrees, the manufacturing system has won its way to greatly increased favor, even in those parts of the country where our commerce principally centres. The question, both as one of principle and fact, is better understood by the lights of experience. It is now recollected, that our navigation at the moment of its extreme depression was raised up under a system of protecting duties. The obligation of protecting capital invested under the pledge of the public faith, against foreign legislation and the ruinous fluctuations of the foreign market, is felt. Every evil predicted as likely or certain to follow from the manufacturing system, has failed to arrive. High prices were foretold. The acquisition of skill and the perfection of machinery have enabled the manufacturer to afford his fabrics at greatly reduced but not unprofitable prices. A defalcation of the revenue was predicted. The revenue, instead of falling off, has steadily sustained itself ; and instead of being obliged to resort to direct taxes, which it was supposed as late as 1824, both by friend and foe, we should have to do, we are now threatened with a national crisis proceeding from an overflowing treasury. Our manufacturing establishments, instead of proving seminaries of vice, as was apprehended, are honorably distinguished for order and morality, as I know from my own observation of the largest in the United States. It was said that the grass would grow up between the paving-stones of our principal commercial cities. It is not so in Boston. You best know how it is in Pearl Street, Wall Street, and Broadway. Our commerce and navigation have suffered no diminution. Our ship-yards are in a state of the most profitable activity ; our coasting trade and internal commerce have greatly increased, and a general prosperity pervades the country.

“ One drawback only, and that much to be regretted, exists to the general satisfaction, which this state of things is calculated to inspire ;

—I allude, of course, to the dissatisfaction pervading a portion of the Planting states, by whom the laws passed for the protection of American industry, are deemed unconstitutional, and severely oppressive upon their interests. I certainly shall not, at this hour, engage in a constitutional argument; but I may observe that under a government organized upon a written constitution, almost every measure is likely to be represented, by its opponents, as unconstitutional. Few prominent measures of the government, from its organization, have failed to be considered as unconstitutional, by those opposed to them. The funding system and the assumption of the state debts,—the Bank of the United States,—the British Treaty,—the Alien and Sedition laws,—the purchase of Louisiana,—the embargo,—the use of the militia in time of war,—the system of internal improvements,—the provisions of the judiciary act,—and the protection of manufactures have been successively opposed as unconstitutional. It is, however, an important fact, that this last measure, the protection of manufactures, has but of late years been opposed, on that ground. By the first Congress, and many succeeding Congresses, it was not so regarded; and I have already attempted to show, that, but for the firm belief and ardent hope that the Federal Constitution would protect and encourage the manufactures of the United States, it would never have been adopted.

For this address, he received the gold medal of the Institute.

At the first session of the twenty-first Congress, he prepared the minority report on the apportionment bill, in which he sustained Mr. Webster's amendment. This he also advocated in a speech delivered on the passage of that bill. At the same session, he made a most elaborate speech on the tariff, in which he demonstrated, from a laborious examination of the results of the census, that the southern states were not injured by the tariff, and in which he showed the absurdity of the doctrine that the producer, and not the consumer, pays the duty.

He also prepared the address of the National Republican Convention, which met at Worcester in October last. And in his speech before his townsmen in Charlestown, at the subsequent election in November, he stated, that, if, in the impending crisis of the country, General Jackson should plant himself on the bulwarks of the Constitution, he would receive a warmer support from his opponents, than from a large class of his friends. This prediction, which has been so signally verified, was expressed by him in still stronger terms, many months previous, in his letters to his friends.

Such is a brief, and by no means complete, sketch of the indefatigable labors of Mr. Everett. No man in this country has had greater advantages for education, and no one has improved his opportunities more diligently and successfully. His genius and talents fit him to shine in every sphere of life. His temper, his manners, and his principles are calculated to conciliate universal friendship. He is always

ready, at the expense of his time and utmost exertions, to benefit and instruct his fellow-citizens, and to aid and advance every proper enterprise. Notwithstanding his incessant labor, he is ever ready for any new call. No man can be more entirely devoted to his duties. x His speeches are always made at the most appropriate times, and he uniformly brings to the debate new and important views. His style of eloquence is at once dignified and impressive—his language pure and elegant. He seldom, in his longest speeches, has recurrence to notes. He commands a breathless attention, x and his recent eloquent and most appropriate address at Faneuil Hall on the subject of the Bunker-Hill Monument—at Bunker-Hill on the visit of General Jackson—and at Worcester on the Fourth of July, are but fair specimens of what may ever be expected from him.

Mr. Everett, during his short and brilliant career,—notwithstanding the reproaches with which he has been visited for the expression of opinions at variance with those of some of his fellow-citizens,—has given unquestionable proofs of adherence to the principles which he considers essential to the security and prosperity of the state, and to the peace and happiness of the social community. Whatever conflicts may happen among the people, in consequence of differences of opinion on matters of inferior import and limited or local concern, it will be impossible that they should not look up to him as to one qualified to represent and protect their most important interests—to advocate their rights when denied, and to defend them when assailed—and to reflect back upon his constituents, with tenfold lustre, all the honors they confer. There is no office in their power to give, to which he may not aspire without arrogance, nor a station in the government, which he might not fill without hazarding the loss of personal honor or public respect.

THE BRAVE MAN.

A BALLAD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BÜRGER.

[This is one of the finest specimens of the Ballad poetry of Germany. It is written with great spirit and simplicity ; qualities which I have attempted to preserve in the translation, even at the expense of smoothness in the verse. Tr.]

High sounds the song of the valiant man,
Like clang of bells and organ-tone.
Him, whose high soul brave thoughts control,
Not gold rewards, but song alone.
Thank Heaven for song and praise ; that I can
Thus sing and praise the valiant man.

The thaw-wind came from southern sea,
Heavy and damp through Italy,
And the clouds before it away did flee,
Like frightened herds, when the wolf they see.
It sweeps the fields, through the forest breaks,
And the ice bursts away on streams and lakes.

On mountain top dissolved the snow ;
The falls with a thousand waters dashed ;
A lake did o'erflow the meadow low,
And the mighty river swelled and splashed.
Along their channel the waves rolled high,
And heavily rolled the ice-cakes by.

On heavy piers and arches strong,
Below and above of massive stone,
A bridge stretched wide across the tide,
And midway stood a house thereon.
There dwelt the toll-keeper, with child and wife ;
O toll-keeper ! toll-keeper ! flee for thy life !

And it groaned and droned, and, around the house,
Howled storm and wind with a dismal sound ;
And the keeper aloof sprang forth on the roof,
And gazed on the tumult around.
O merciful Heaven ! thy mercy show !
Lost, lost, and forlorn ! who shall rescue me now !

Thump ! thump ! the heavy ice-cakes rolled,
And, piled on either shore, they lay ;
From either shore the wild waves tore
The arches with their piers away.
The trembling keeper, with wife and child,
He howled still louder than storm-winds wild.

Thump ! thump ! the heavy ice-cakes rolled,
And, piled at either end, they lay ;
All rent and dashed, the stone piers crashed,
As one by one they shot away.
To the middle approaches the overthrow !
O merciful Heaven ! thy mercy show !

High on the distant bank there stands
A crowd of peasants great and small ;
Each shrieking stands, and wrings his hands,
But there 's none to save among them all.

The trembling keeper, with wife and child,
For rescue howls through the storm-winds wild.

When soundest thou, song of the valiant man,
Like clang of bells and organ tone?
Say on! say on! my noble song!
How namest thou him, the valiant one?
To the middle approaches the overthrow!
O brave man! brave man! show thyself now!

Swift galloped a Count forth from the crowd,
On a gallant steed, a Count full bold.
In his hand so free, what holdeth he?
It is a purse stuffed full of gold.
"Two hundred pistoles to him, who shall save
Those poor folks from death and a watery grave!"

Who is the brave man? Is it the Count?
Say on, my noble song, say on!
By Him, who can save! the Count was brave,
And yet do I know a braver one.
O brave man! brave man! say, where art thou?
Fearfully the ruin approaches now!

And ever higher swelled the flood,
And ever louder roared the blast,
And ever deeper sank the heart of the keeper;—
Preserver! Preserver! speed thee fast!
And as pier after pier gave way in the swell,
Loud cracked and dashed the arch as it fell.

"Halloo! halloo! to the rescue speed!"
Aloft the Count his purse doth wave;
And each one hears, and each one fears;
From thousands none steps forth to save.
In vain doth the keeper, with wife and child,
For rescue howl through the storm-winds wild.

See, stout and strong, a peasant man,
With staff in hand comes wandering by.
A kirtle of gray his limbs array,
In form and feature, stern and high.
He listened, the words of the Count to hear,
And gazed on the danger, that threatened near.

And boldly, in Heaven's name, into
The nearest fishing-boat sprang he;
Through the whirlwind wide, and the dashing tide,
The Preserver reaches them happily.
But alas! the boat is too small, too small,
At once to receive and preserve them all.

And thrice he forced his little boat
Through whirlwind, storm and dashing wave;
And thrice came he full happily,
Till there was no one left to save.
And hardly the last in safety lay,
When the last of the ruins rolled away.

Who is, who is the valiant man?
Say on, my noble song, say on!
The peasant, I know, staked his life on the throw,
But for the sound of gold 't was done.
Had the Count not promised the gold to him,
The peasant had risked neither life nor limb.

My Mother's Memory.

"Here," said the Count, "my valiant friend,
 Here is thy guerdon, take the whole!"
 Say, was not this high-mindedness?
 By Heaven! the Count hath a noble soul!
 But higher and holier, sooth to say,
 Beat the peasant's heart in his kirtle gray.

"My life cannot be bought and sold.
 Though poor, I'm not by want oppressed.
 But the keeper old stands in need of thy gold;
 He has lost whatever he possessed."
 Thus cried he, with hearty, honest tone,
 And, turning away, went forth alone.

High soundest thou, song of the valiant man,
 Like clang of bells and organ-tone.
 Him, whose high soul brave thoughts control,
 Not gold rewards, but song alone.
 Thank Heaven for song and praise; that I can
 Thus sing and praise the valiant man.

L.

MY MOTHER'S MEMORY.

Off from the azure depths, at twilight's verge,
 Pure fleecy clouds, as fairy lands emerge,
 And round their dewy forms, the sunbeams pour
 Effulgent floods, as waves upon the shore;
 They rise all radiant o'er the aerial isle,
 Till all, in one bright flush of glory, smile.
 Thus, from the spirit's deep, blest visions rise,
 And, like the visitants of peaceful skies,
 Kindle sublimely—as Attention's eye
 Intently beams upon their majesty.
 Such are the fertile thoughts, which wake and spring
 Beneath the nurture of Devotion's wing,
 And such the holy throng, which gather where
 The soul dissolves, and whelms itself in prayer;
 And these attend, with ministry divine,
 When man pours forth his love at nature's shrine;
 And such, my Mother! is the thought of thee!
 A thought of joy—yet full of mystery:
 If, from the precincts of their sainted home,
 The ascended ones are suffered e'er to roam,
 Then, art thou round me; winged with mother's love,
 Thy spirit leaves its blissful rest above,
 In the still watchings of a seraph's care,
 To guard thy son—and gently guide him there!
 Happy the thought that thou art ever nigh,
 The guardian angel of my destiny!

H. T. T.

THOUGHTS ON THE STUDY OF THE GREEK AND LATIN LANGUAGES.

NO. III.

THE ancient languages, then, being no longer a source of either science or history, and the study of them having no more influence in training and strengthening the higher faculties of the mind, than the study of modern languages, were the question put, "In what respect are scholars benefited by a knowledge of them?" the answer must be, "In *polite literature* alone."* How far they are benefited even *there*, shall be our next inquiry. This brings us, *to consider* a question proposed, *in substance*, in an early part of this article.

Can an Englishman or an American, versed in modern languages only—say English, French, and Italian—but thoroughly disciplined in science, become as able and accomplished a writer and speaker, as if he had a knowledge of Greek and Latin?

This is an important problem, in the present state of the world, more especially, perhaps, in our own country. And we repeat, that it can be solved, conclusively, only by an experiment, which has never yet been made. The effect of a true *modern education* has never been tried—certainly never on a broad scale. No one, we mean, as far as we are informed, has been thoroughly imbued with modern languages and modern science,† and extensively practised in writing and speaking, without having some acquaintance also with Greek and Latin. Hence a vast majority of great authors and orators have been necessarily more or less of classical scholars. It would be strange were it otherwise. The tide of opinion, united to the influence of *fashion*, has compelled every one educated for professional, public, or literary life, to pay some attention to ancient literature. But has this study aided them essentially in the attainment of distinction? or has it been only an accompaniment of it—tending, perhaps, to decorate the mind, but neither to enrich nor strengthen it? To reply, that it has been an indispensable element of the greatness and lustre acquired, would be hazardous, we think, for various reasons.

Some of the most distinguished orators of modern times, have had but a slight acquaintance with Greek and Latin, and others none at all. Among the former may be mentioned Chatham, Erskine, and Hamilton; and among the latter, Henry, Whitefield, and two or three Americans now living, whom it might be indelicate to name. Respecting authors the same is true.

* It is urged, by the Committee, as another argument in favor of a knowledge of Greek and Latin, that it qualifies its possessor better than he could be without it, to travel, for information or pleasure, through Europe. To this we shall only reply, that we have never found it necessary to converse in either Greek or Latin, in Europe, any more than in the United States. We have mingled somewhat there in literary and scientific society, as well as in social and fashionable circles; and English, French, or Italian, never failed to serve us, as a medium of conversation. Through one or another of these languages, we could communicate intelligibly all we had to impart, and receive, in return, all we wished to know. And we believe the same is true of every other traveler, who mixes only in enlightened society. True; we met, *by accident*, a few beavies of *scholastics*, who manifested at once their learning and pedantry—not to say their ill-breeding—by speaking Latin, garnished occasionally with a scrap or two of Greek. But for such coteries we had no predilection, inasmuch as we usually found their *knowledge* of ancient affairs, fully counterbalanced by their *ignorance* of modern ones—the latter being, in our opinion, the more important.

† Under the phrase "modern science," it will be understood that we include mathematics, and such other branches of science as were known to the ancients, with their modern improvements.

Shakspeare, the first writer, in some respects, the world has produced, was a stranger to the ancient languages; and Moliere, Fielding, and Cuvier were in the same condition. So was Franklin, whose style is a model of simplicity, perspicuity, and chasteness; and so was Washington, who wrote with uncommon elegance and power. Sir Humphrey Davy, an excellent writer, an eloquent speaker, President of the Royal Society, and the ablest chemist of his day, had no classical learning. We believe the same is true of Mr. Bowditch, one of the most accomplished mathematicians and astronomers of the age, and an able writer; and we know the same was true of the late Mr. Rittenhouse. Yet so deeply versed in Astronomy was the latter, that, in the accuracy and importance of his observations on the transit of Venus over the Sun, many years ago, he surpassed all the astronomers of Europe. And, in a mere literary point of view, some of his writings are highly creditable. Yet none of these studied English as thoroughly, or obtained as perfect a command of it, as he might have done. Each of them, therefore, might have greatly improved his style and manner, as a writer, by a steady and continued effort to that effect.

That the style of English authors is far from being perfect, in proportion to their knowledge of the dead languages, appears from numerous instances. Sir Walter Scott and Sir James Mackintosh were greatly inferior, in classical scholarship, to many we could name, who can scarcely write grammatical English. Of Jeffrey, Bulwer, Cooper, and Irwin, the same is true. Few men write better English, or express themselves more vigorously, than William Cobbett, who is totally unversed in Greek and Latin. The same was true of Thomas Paine. And some of the most correct and fascinating writers of the day are females, who are also strangers to the ancient classics.*

Shall we be told, that our references here are only to individuals, possessed of native talents sufficiently powerful to raise them to distinction, *without* the aid of classical attainments; but that *with* such aid, they would have been much more distinguished? We reply that this argument, so constantly used on occasions like the present, and deemed so satisfactory, is much more specious than solid. Indeed, it appears to us to be wanting in solidity altogether. To say that the individuals referred to, would, by the aid of Greek and Latin, have had greater power, and would, therefore, have attained more celebrity, is to *assert*, not to *prove*. It is to hazard a conjecture on a point, which reason and experiment alone can decide. We should be justified, therefore, in resorting to a counter assertion, and saying, in reply to it, that they would not. But we must not deal in empty contradiction, although we are contending with empty supposition. Our business is to reason, not barely to deny.

The question is not, Whether Shakspeare, Moliere, Franklin, Washington, and others, would have been benefited by such an early and general education, as would have disciplined and strengthened all

* In one respect, we have an infinite advantage over our opponents. Ours is the *positive*, theirs the *negative* side of the question. A single proof from us, therefore, is paramount to all the negations they can offer. But we have furnished sundry proofs, in mentioning the names of several individuals, who have become accomplished writers and speakers, without a knowledge of Greek or Latin. We consider our opinion, therefore, fully established. The maxim, that the whole is greater than a part, is not more so.

the faculties of their minds? We believe they would. The point to be settled is, Whether the study of the dead languages would have bestowed that education? and we believe it *would not*. Or the question may be, Could not the requisite instruction and training have been acquired, without those languages? We think it could.

We repeat, that an acquaintance with Greek and Latin does not teach its possessor to observe, think, or analyze. Some of the most accurate and successful observers, and most vigorous thinkers, are destitute of it, while many, who have it, are very feeble in these respects. Nor does it teach him to *read*; because he can read the modern languages without it. So can he, without it, listen to lectures, conversation, and other forms of oral communication. But these are the chief channels, through which information is acquired. It neither aids him, then, in collecting knowledge, nor in reflecting on it, preparing it for practical purposes, and then applying it. If it improves power in any thing, it is in expressing his ideas, when formed, in suitable language. As already stated, it disciplines his faculty of language alone. But that is comparatively a humble faculty, and constituted but little of the mental greatness and power of such men as Shakspeare, Franklin, and Washington. It only aided in manifesting that power. Their superiority arose chiefly from the great strength and activity of their faculties of observation, reflection, combination, and judgement. It consisted in the general vigor and compass of their genius; and neither Greek nor Latin could have enlarged or strengthened that.* To have attempted the invigoration of such minds, by such means, would have been like an effort to add to the might of the eagle, by improving a single pinion of his wing. To write or speak powerfully is the result of powerful conception and thought, of which words are but the drapery; while the use of graceful, accurate, and classical language is compatible with feeble thinking. Hence many books, exceedingly limited in matter, are written in a pure and pleasing style. The mere cultivation of language, therefore, by the study of Greek and Latin, makes but a humble element of a complete modern education, and adds but little to mental development. It could not have increased, in any useful or even perceptible degree, the power or renown of either the philosopher, who disarmed the thunder-cloud, the hero, who achieved the freedom of a continent, or the chief magistrate, who governed a nation with consummate wisdom. Nor can it ever strengthen the feeble-minded. It can never confer distinction, in

* Innumerable instances might be adduced to show, that much ancient learning may be possessed to very little purpose. Indeed, of mere book-learning, whether ancient or modern, the same is true. It is altogether insufficient to make a great man—especially a *practical* one. It has been already observed, that some of the greatest practical men that have appeared—improvers, inventors, and discoverers, both in science and the arts, have had but little learning of any kind, and none at all in Greek and Latin. But they have all been devoted readers of the book of nature, by observation and reflection. Their knowledge was, therefore, strictly their own; and most of their intellectual faculties were competently exercised and strengthened in acquiring and using it. In the acquisition of knowledge *by reading*, the faculties are exercised comparatively in a very moderate degree, and therefore but slightly strengthened and improved. Learning fills the mind, but does not invigorate it. Unless, therefore, the knowledge attained by reading, be seriously reflected on, and severely tested, by bringing it to the standard of nature, the mental faculties are but little benefited by it. Hence, one who reads much, and thinks but little, is called, in form of disrespect, a *book-worm*. It is often said that reading makes a full man, conversation a ready man, and writing an accurate one. To this may be safely added, that, without observation and reflection, neither books, conversation, nor writing, nor the three united, can ever make a man great or efficient. That they may be invigorated, and rendered available for high purposes, the faculties must be suitably exercised. And it can scarcely be too often repeated, that the proper exercise of them can be derived only from the study of nature.

who would understand thoroughly either a language or any thing else, must *especially* study it.

Let two youths, equal in capacity, be educated, one of them perfectly in English, and the several branches of science heretofore indicated, without Greek or Latin, and the other after the mode usually pursued in the seats of learning in England and the United States ;—let this experiment be fairly made, and we hazard nothing in saying, that, at the age of twenty, the student of English will be far the more accomplished, both in science and polite literature. He will surpass the other, as a writer and speaker, in every point of excellence. The reason is plain. All his faculties have been invigorated, and taught to work ; his mind has been well stored with knowledge, by cultivating the sciences ; his thorough study of English, united to his familiarity with the best authors in it, has formed his taste ; and long and steady practice in composition and speaking, has given him a ready and entire command of his resources. In the mean time, the faculties of the other have been but *partially* exercised. Too much time has been consumed in the study of language ; but not of the English language. That has been neglected, for the sake of ancient literature ; or an attempt has been made to learn it through the medium of that literature, and has failed—as it always must. The consequence of all this is, that the mind of the pupil is neither well supplied with knowledge, nor are his powers of expressing what he possesses, either in writing or speaking, matured.

But what is true of *one*, on this subject, is true of *many*. The two scholars here referred to, therefore, may be considered the representatives of indefinite numbers. Nor do we hesitate to believe, that, of two rival colleges, one bestowing the complete English education here designated, and the other adhering to the system of instruction usually pursued in our country, the former would have a striking superiority in the distinction and practical usefulness of its pupils. We regret to add our belief, that, as Greek and Latin are now taught in the United States, the time devoted to the study of them, is, in a great majority of cases, thrown away. The attainment made in them is too superficial to be creditable, or in any way useful.

Are we asked, Whether we would abandon the study of the dead languages altogether ? We answer, No ; but we would reduce greatly the number of those, who should engage in the study of them ; and those, who might thus engage, should become thoroughly versed in them. We would have no smatterers—no linguists *in name*—but accomplished Greek and Latin scholars. They should be scholars *by profession*. And one such could do more good, in applying the ancient languages to the only useful purposes they are calculated to subserve, than the entire phalanx of those shallow Hellenists and Latinists, who swarm so thickly in Europe and America. We say “Europe ;” for, in a majority of cases, classical attainment *there*, is not much better than with ourselves. But few critical Greek and Latin scholars

traced. Hence it was studied as an *original*. And so may the English, in its *present condition*, and be made as rich, elegant, and powerful a medium for the expression of feeling, and the utterance of thought, as was ever possessed by Greece or Rome. The well-known fact, that many erudite Hellenists and Latinists are very defective in their knowledge of English, and that many others are accurately versed in it, speaking and writing it with elegance and force, without an acquaintance with Greek and Latin, proves conclusively the point we are contending for—that a knowledge of the dead languages is not essential to the thorough cultivation of all the faculties of the mind.

can be found any where. They are probably most numerous in Germany. We shall only add, on this point, that no one should be made to toil, for years, in the study of classical learning, unless his faculty of language is of a high order. If it be not so, his toils will be irksome to himself, and useless to others. This distinction, between a fitness and an unfitness to learn languages, though highly important, is rarely made, because the constitution of the mind, creating an aptitude for some studies, and an inaptitude for others, is understood by but few of the teachers of youth. The general notion is, that a pupil, who masters one branch of study with facility, can, with equal facility, master all others; and that if he fails to do so, it is because he is inattentive to them. Yet facts of hourly occurrence prove its fallacy. It is owing to this preposterous practice of attempting to train, in the same way, minds, which nature has cast in different moulds, and marked with striking diversities, that many young men, possessing fine talents for other branches of knowledge, but a weak faculty of language, have become disgusted with the drudgery of classical study, and abandoned their education. Nor is this abandonment the only evil connected with the case. A youth, under these circumstances, leaves college with a loss of reputation. Because he does not learn Latin and Greek, he is accounted either idle and dissipated, or so dull as to be unfit for any useful exertion of mind. Thus is he discouraged, underrated, and perhaps ruined. These things should be looked to, and remedied; and we are confident that the period is approaching, when they will be. A correct understanding of the constitution and powers of the human mind, generally diffused, especially among the directors of seats of instruction, will be the commencement of a new and brilliant era in the work of education.

The belief is general, that to all young men destined to the professions of Divinity, Law, and Medicine, the study of Greek and Latin is indispensable—at least, that it is peculiarly useful. We decline offering any remarks on the preparations deemed necessary for the former of these callings; but, as relates to the two latter, we are compelled to say, that we consider the opinion referred to erroneous. In no respect does a knowledge of the ancient classics facilitate the study of law or medicine, except on the score of technical language; and that can be learned from professional Lexicons, in less than a tenth part of the time usually devoted to classical studies. An acquaintance with the professional phraseology of law* and medicine *might* be acquired in a short time, as a distinct exercise; but the better way would be, for the student to attain it gradually from his Lexicon, during the progress of his professional studies. The portion of time consumed by this would be inconsiderable; and the meaning of terms would be fixed in the

* Shall we be told, in form of an objection, that certain law-books contain many scraps of Latin, which the members of the Bench and Bar should be able to understand? We reply, that this constitutes no objection to the principle we are contending for. Let the Latin quotations be translated, as they ought to be, that the pedantry and mysticism of the profession may have an end. It is neither creditable nor fair, to conceal, under cover of a dead tongue, any thing essential to the administration of justice. Besides; proof can be given, that the objection here stated has no weight—at least, that the obstacle said to be created by scraps of Latin, in law-books, can be easily surmounted. Chief Justice Marshall, one of the ablest jurists of the age—we might add, of any age—never received what can be correctly called a classical education, and is not therefore indebted to the ancient languages for his knowledge of Law. If he ever acquired any knowledge of Greek or Latin, it was a mere smattering, in a common grammar-school, which was of no service to him. Most of his brothers received what is called a “classical education.” Yet, without this advantage, he has towered above them all. He is, moreover, an able writer of his mother tongue, and has been an orator of high standing.

mind more firmly, than in any other way. The pupil's Lexicon *must* be his oracle, whether he learn technical language, as a study collateral to that of his profession, or previously, through the medium of Greek and Latin. To no other interpreter can he have recourse. There is, however, a wide difference between the two methods. The oracle must be consulted a hundred times, in the latter, for each single time it will need to be consulted in the former. We may safely add, that of those who have read Greek and Latin, preparatory to the study of law or medicine, nineteen out of twenty are still obliged to consult their Lexicons for the precise meaning of technical terms. In truth, every one is.

Shall we be charged with a disposition to abridge the course of education preparatory to the study of law and medicine, and render it more defective than it is already? The charge would be unfounded. We would greatly enlarge and improve the course; but not by saddling it with a devotion of years to the learning of words, which will be afterwards but rarely used. Instead of this, substantial *things* should be studied, which would give exercise and strength to every faculty of the mind, and store them with valuable matter. The candidates for both professions should have a perfect knowledge of English, and be well versed in history, and in the elements of all the modern sciences. They should have an *intimate and comprehensive acquaintance with nature*; and those educated for medicine should be instructed in French, Italian, and German. Why in these languages? Because they abound in medical works, some of them very valuable, which have not been translated into English, and many of which never will be. Besides, numerous discoveries and improvements in medicine are first recorded in those languages, and ought to be immediately known to British and American physicians. Respecting the necessity of an acquaintance with the modern languages of continental Europe to lawyers, we are not prepared to speak. All statesmen, at least, who may go abroad, on diplomatic missions, or in other public capacities, should be prepared to speak and write in French, if not in other foreign tongues. In fine; every youth destined to public life, or to the profession of medicine, should receive a well-finished liberal education, embracing a knowledge of two or three modern languages, and of the elements of all the sciences. Above all, he should be taught to exercise his own talents on the knowledge he may possess. Without this, attainment is but lumber.

To complete this course of instruction and training will occupy the time of the most highly-gifted youth, from his sixth, until his eighteenth or twentieth year. Nor do we hesitate to believe, that the adoption of such a plan of education would usher in an era of professional, literary, and scientific splendor, such as the world has never witnessed. The study of the sciences would furnish the matter of knowledge, and give strength and activity to the *whole mind*, while the due cultivation of modern language would improve the power and all other qualities of expression, both in writing and speaking.

It has been often said, that the chief reason, why British surpass American writers, in style and manner, is that they are better versed in classical literature. This is a mistake. The superiority of the British writers arises from their being better versed in *English litera-*

ture. In other words, they cultivate with more care, and to a greater extent, *the art of composition*—for it is as real an art, as the making of razors or penknives. And it must be brought to perfection in the same way—by constant practice, and a determination to excel. So must every other pursuit. Many Englishmen have long been writers, *by profession*, and have spent their lives, in improving themselves in the knowledge and use of their mother tongue. Hence their attainment of a fine style—not because they had learned Greek and Latin at school—nor because they had in their eye, when writing, a Greek or Latin model. He who dwells, in recollection, on ancient literature, when composing in English, will never excel in style. It is but recently that any Americans have begun to practise authorship, as a profession; and, as far as the experiment has been carried, they have no cause to be disheartened. Without being any better versed in Greek and Latin, than formerly, they write English much better, because they pursue the art with more care and constancy; and, should they persevere in it, to the proper extent, as many of them no doubt will, they will equal, in time, the best British writers. Nor will they owe their success to a closer familiarity with the ancient languages; but to a more intimate acquaintance with their native tongue, and a more perfect command of their own powers. It has been already stated, that nothing can be thoroughly understood, without being attentively studied, as a *special subject*. To this may be added, that there are few things which may not be mastered in that way. It is therefore that we earnestly desire to see the English language more strictly cultivated. By that means alone can it ever be written and spoken, in the full perfection, of which it is susceptible; and that course will complete the work. To insure the completion, however, the language must be studied as a *simple tongue*, having a form and genius especially its own; not as a mixture of three other tongues, assimilated to each, yet identified with neither. While cultivated in the latter mode, it will be hybridous and defective. The Greek is accounted the most perfect of languages; and for this, it is no doubt much indebted to its *self-dependent* character. It is not a mixture of several tongues. In their attempts to improve it, therefore, and use it in the most perfect manner, its cultivators had not their attention distracted by collateral and interfering claims. They studied and practised Greek alone, without looking to any higher source. Hence the success of their long-continued effort.

As relates to English, the same would be true. If studied and improved, in a distinct capacity, it would be brought, more certainly than in any other way, to the highest perfection it can ever attain. Hence we would rejoice to see an Institute* established, with a sufficient

* As far as we are informed on the subject, the only *approach* toward an institution of this kind, made in the United States, is the "High School" of Boston. Yet it is *only* an approach. As far, however, as the experiment has been carried, it has been eminently successful, and has opened the most flattering prospect for something more perfect. In that institution, nothing is taught, but the elements of science, and modern languages. Nor are those educated in it intended for what are called the "learned professions." They are designed chiefly to become merchants, mechanics, and English teachers. Notwithstanding this, we are told that when they meet, as they sometimes do, the pupils of Harvard, in any form of intellectual strife, they occupy no inferior ground, but appear to great advantage. No stranger can tell, except, perhaps, from an occasional scrap of Greek or Latin, who is from the "High School," and who from the University. We doubt not that the first fair experiment, of a complete English and scientific education, will be made in New-England, where most of our important improvements begin. And we deem it exceedingly desirable that it be made soon.

number of able professors, and all the necessary means of instruction, where nothing would be taught but modern science and modern language. But they should be taught in perfection. We believe that such an institution would be amply patronized, and would produce in time the happiest effects. The experiment would at least solve the problem, How far a knowledge of Greek and Latin is indispensable as an element of a liberal education? and the solution would be useful, by settling a controversy, which, without the experiment, threatens to be interminable.

Finally; were the Greek and Roman nations now in existence, possessed of no more knowledge than they had, during their most enlightened periods, they would be much more benefited, by studying modern languages, for the sake of science, than the moderns are, by studying theirs, for the attainment of words. Such, we feel confident, would be their own opinion; and their conduct would conform to it. Thus would the current of education be reversed, the less enlightened people being no longer considered a model, for the more enlightened to imitate.

THE PROSELYTES.

A SKETCH.

By John G. Whittier.

THE student sat at his books. All the day he had been poring over an old and time-worn volume; and the evening found him still absorbed in its contents. It was one of that interminable series of controversial volumes, containing the theological speculations of the ancient fathers of the Church. With the patient perseverance so characteristic of his countrymen, he was endeavoring to detect truth amidst the numberless inconsistencies of heated controversy;—to reconcile jarring propositions;—to search out the thread of scholastic argument amidst the rant of prejudice and the sallies of passion, and the coarse vituperations of a spirit of personal bitterness, but little in accordance with the awful gravity of the question at issue.

Wearied and exhausted with his researches, he at length closed the volume, and rested his care-worn forehead upon his hand. "What avail," he said, "these long and painful endeavors,—these midnight vigils,—these weary studies, before which heart and flesh are failing? What have I gained? I have pushed my researches wide and far; my life itself has been one long and weary lesson;—I have shut out from me the busy and beautiful world; I have chastened every youthful impulse; and, at an age when the heart should be lightest and the pulse the freest, I am grave, and silent, and sorrowful, and the frost of a premature age is gathering around my heart. Amidst these ponderous tomes,—surrounded by the venerable receptacles of old wisdom,—breathing, instead of the free air of heaven, the sepulchral dust of antiquity, I have become assimilated to the objects around me; my very nature has undergone a metamorphosis of which Pythagoras never dreamed. I am no longer a reasoning creature, looking at every thing within the circle of human investigation with a clear and self-sustained

vision,—but the cheated follower of metaphysical absurdities,—a mere echo of scholastic subtilty. God knows that my aim has been a lofty and pure one,—that I have buried myself in this living tomb, and counted the health of this His feeble and outward image as nothing in comparison with that of the immortal and inward representation and shadow of His own Infinite Mind ;—that I have toiled through what the world calls wisdom ;—the lore of the old fathers and time-honored philosophy, not for the dream of power and gratified ambition,—not for the alchemist's gold or life-giving elixir,—but with an eye single to that which I conceived to be the most fitting object of a godlike spirit ;—the discovery of TRUTH,—truth perfect and unclouded,—truth in its severe and naked beauty,—truth as it sits in awe and holiness in the presence of its Original and Source !

“ Was my aim too lofty ? It cannot be ; for my Creator has given me a spirit, which would spurn a meaner one. I have studied to act in accordance with His will ; yet have I felt all along like one walking in blindness. I have listened to the living champions of the Church ; I have pored over the remains of the dead ; but doubt and heavy darkness still rest upon my pathway. I find contradiction where I had hoped for harmony ; ambiguity where I had expected clearness ; zeal taking the place of reason,—anger, intolerance, personal feuds and sectarian bitterness,—interminable discussions and weary controversies, while infinite Truth, for which I have been seeking, lies still beyond,—or seen, if at all, only by transient and unsatisfying glimpses, obscured and darkened by miserable subtilties and cabalistic mysteries.”

He was interrupted by the entrance of a servant with a letter. The student broke its well-known seal, and read, in a delicate chirography, the following words :—

“ DEAR ERNEST : A stranger from the English Kingdom, of gentle birth and education, hath visited me at the request of the good Princess Elizabeth of the Palatine. He is a preacher of the new faith—a zealous and earnest believer in the gifts of the Spirit, but not like John de Labadie or the lady Schurmans.* He speaks like one sent on a message from heaven—a message of wisdom and salvation. Come, Ernest, and see him ; for he hath but a brief hour to tarry with us. Who knoweth but that this stranger may be commissioned to lead us to that, which we have so long and anxiously sought for,—the truth as it is in God ?
ELEONORA.”

“ Now may heaven bless the sweet enthusiast for this interruption of my bitter reflections !” said the student, in the earnest tenderness of impassioned feeling. “ She knows how gladly I shall obey her summons ; she knows how readily I shall forsake the dogmas of our wisest schoolmen, to obey the slightest wishes of a heart, pure and generous as hers.”

He passed hastily through one of the principal streets of the city, to the dwelling of the lady, Eleonora.

In a large and gorgeous apartment, sat the Englishman, his plain and simple garb contrasting strongly with the richness and luxury around him. He was apparently quite young, and of a tall and commanding figure. His countenance was calm and benevolent ; it bore no traces of passion,—care had not marked it,—there was a holy

* J. de Labadie, and Anna Maria Schurmans, and others, dissenters from the French Protestants, established themselves in Holland, A. D. 1670.

serenity in its expression, which seemed a token of that inward "*peace which passeth all understanding.*"

"And this is thy friend, Eleonora?" said the stranger, as he offered his hand to Ernest. "I hear," he said, addressing the latter, "thou hast been a hard student and a lover of philosophy."

"I am but an humble inquirer after Truth," replied Ernest.

"From whence hast thou sought it?"

"From the sacred volume—from the lore of the old fathers,—from the fountains of philosophy, and from my own brief experience of human life."

"And hast thou attained thy object?"

"Alas—no!" replied the student; "I have thus far toiled in vain."

"Ah! thus must the children of this world ever toil—wearily—wearily—but in vain. We grasp at shadows—we grapple with the fashionless air—we walk in the blindness of our own vain imaginations—we compass heaven and earth for our objects, and marvel that we find it not. The truth which is of God, the crown of wisdom, the pearl of exceeding price, demands not this vain-glorious research; easily to be entreated, it lieth within the reach of all. The eye of the humblest spirit may discern it. For He who respecteth not the persons of His children, hath not set it afar off, unapproachable save to the proud and lofty; but hath made its refreshing fountains to murmur, as it were, at the very door of our hearts. But in the encumbering hurry of the world, we perceive it not; in the noise of our daily vanities, we hear not the waters of Shiloah, which go softly. We look widely abroad; we lose ourselves in vain speculation; we wander in the crooked paths of those who have gone before us; yea, in the language of one of the old fathers, we ask the earth and it replieth not,—we question the sea and its inhabitants,—we turn to the sun, and the moon, and the stars of heaven, and they may not satisfy us; we ask our eyes and they cannot see, and our ears and they cannot hear; we turn to books, and they delude us; we seek philosophy, and no response cometh from its dead and silent learning.* It is not in the sky above, nor in the air around, nor in the earth beneath; it is in our own spirits—it lives within us; and if we would find it, like the lost silver of the woman of the parable, we must *look at home*,—to the inward temple, which the inward eye discovereth, and wherein the spirit of all truth is manifested. The voice of that spirit is still and small, and the light about it shineth in darkness. But truth is there; and if we seek it in low humility—in a patient waiting upon its author—with a giving up of our natural pride of knowledge—a seducing of self—a quiet from all outward endeavor, it will assuredly be revealed, and fully made known. For as the angel rose of old from the altar of Manoah, even so shall truth arise from the humbling sacrifice of self-knowledge and human vanity, in all its eternal and ineffable beauty.

"Seekest thou, like Pilate, after truth? Look thou within. The holy principle is there; that in whose light the pure hearts of all time have rejoiced. It is the 'great light of ages' of which Pythagoras speaks—the 'good spirit' of Socrates; the 'divine mind' of Anaxagoras; the

* *August. Siliog. Cap. xxxi.*—"Interrogavi Terram," &c.

‘perfect principle’ of Plato; the ‘infallible and immortal law, and divine power of reason’ of Philo. It is the ‘unbegotten principle and source of all light,’ whereof Timeus testifieth; the ‘interior guide of the soul and everlasting foundation of virtue,’ spoken of by Plutarch. Yea—it was the hope and the guide of those virtuous Gentiles, who, doing by nature the things contained in the law, became a law unto themselves.

“Look to thyself. Turn thine eye inward. Heed not the opinion of the world. Lean not upon the broken reed of thy philosophy—thy verbal orthodoxy—thy skill in tongues—thy knowledge of the Fathers. Remember that truth was seen by the humble fishermen of Galilee, and overlooked by the High Priest of the Temple, by the Rabbi and the Pharisee. Thou canst not hope to reach it by the metaphysics of Fathers, Councils, Schoolmen, and Universities. It lies not in the high places of human learning; it is in the silent sanctuary of thy own heart; for He, who gave thee an immortal spirit, hath filled it with a portion of that truth which is the image of His own unapproachable light. The voice of that truth is within thee; heed thou its whisper. A light is kindled in thy soul, which, if thou carefully heedest it, shall shine more and more even unto the perfect day.”

The stranger paused, and the student melted into tears. “Stranger!” he said, “thou hast taken a weary weight from my heart, and a heavy veil from my eyes. I feel that thou hast revealed a wisdom which is not of this world.”

“Nay—I am but a humble instrument in the hand of Him, who is the fountain of all truth, and the beginning and the end of all wisdom. May the message which I have borne thee be sanctified to thy well-being.”

“Oh—heed him, Ernest!” said the lady. “It is the holy truth, which has been spoken. Let us rejoice in this truth, and, forgetting the world, live only for it.”

“Oh—may he who watcheth over all his children keep thee in faith of thy resolution!” said the Preacher, fervently. “Humble yourselves to receive instruction, and it shall be given you. Turn away now in your youth from the corrupting pleasures of the world,—heed not its hollow vanities, and that peace which is not such as the world giveth—the peace of God which passeth all understanding, shall be yours. Yet, let not yours be the world’s righteousness—the world’s peace, which shuts itself up in solitude. Encloister not the body, but rather shut up the soul from sin. Live in the world, but overcome it: lead a life of purity in the face of its allurements: learn, from the holy principle of truth within you, to do justly in the sight of its Author,—to meet reproach without anger,—to live without offence,—to love those that offend you,—to visit the widow and the fatherless, and keep yourselves unspotted from the world.”

“Eleonora!” said the humbled student, “truth is plain before us; can we follow its teachings? Alas! canst thou—the daughter of a noble house—forget the glory of thy birth, and, in the beauty of thy years, tread in that lowly path, which the wisdom of the world accounteth foolishness?”

“Yes, Ernest—rejoicingly can I do it!” said the lady; and the bright glow of a lofty purpose gave a spiritual expression to her majes-

tic beauty. "Glory to God in the highest, that He hath visited us in mercy!"

"Lady!" said the Preacher, "the day-star of truth has arisen in thy heart; follow thou its light even unto salvation. Live an harmonious life to the curious make and frame of thy creation; and let the beauty of thy person teach thee to beautify thy mind with holiness—the ornament of the beloved of God. Remember that the King of Zion's daughter is all-glorious within; and if thy soul excel, thy body will only set off the lustre of thy mind. Let not the spirit of this world—its cares and its many vanities—its fashions and discourse, prevail over the civility of thy nature. Remember that sin bought the first coat, and thou wilt have little reason to be proud of dress or the adorning of thy body. Seek rather the enduring ornament of a meek and quiet spirit—the beauty and the purity of the altar of God's temple, rather than the decoration of its outward walls. For, as the Spartan monarch said, of old, to his daughter, when he restrained her from wearing the rich dresses of Sicily, "Thou wilt seem more lovely to me without them,"—so shalt thou seem, in thy lowliness and humility, more lovely in the sight of heaven and in the eyes of the pure of earth. Oh—preserve in their freshness thy present feelings—wait in humble resignation and in patience, even if it be all thy days, for the manifestations of Him, who, 'as a father, careth for all his children.'"

"I will endeavor—I will endeavor!" said the lady, humbled in spirit, and in tears.

The stranger took the hand of each. "Farewell!" he said; "I must needs depart, for I have much work before me. God's peace be with you; and that love be around you, which has been to me as the green pasture and the still water,—the shadow in a weary land."

And the stranger went his way; but the lady and her lover, in all their after life, and amidst the trials and persecutions which they were called to suffer in the cause of truth, remembered with joy and gratitude the instructions of the pure-hearted and eloquent WILLIAM PENN.

J. G. Whittier.

Love
A LAMENT.

They sin, who tell us Love can die;
With life, all other passions fly,
All others, are but vanity:
But Love is indestructible;
Its holy flame forever burneth,
From heaven it came—to heaven returneth;
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed;
It here is tried, and purified,
And hath in heaven its perfect rest.

SOUTHEY.

THERE is a voice, I shall hear no more—
There are tones, whose music for me is o'er;
Sweet as the odors of spring were they,—
Precious and rich,—but they died away;
They came like peace to my heart and ear—
Never again will they murmur here:
They have gone like the blush of a summer morn,
Like a crimson cloud through the sunset borne.

There were eyes, that late were lit up for me,
Whose kindly glance was a joy to see ;
They revealed the thoughts of a trusting heart,
Untouched by sorrow,—untaught by art ;
Whose affections were fresh as a stream of spring
When birds in the vernal branches sing ;
They were filled with love, that hath passed with them,
And my lyre is breathing their requiem.

I remember a brow, whose serene repose
Seemed to lend a beauty to cheeks of rose ;
And lips, I remember, whose dewy smile
As I mused on their eloquent power the while,
Sent a thrill to my bosom, and blest my brain
With raptures, that never may dawn again ;
Amidst musical accents, those smiles were shed—
Alas ! for the doom of the early dead !

Alas, for the clod that is resting now,
On those slumbering eyes—on that faded brow ;
Wo for the cheek that hath ceased to bloom—
For the lips that are dumb, in the noisome tomb ;
Their melody broken, their fragrance gone,
Their aspect cold as the Parian stone ;
Alas, for the hopes that with thee have died—
Oh loved one !—would I were by thy side !

Yet the joy of grief it is mine to bear ;
I hear thy voice in the twilight air ;
Thy smile, of sweetness untold, I see
When the visions of evening are borne to me ;
Thy kiss on my dreaming lip is warm—
My arm embraceth thy graceful form ;
I wake in a world that is sad and drear,
To feel, in my bosom,—thou art not here.

Oh, once the summer with thee was bright ;
The day, like thine eyes, wore a holy light.
There was bliss in existence when thou wert nigh—
There was balm in the evening's rosy sigh ;
Then earth was an Eden, and thou its guest—
A sabbath of blessings was in my breast ;
My heart was full of a sense of love,
Likest, of all things, to heaven above.

Now, thou art gone to that voiceless hall,
Where my budding raptures have perished all ;
To that tranquil and solemn place of rest,
Where the earth lies damp on the sinless breast ;
Thy bright locks all in the vault are hid—
Thy brow is concealed by the coffin lid ;—
All that was lovely to me is there—
Mournful is life, and a load to bear !

—S. G.

DEATH BED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

THROUGH your Magazine, allow me to express my surprise and regret at the continued existence of certain barbarous customs amongst us, which good taste ought long ago to have driven into disuse, and against which good feeling must forever rebel.

Having been for a few days in the country, under the melancholy necessity of attending the dying pillow of a friend, my feelings were dreadfully shocked by the circumstances under which his last hour was gasped away. No sooner had the near approach of death been indicated by that startling change which the country people so exactly describe, as the being "*struck by death*," than messages were sent to all the neighboring families, informing them of the fact, and in a very short time they came crowding in, of all ages and both sexes, to gaze upon the death agony; filling the sick man's room and the contiguous hall and chambers; and making the whole house noisy with their heavy steps and the shutting of doors, as they thronged in, stamping the moist snow from their feet, all anxious to witness the final convulsion of expiring nature. In that hour, when every thing should be still and solemn,—when every breath of air is precious, and should be free in its circulation around the gasping victim of the stern tyrant,—and when nothing but the tender affection of the dearest friends should come near the sufferer's couch,—oh how cruel is it to throw open the house to noisy and crowding curiosity;—to stop the current of air, and load it with warm and fetid breathings, as it comes to the feeble lungs of the dying;—to expose the last agony to the gaze of a multitude, and disturb the repose of that dreadful moment by sights and sounds which must double the pangs of death!

I could not imagine how it was possible for friends or neighbors to be so destitute of sensibility—to inflict such torture on him, whom they thus made a gazing-stock,—and on themselves, who must have either lost the total amount of their humanity, or look upon the death bed with painful and horrible emotions.

It is easy to conceive that the gladiatorial contests of Rome might delight the audience that thronged their amphitheatre, although resulting in blood and death. The display of skill and courage, the well-balanced powers of the combatants, the long, doubtful, and varying contest, and all the circumstances of pomp and splendor, with which the show was invested, were calculated to stimulate curiosity, hope and fear, and kindle up that excitement which even in our times is so much sought.

It is not difficult to fancy the deep emotions with which the Spanish dons and donñas crowd around the arena to witness the dying struggles of the bull, in their national game, as he yields at last to the repeated attacks of unequal adversaries. There is something grand in the exhibition of giant strength and passions, even in a beast.

The fascinations of a bloody tragedy, which are too strong to be resisted by common minds in our own city, are easily accounted for, and almost forgiven, by any one who is acquainted with human nature. The blaze of illumination, gorgeous scenery, splendid music, and the

emotions excited by the plot of the drama, all tend to conceal the naked horrors of death, and make the representation delightful.

Even the barbarous sports of the ring and the cock-pit, or the equally intellectual beetle-fighting of the Chinese, are so arrayed in the drapery of enjoyment, that their coarseness and cruelty are forgotten, and they become attractive.

But this rushing-in of friends and neighbors, at the last hour of life, to witness the unadorned horrors of dissolution,—to hasten the last heavy gasp of him on whom their eyes fall so coldly,—to destroy the awful solemnity and sacred quietness of the scene, is to be accounted for only by the force of a habit unthinkingly acquired, or by the total want of the common sensibilities of our race.

It is pleasant for the sick man, as he sees his hour approaching, to gather his friends around him, to grasp their hands in friendly farewell, to whisper his final request in their ear, bequeath to them his good wishes and his smiles,—and see that they will mourn over his grave. But when the tremendous agony has arrived, when the arms of Death are clasped suffocatingly around him, when his nerves are excited to the dreadful sensitiveness of their last thrill, and every whisper or sound is to them a pang, and his heart-strings are, one by one, bursting their hold on life,—oh, then let every thing be still as the grave,—let the horrors of the hour receive no aggravation from extraneous causes; but, in silence and alone, let the spirit and the body contest the dreadful question of life and death.

Nor does this cruel curiosity, of which I complain, find itself satisfied with the spectacle of the dying hour. When the spirit has fled, and nothing remains to gaze upon but the clay, the same unfeeling crowd will gather around the coffin, and look upon the half-closed eye, the ashy cheek, and the ghastly smile of the corpse, uttering their comments on the expression of the face, and the fate of the soul that has departed. I would not make *my dead* a public spectacle. They should not furnish food to this ghole-like appetite for the horrible; they should not be exhibited after death so as to leave their last impression in a form on which memory would dislike to dwell. No. But when they had closed the concerns of time, and bade the persons and things of earth farewell, the secrecy of death should cover them; and their faces, which once beamed with intellect, should never be shown as dust alone, but should be consigned, in the veil of their cerements, to their kindred dust.

The general moral influence of this *corpse-exhibiting custom* is bad. It may, indeed, solemnize the minds of the well-inclined, and prepare them for the great and last change. It may, to father, or mother, or wife, be the source of melancholy pleasure, to gaze, till the last possible hour, on the features of the beloved whom they have lost. But, in general, it is calculated to deaden the sensibilities of the beholder, or to excite them to a fevered and unhealthy degree. It is certainly revolting to all good taste to bring forth the body for a general scrutiny, by a crowd of the idle and unthinking; and we hope that the custom will be ere long discontinued.

NOEL.

ON A BROKEN VASE.

CHINK!—Chink!—so there thou art,
 Broken upon the sidewalk, crystal Vase!
 In brilliant fragments. 'T is a pity, sure,
 That aught so beautiful, were slightly held
 Thus at the open casement,—and I fain
 With woman's prying augury, would divine
 Thy history.

Wert thou a lover's gift?
 Or parting present to some fair, young bride,
 Who 'mid her wedding-costume, nicely packed
 Thee in soft cotton 'gainst the jarring wheel?
 And when exalted in her new abode
 On parlor mantel, gemmed with breathing flowers,
 Fixed not her eye in reverie on thy form,
 While thought roved fondly to her father's house,
 And her young, fair-haired sisters?

But what hand
 Of careless servant, or of petted child,
 Or luckless friend, such mournful ruin wrought?
 Methinks I see their brow with sadness pale,
 As measuring thy value with their purse,
 They shrink from restitution.

'T is in vain!
 Ye may not join these fragments, or cement
 Their rugged chasms.

But yet there 's many a crush
 Of costlier things, for which the hand of earth
 Can boast no medication. He, who hangs
 His all of happiness on Beauty's smile,
 And in that strong illusion treads o'er thorns
 Unconsciously, and climbs the rocky steep
 Impervious to fatigue, hath sometimes seen
 The dying dolphin's brightness at his feet,
 And found it was the bubble of his hope,
 Disparting like the rainbow.

He, who runs
 Ambition's race, and on his compeers treads
 With fevered eagerness to grasp the goal,
 May find the gilded prize, like waxen toy,
 Melt in the passion-struggle.

He, who toils
 Each lonely midnight o'er his waning lamp,
 And on the anvil beats the gold of thought,
 Till his brains dazzle, and his eye turns dim,
 Then spreads it with a flush of proud delight
 To the cold-bosomed public,—oft perceives
 Each to his farm and merchandize speed on,
 Regardless of his wisdom,—or doth hear
 The giant hammer of harsh criticism
 Grinding his ore to powder,—finer far
 Than the strewn sand of Congo's yellow stream.
 —Yea,—'mid time's passing pilgrims, many a one
 Of some long-sought possession newly proud,
 Doth like the Patriarch vainly joy to find
 His seven years toil for Rachel blest at last,—
 But when the hour of keen inquiry comes
 "Behold,—'t is Leah."

So,—farewell, poor Vase!
 I thank thee for this lesson from thy dust,
 So meekly warning the fond heart to seek
 Some bliss that may not break,—some treasure—hoard,
 Above the wrecking ministry of earth.

L. H. S.

SELECTIONS FROM THE PAPERS OF AN IDLER.

NO. VI.

THOUGHTS ON CONVERSATION—CONTINUED.

SOME months ago, I offered to the consideration of my readers some reflections on the subject of Conversation, promising to take it up again at some future day—a promise, which, at the time of it, was meant to be redeemed very speedily ; but, since then, some one of the thousand excuses, which readily occur to a man, who loves writing as well as the devil loves holy water, have silenced the barkings of an angry conscience, while my paper has been white and my pen dry. Having at last set myself “doggedly” down, and made a beginning, which, as every scribbler knows, is half the battle,—I throw myself on the indulgence of my readers, both for my past laziness and my future dullness.

Having endeavored to set forth the merits of Conversation, and to show what the meaning of the word is, I propose, in the present number, to mention some of those classes of persons, who most grossly misunderstand its spirit, offend against its laws, and make the gift of speech a source of annoyance and wearisomeness to those who are unhappy enough to come within ear-shot of them.

There are many persons who commit odious sins with the tongue, in the several forms of profanity, indecency, deliberate slander, perjury, &c. Of these, I have nothing to say—these are offences, many of them against the law of the land, and all of them against the law of God. I am not writing as a Christian, a moralist, or a legislator. I am speaking of man as a social being, and of the pleasures which belong to him as such. The cold-blooded and malicious slanderer is, like a pirate, an enemy of the human race, and deserves to be treated with no more mercy than a man would show to a snake, which had by some means or other found its way into his nursery. The law, which should order a tongue thus offending, to be plucked out by the roots and thrown to the dogs, could not be too severe to those who estimate the turpitude of crimes by the motives which lead to them, as well as the consequences which they produce. Profane or filthy conversation is seldom heard now-a-days, in a drawing-room or at a dinner-table. An old debauchee sometimes grows obscene over a second bottle, especially if there are any young men near him to be edified and instructed by his abominations ; but in such a man,—whose mind, having lost the vitality of youthful passion, has grown rotten to the core,—the loathsomeness of vice is such that the poison commonly brings with it its own antidote. When I meet with one of these gray-headed monsters, I cannot help wishing to be, like Abon Hassan, a caliph for twenty-four hours, that I might have the pleasure of reading him a moral lecture,—two stout slaves, in the mean time, administering the bastinado, to keep his attention from flagging.

But there are many men about in the world, who break none of the commandments and offend against no laws, human or divine, and yet whom it requires a truly Christian forbearance to put up with, in the social intercourse of life ;—men, whose tongues seem to be given them

for no other purpose than to make them disagreeable,—who are not only dull themselves, but the cause of dullness in others. At the head of all these,—both on account of their own high pretensions and my own especial intolerance and dislike,—let me put the professed wits, including, under this denomination, all wags, droll fellows, story-tellers, practical jokers, &c.—from him who earns the reputation of wit by never omitting an opportunity of saying a cruel thing, to the humble genius, who never lets a word go harmless, that can, by any torturing, be made susceptible of two meanings. These are a numerous and thriving class; they have a sleek, well-to-do-in-the-world sort of look, an expression of self-complacency, a proneness to laugh at their own jokes, and, by the time they are respectably advanced in life, they acquire a rotundity of figure and a rosiness of gill, from the number of good dinners they have eaten, and bottles of wine they have swallowed. To me, these same men of wit, these droll fellows, are more tiresome than good honest asinine stupidity, that has no thoughts, and pretends to none. Their conversation is ever on the same key. Their thoughts do not flow from their minds by an unforced impulse, nor are they presented in their natural shapes,—but are tortured and warped into strange and uncouth forms. All things are looked upon with a view to suggest ludicrous images and associations, and a subject as grave as Hamlet will, in passing through their minds, acquire the motley livery of a harlequin. Now a joke does very well to break the even and monotonous flow of life; but a perpetual joke—a rattling shower of frivolities, from morning till night—there is something truly frightful in the idea. A dance is well enough at the proper time, but who would desire to jig it through the streets on his daily concerns? An occasional glass of soda-water is very pleasant, but who would wish to have the carbonic acid gas bubbling up and taking him by the nose every time he drinks a draught of cold water? Mirth should be the embroidery of conversation, not the web and wit; the garniture of the mind, not the furniture.

There are certain moods of mind, in which a joke is as nauseous as a pill; but your professed wag, either does not heed or does not care for them. He would jest with you by the bed-side of your dying mother,—would greet the sunrise from Mount Etna with a pun, and tell you a good story on the Table-rock at Niagara. The contemplation of moral or intellectual greatness never elevates him into a momentary self-forgetfulness, nor makes him forfeit his reputation for consistency. There can hardly a greater misfortune happen to a young man, than that he should be persuaded, either by himself or by his friends, that he has a talent for wit, a turn for satire, and a keen sense of the ludicrous. The notion, once embraced, seems to effect a revolution in the whole man. The reputation thus acquired, justly or not, he feels bound to maintain; and what toil and trouble does this necessity impose upon him! What a task does conversation become to him! Every body has learned to expect a laugh when he opens his lips, and so he will not open them, unless he can create a laugh. If he venture upon a sober remark, a jest is supposed to be hidden under its folds. However many thoughts and images may come thronging to his tongue, he must wait to speak till he can speak in his vocation. The natural grace of his conversation vanishes, and, by degrees, the

whole mind becomes perverted and incapable of serious action and manly exertions of sober thought.

A class analogous to these last, consists of those whose conversation is made up altogether of anecdotes, and who are commonly esteemed very pleasant men, and, as such, are in great demand at all dinner-parties. My objection to these talkers, is, that they make that the staple of conversation, which should only be an ornament and an appendage; for where a man has that peculiar gift, the power of relating anecdotes and telling stories well, he is apt to employ it exclusively. There is a want of continuity in a conversation made up of isolated narratives, which is unsatisfactory to the mind. There is something disagreeable in hearing constantly, "talking of guns reminds me of a story I used to hear my grandfather tell;" or, "when I was in Europe I heard Lord A. (story-tellers are apt to be vain,) relate at his table;" or, "my old friend Mr. B. used to tell a story." One goes away from such a conversation, as if he had been at a feast of scraps, and had come away hungry. The mind craves some more substantial food. We want to have principles discussed, positions attacked and defended by sound arguments, and the very web and woof of the mind displayed. No one ever recollects, long, a conversation made up wholly of detached narratives; a thread of connection is necessary to have a vivid impression long survive the sound of the words. All this is upon the supposition that the stories are new, good, and well told; but, unfortunately, most new stories are not good, and most good ones are not new, and it is very easy to spoil one that is both good and new, by the manner of narrating it.

There is another class of persons, with whom it is somewhat annoying to me to be present, and these are (to coin a word for myself) the Exaggerators. These are they who are always ready to die, to faint, to expire at the common occurrences of life; who are in the heights of rapture and the depths of despair; who are ready to give the world—all they are worth, for what might be purchased at a very cheap rate. I cannot go along with these people. I am a plain man, and have neither magnifying nor beautifying glasses for my "mind's eye." To me a whale is a fish, and a cloud is neither an elephant nor a weasel. I can eat a fig with none the less relish because I know that with a solar microscope I could see turtles and crabs crawling over its surface. In the presence of such magnificent talkers I am like a dwarf, standing by the side of a giant—an owl, endeavoring to follow an eagle in his flight. There is, too, a singular improvidence in such conversation. A man ought to be as chary of his superlatives as of his Sunday suit; they are too precious to be worn every day. For, suppose something should occur, which really calls for very strong language; what is to be done? We can say no more than we have already said a dozen times a day. We have used uncommon language on common occasions, and it has no peculiar significance now that the occasion is an uncommon one.

Another class of disagreeables are the Inquisitors, as they may be termed; indeed, they have as little mercy as if they really belonged to the holy office. These are the men who pass their lives in asking questions. They have a penetrating aspect, and their countenances acquire a peering, sharp expression, as if they were in the habit of

peeping through key-holes into closets and drawers. They have a ravenous curiosity about trifles—an itch to be acquainted with minute details and insignificant particulars. They are indifferent as to the mental qualities of a distinguished man; but they are anxious to know how tall he is; whether he is handsome or not; whether he chews tobacco or not; how many children he has, &c. They are scrupulous in exacting geographical, chronological, and historical illustrations. They cannot enjoy an anecdote without knowing its exact date, the place where it happened, and what became of the parties after all was over. They have not the power to enjoy a good thing without any ifs or buts; they cannot open their mouths and shut their eyes with the unsuspecting good faith of childhood; they cannot relish the kernel, without knowing on what tree the nut grew. These are the blood-suckers of society; they fasten themselves to you, but unfortunately there is no such thing as gorging them—they generally have short memories, and have consequently a never-failing resource in asking the same questions over and over again. To have the full enjoyment of one of them, it is necessary to travel with him in a stage-coach. There you have no retreat, and your enemy has no mercy. You have an incessant battery opened upon you. “Do you know who lives in that house?” “How far is it to the next tavern?” “Who do you think will be our next President?” “How do cattle sell down your way?” “Who writes Major Downing’s letters?” “Is business pretty brisk your way?” “Is there much doing in the shoe line?” &c. &c. It is like a continual dropping of water, and will wear away the patience of Job, or a henpecked husband. The wretch will take no hints—you may growl at him, like a bear—you may breathe hard, as if you were asleep—it all avails nothing—your doom is sealed, and you may as well make up your mind to submit to it, without a struggle and with Christian resignation.

The last class of social sinners I shall mention is the most numerous one. These are the Gossipers, whose whole talk is about persons—tattlers, meddling busy bodies, anxious to know what their neighbors have for dinner, and how much they paid for it. They pass their lives in watching and speculating upon the conduct of others. They are perpetually wondering why Squire B. painted his house green—what Mrs. A. gave for her new Leghorn bonnet—whether Miss C. refused Mr. D.—whether the widow E. means to marry Mr. F., a man ten years younger than she is, &c. In all subjects pertaining to love and marriage, they take a peculiar interest. If a young man is seen walking twice with the same young woman, especially if he offer her his arm—whew, what a consternation is produced! what shaking of heads, what uplifting of the eyes and hands, what hints, surmises, and inuendos. There is no more peace for either of the aforesaid young persons. They must “run into the danger to avoid the apprehension,” and become actually engaged to escape the groundless imputation of being so. Two or three of these bustling busy-bodies are enough to keep a whole village in hot water, and to draw as effectual a line of separation between the young people of different sexes, as if they lived in different hemispheres.

I have a perfect antipathy to these persons. They are frequently as venomous as vipers, and thrive only on the carcasses of slain reputa-

tions. At any rate, the habit of constant personal talk, indicates an incurable emptiness of mind, and I know of no infliction more intolerable than that of a mind which is at once restless and vapid, which deluges you with "one weak, washy, everlasting flood" of gossip, scandal, petty details, and stale anecdotes. Better to live under the leaden, poppy-wreathed sceptre of Lethean dullness. Wordsworth has written four fine sonnets on "Personal talk," which I recommend to every body to read—if, for nothing else, as a proof, how sensibly a great genius can write. H.

SCENES AT HOME—OR, NOTHING STRANGE.

CHAPTER I.

"Hamlet alone."

WE like the old-fashioned way of introducing the hero at once upon the stage, and either taking him to pieces and entering upon a minute examination of his structure and adaptation, or else, of putting him upon his word of honor to tell us his qualifications, experiences, and expectations. Much doubt is in this way avoided, vain surmises discouraged, and we carry our reader along with us, quietly and sociably, knowing precisely what to expect, and prepared with all the proper emotions for the catastrophe. We would, therefore, candidly tell him, that one winter evening, not *many* years ago, in a private parlor of a hotel in one of our large cities, stretched at full length on a sofa drawn on one side of the fire, his left arm supporting his head, his legs crossed, and his right hand engaged in swinging his watch forward and back by its black ribbon, lay Henry Pembroke—a handsome man, of about two-and-twenty—talented, cultivated, tasteful—rich as a patriot—and lately arrived from the country-seat of his family at L. where, till within a few months, his life had been spent.

His watch by degrees swung slower and slower; its vibrations became shorter and shorter, and it would evidently have peaceably come to rest, had not its thoughtful owner carefully let it drop on the Persian rug. Deep consideration seemed to occupy his mind, for his eye continued fixed on the glowing fire, and his position insinuated self-forgetfulness rather than ease or comfort. The clock struck twelve, and he started—not for midnight murder, gentle reader, nor did he remember himself engaged at that hour to the dark task of the resurrectionist—he started—to soliloquize.

"Yes," said he, as he drew his fingers through his chestnut hair, which did *not* curl,—“yes, it is singular that I should have lived so long in ignorance of the fairest portion of creation—that I should have so little thought of, so entirely slighted, God’s last and best gift to man—lovely creatures they are! So pure, so delicate, so refined from the grossness that soils the best man’s brightest virtues. Kind visitants on earth, mild beings of another sphere, how are you here misplaced! What in heaven can be more beautiful than the delicacy of woman’s feelings, contrasted with the jarring passions of the more violent spirits

among whom her lot seems fixed? What more strong than woman's love? What more unmoveable than woman's pride? The days of poetry were indeed the age of truth. Woman should be the object of man's study, adoration, and love. How he might refine himself by her intercourse, exalt himself by sympathy with her! But in these days of present interest and general utility, we depreciate the prize as an excuse for not entering into the pursuit. Man's indolence, in the first place, and then his pride, have robbed woman of her rightful incense, and polluted her altar by sacrifices to self-esteem. But if I do not prove myself an exception to the general rule,"—and here our hero began to pull off his boots,—“if I do not make myself better acquainted with the feelings, interests, sympathies of the lovely creatures, may—(damn that boot; how tight it is,)—may Emily Percival talk nonsense. What an interesting creature she is—how beautifully she converses—how bewitchingly her cornelian cheek dimpled this evening, as she spoke of our not—not being so much affected by what we read as by what we ourselves suffer. Oh, how these things lose by repetition. However, I have seen her but once—I will know more of her, and begin my study of female character with her. I suppose I must go to Mrs. Winslow's to-morrow night—yes, to cultivate a social spirit.”

CHAPTER II.

“And we mean well in going to this mask;
But 't is no wit to go.”

PEMBROKE did go to Mrs. Winslow's. There he found a large party—a riot of muslins and broadcloths—a specimen show of the dress-makers and tailors. The rooms were large, and the crowd provided was consequently immense. Belles without number were there, and beaux of every age and standing,—young ladies, who affected ease, and maidens more advanced, who tried to be shy,—boys who engrossed the dashing young widows, and bachelors of two-score-and-ten, who flirted with the graces of fifteen. Italian mustachios, military stocks, and gentlemen “just returned from Europe,” respectively made every exertion to enjoy themselves, and make their enjoyment conspicuous.

The lady of the house was, most especially, delighted with each of her guests; and every individual of these seemed, in the most disinterested manner, happy that the rest of her friends were receiving so much pleasure—and all hurried forward to look upon the gay scene. But it would require an Epic of Metaphysics to describe the various adventures and the changing passions that exercised the heroes and wandering damsels of that fête. Napoleon might have gained Waterloo, had he witnessed the manœuvres, and Talleyrand might have taken many a lesson in diplomacy. But as such scenes are “nothing strange,” we forbear to relate the successes and failures in getting partners and receiving bows, the forgiving smiles and internal rage of the ladies, when their dresses were encroached upon, and the curses of the gentlemen, and their sweetest apologies, when they crowded less vigorous competitors from the dance. Nor can we delay to describe the waltz in which the effeminate constitutions of the gentlemen evidently suffered most interestingly under the weight of sentimental belles; at which amusement, it was observed, that the ladies, if old,

showed a wild and romping disposition, while the younger *looked on* with apparent horror and seemingly offended delicacy; but we must pass over these and many similar topics; for "scenes at home," though always interesting, are not often the most pleasant for repetition.

Amid the throng, Pembroke sought and found the interesting Emily Percival. "Thank Heaven," thought he, as he walked towards her, "she is not dancing. A girl of such a mind as hers must be above that."

"Ah, here is a partner," thought she; and she looked in another direction.

And he spoke, and bent, and buttoned the left pocket of his pantaloons; and she sank, and dimpled her cheek, and tightened her glove on two fingers, but sighed, when he, in a very serious tone, inquired after her emotions when looking on a crowd. And he grew interested as he thought of the sad sensibility of so young and beautiful a creature.

"I feel tired very often," she said, "and sometimes I feel frightened; it depends entirely upon our state of mind, I think, Mr. Pembroke. But when we reflect that they, who surround us, are thinking and moving existences like ourselves, it seems to me that our feelings take the indescribable character, and are very interesting; do n't you think so, too? I am sure you do."

"I agree with you perfectly," replied he, quite affected by her appeal to his feelings; "though I do not remember that the subject was ever before presented to me in that light. You think that there is fatigue even in sympathy, and that deep interest involves apprehension; and you say your feelings overpower your reason, and that the heart is affected in a way that the head, in its cooler moments, vainly endeavors to account for. 'T is singular I never thought of that view of the subject."

"I do n't think there is any thing new in the world; do you? Only think of the countless myriads of moral and intellectual agents who have gone before us; they must have used every thing up long ago; do n't you believe they have? And then are you not surprised when you think of our own minds? oh, I think it is one of the strangest things how they can act so."

Pembroke began to fear that the lady's ideas were not altogether so clear as she imagined; and, half doubting whether he had not mistaken her in supposing originality her charm, and blaming himself for having introduced any subject, on which she should feel herself obliged to converse, though with less ease than she was accustomed to enjoy in her speculations, he thought to change the subject. Looking, therefore, at a very beautiful girl, who stood near them, conversing in a very animated manner with some gentlemen, while her face beamed with the loveliest and brightest smile that ever purity was decked in, he observed, "I presume you are as much of an admirer of Miss Fleming as the rest of the beauty-admiring world."

"I cannot say," she replied, her fan resting on her under lip; "I am not sure that my feelings on the subject of beauty will quite agree with yours. Do n't you think our minds are led, by admiration of personal beauty, away from those higher ornaments, which belong to"

every moral and intellectual agent, and that we neglect an opportunity of studying character, for the sake of indulging what I think we may analyze as a mere sensual taste? Do not now think I am speaking from envy of Miss Fleming. You wo'n't now, Mr. Pembroke, will you?"

"Do n't be alarmed," thought Pembroke. "Have no fear of that kind, Miss Percival," he said.

She smiled sympathizingly, blushed, looked down, but raised her head again with an expression just proper, as she thought, to meet his eye. But he was looking at and enjoying the pure innocent gaiety of Miss Fleming, and was thinking if it were possible a man could look upon such a creature and not feel himself a better and improving being. He was interrupted by Miss Percival, who, disappointed in her expression of conscious worth being wasted, exclaimed, laying her face very impressively on his arm, "But, Mr. Pembroke, you will tell me, wo'n't you, which you like best, the head or the heart?"

This, being spoken in rather an ardent tone, was overheard—among others by Miss Bruisley, a young lady of forty-seven, who, turning towards the fair philosopher, glanced a look of polite horror, and bowed coldly, nearly bursting a blood-vessel in an attempt to blush. She then turned her eyes towards the dancers, but it was evident that a new and interesting train of ideas had engrossed her attention, and while Pembroke tried to answer Miss Percival's question, she employed herself in drawing probable conclusions from observed phenomena.

Our hero, not observing the blushes of the inquirer, who seemed to think that such an exposé of her feelings demanded some emotion, wished to satisfy her anxiety. But we should excuse his simplicity, this being his first attempt to study female character. The question, however, he found himself unable to answer; he could not understand it; wondered it had never before occurred to him, and finally in what he imagined admiration of female acuteness, and with a benevolent desire to avoid leading an unsettled and over-anxious mind into error, answered, that our feelings on that subject were difficult to analyze, and that he feared he could not satisfy her till she had given him a definition of love, as applied to the head and to the heart.

Miss Bruisley, who had been so much startled by the question, thought herself called upon, on hearing the reply, to assume every hue of the tricolor. She moved backward and forward, within the space of a foot, in the most fidgety excitement, read the mark on her handkerchief forty times, pressed her dress down from her neck, and, finally, looking round with eyes beaming innocent mischief, beckoned to Miss McDonald, a lady of fifteen, who was dancing or about to commence a dance with a veteran lieutenant. The little conqueror of hearts obeyed, perfectly indifferent to any thing Miss Bruisley could have to say, but thinking this a golden opportunity of showing a pretty ankle and respect to the aged, while all were awaiting the striking-up of the music, flew with alacrity to her friend.

"My dearest love," said Miss Bruisley, taking the little thing's hand very affectionately, and trying to stoop as little as possible, "have you heard of Mr. Pembroke's attentions to Emily Percival? Is n't it strange?"

"Horrors!" sputtered the bunch of trimmings. "But you hav'n't told me how you like my back hair. Did you hear about the bouquet? Only think what Lieutenant Spenser said to me! Just see one of the steps I am going to take;" and, with what she mistook for youthful sprightliness, she tore back to her partner, and with beautiful naivetè observed, "Do n't you admire balls? Oh, I do adore them. Heavens! only think of Emily Percival's being engaged to that man with no hat in his hand; Is n't it awful? Did you hear what Colonel Delancey said to me? Oh, that music; do hear those dreadful fiddles,—Quick, quick,—oh, I shall die; we 're all out of tune."

CHAPTER III.

"Words—Words—Words."

At eleven calls, which Lieutenant Spenser made the next morning, the following conversation occurred:—

"By the bye, Mrs. —, you were not at the Winslows' last evening. We missed you very much, I assure you. We had a very pleasant time—a very delightful party, as much so as any I have seen any where for a long time."

"No, I was sorry not to be able to go; but Mr. — thinks I am getting too dissipated, and I stay at home to keep him quiet."

"Well, I do n't know as you lost any thing—I was very much amused by seeing Fanny Shepherd try to drink five glasses of Champagne. She is certainly a very fascinating girl. Speaking of parties, I suppose you 've heard of Miss Percival's engagement to young Pembroke. I 'm glad she's got him."

"No, Sir, I ca'n't say I have heard it, though from what I saw the other evening, at the concert, I have been expecting it. She is a very nice girl, and I hope will turn out well. The Bishop will marry them, of course. I wonder if they will reside here. The Percivals belong here—her grandmother, let me see, was a Miss Grundy, a very sweet girl—married twice—her first husband was, I suspect, rather inclined to drinking. Do you know any thing of Mr. Pembroke?"

Lieutenant Spenser was always careful to answer in the negative, and the lady generally continued, "I do n't know who he can be; I 'm quite anxious to know—I wonder if he is so rich—I do n't believe the blood is good. Do you think him so very dissipated?"

But the gallant soldier could not be expected to know every body, and as he had never heard of Pembroke's having traveled at all, he thought it safest to decline any knowledge of the subject, and always answered that he could not say he was a dissipated man, not having met him anywhere. "But—can it be possible? time does fly, indeed. My dear Mrs. —, let the unpardonable length of this visit convince you of my reluctance to tear myself away. It is shameful; but I always forget myself at your house. I must skip some of my intended calls to atone for this indulgence; but let that be entre nous; for, my dear Mrs. —, if you were to whisper it, I should be the talk of the town for a twelve-month." And here he always pressed the lady's hand confidentially, and sighed as he bowed himself out of the room, leaving her to prepare some new characters for agreeable conversation, with the next news monger who might chance to call.

CHAPTER IV.

"The glass of Fashion and the mould of Form."

ABOUT a week after Mrs. Winslow's ball, late in the evening, Pembroke returned to his room, in somewhat of an imperial rage. He threw himself upon the sofa, and his hat upon, or rather *at* his table, much to the discomfiture of a lamp, which was overthrown, and an inkstand, which was made to disgorge its contents upon the new Brussels. Our hero saw not, heeded not—he was engaged in a singular manner—he was thinking. The thought of man—of man to whom every rational enjoyment was allowed, enslaved by the restrictions of society—whose intercourse with his fellow-creatures should be free and unguarded, and whose greatest happiness should arise from social freedom, promoting mutual improvement—he thought of him shackled by self-imposed forms of propriety, subservient to etiquette, the object of others' scrutiny, formed by others' opinion.

"Yes," he exclaimed, as he vehemently wound up his watch, "*God made the country, man made the town.* Was there ever a more artificial, unreasonable, worthless set of regulations, than those, which men of this present day of liberal opinions and general improvement have manufactured to bind and confine themselves in their intercourse with their fellow-men." Here the breaking of his watch-spring reminded him that he was over-hasty, and he endeavored to calm himself. He soon continued, rising and addressing himself with somewhat less energy to one of the windows—" 'T is disgraceful that such a state of society should exist; here am I, according to the world's report, engaged to be married, bound for life, to Emily Percival, a girl whom I have seen but—four times. The result of the intercourse I have had with her, and which has originated this tale, has been to show me that my first opinion of her being intellectual or original was erroneous, and that she is, in fact, silly and affected. And yet, for ascertaining this fact, they would have me marry her. Why cannot every man, and woman too, content themselves with what most concerns them? From what man can learn of woman, he feels that she possesses powers which he has not and still needs—that she can charm him in his hours of indolence, soothe him in his trouble, and reward him when every other success avails not; he feels that they were made for each other. Why then the barrier which society imposes on their intercourse? why prevent the growth of a general sympathy in each for the other sex? and why, since marriage seems to be the great object of life, leave both parties in the dark, till a lasting, irrevocable union renders their knowledge of their unsuitableness for each other unavailing." Thus he spoke and mused by turns, not in anger so much, but certainly his sorrow was rather alloyed with bitterness, and his disgust was not unmixed with pity.

He thought he would start that moment for his country seat—then he thought he would stay and brave it out, write a satire on women, or a novel, of which he should be the unfortunate hero—finally, he resolved to ring the bell.

Jean Baptiste Amaltier Howard appeared. Not receiving any immediate commands, he amused himself with picking from the carpet the now empty inkstand, and reinstating the lamp in its perpendicular dignity.

"Howard!" exploded the student of female character.

And Howard, starting at the unusual tone, dropped a pink billet, with which he was lighting the lamp, and stood before his master.

"Howard, go to Mrs. Audenen's, and Mrs. Westall's, and tell them that I ca'n't come to their balls to-morrow evening and the next, because,—be sure to tell them now,—I am tired to death with balls.

Howard respected his master much, but imagined he respected himself more; therefore, laying his hand on his heart, and bending, he said, "Mr. Pembroke must consider that the memory of French gentlemen is not as strong as that of American servants. I cannot possibly remember such a message as that. Will he be so kind as to write his apologies to the ladies?"

"Well, well, give me some paper."

Howard gracefully handed some silver-edged nectar-colored note-paper.

The misanthrope placed it on his knee, and demanded a pen. The votary of etiquette perceived his intention, and gasped. A repetition of the call extorted the confession that the ink had been too profusely lavished on the carpet to answer the purpose of writing a billet to the ladies, and that he was about to step out of the room for some.

"Hand me my pencil, Howard."

The gentleman with difficulty suppressed a shriek, but throwing himself at his master's feet, cried, "My dear young sir, if I have ever pleased you, remember it now with kindness; if, in the labors of the toilette, I have ever assisted you, if I have any claim on your gratitude, allow it now; do not disgrace us in this manner, do not disgrace us." And the tears rolled gracefully down his cheek as he spoke.

"Get up, Howard, and fill my inkstand."

The noble-minded creature disappeared, but soon returned, bearing an inkstand with great care in a hand gloved in ashes-of-roses kid. He placed the pens and ink near Pembroke, and waited his pleasure; but this unfortunate man was not in a disposition to be pleased. He began walking the room, and, on the oracle expressing in his looks some surprise, he said, "Write the notes yourself, Howard; I shall have nothing to do with them."

Howard sighed in sorrow, but prepared to answer the notes. With great care he succeeded in folding the paper slightly unevenly,—accuracy in irregularities being the soul of etiquette. He then made a very graceful ink-drop just above the point where he intended to commence, and, having consulted his memorandum book for "Forms for December," wrote in a careless, though handsome hand, the apologies.

Pembroke read them, and said, "If I could possibly dispense with your services, I would burn these up."

Howard passed his hand through his curling locks, and looked at the calf of his leg.

"But," continued Pembroke, "for the benefit of society in general, will you give me the principle that at present directs the affairs of etiquette."

"Sir," replied he of the mode, drawing on his gloves, "the great men of my country recommend the greatest pains to appear careless, without losing self-esteem."

"You may put on some coal now, and retire; but before you go to your room, pack my trunk, and as few articles of your own clothing as you can possibly get along with—and take two places in the morning's mail for Washington." * * * *

OLD TENOR.

BY JOSEPH GREENE.

[In order to understand the annexed poem, it should be known, that, in the year 1702, recourse was had, in New-England, to a paper currency, to support the expenses of government, and furnish a substitute for a circulating medium. The bills purported that there should be a redemption of them at a certain time, which was done at first, but it soon became customary to redeem them by new emissions. This, and constantly enlarged emissions, soon caused them to depreciate. In Massachusetts, their credit was kept up better than in some other provinces, but the depreciation there was at the rate of *seven* and a half for *one* in specie. The currency and money of account acquired the name of OLD TENOR—seven shillings and sixpence in bills being only equal to one shilling in silver, which was called Lawful Money, or ninepence sterling of Great-Britain.

In the year 1750, the Parliament of Great-Britain made a grant of a sum of money to Massachusetts, in order to remunerate the province for its exertion during a then late war. Governor Hutchinson, then Speaker of the House of Representatives, proposed a plan to redeem the whole of the bills of credit of the province, with the specie the parliament granted, and which was sent over in dollars and parts of dollars. This, after much opposition, was carried into effect. Many people supposed they were ruined. But eventually it was productive of much good. The proposal was made in 1749, and the circulation of *Old Tenor* bills was stopped in 1750. In order to prevent the bills of other provinces from passing in Massachusetts, and gradually draining off the silver money, a law was made, that the Courts of Law should be open to no one for recovery of debts, nor should any one be admitted to any office of honor or profit, till an oath was taken that he or she had not taken any paper money since that time.]

A

Mournful Lamentation

For the sad and deplorable Death of

MR. OLD TENOR,

A Native of *New-England*, who, after a long Confinement, by a deep and mortal Wound which he received about Twelve Months before, expired on the 31st Day of *March*, 1750.

He lived beloved, and died lamented.

To the mournful Tune of, *Chevy-Chace.*

A Doleful tale prepare to hear,
As ever yet was told:
The like, perhaps, ne'er reach'd the ear
Of either young or old.
'T is of the sad and woful death
Of one of mighty fame,
Who lately hath resign'd his breath;
OLD TENOR was his Name.

In vain ten thousands intercede,
To keep him from the grave;
In vain his many good works plead;
Alas! they cannot save.
The powers decree, and die he must,
It is the common lot,
But his good deeds, when he 's in dust,
Shall never be forgot.

He made our wives and daughters fine,
And pleased every body ;
He gave the rich their costly wine,
The poor their flip and toddy.
The laborer he set to work ;
In ease maintain'd the great :
He found us mutton, beef and pork,
And every thing we eat.

To fruitful fields, by swift degrees,
He turned our desert land :
Where once nought stood but rocks and trees,
Now spacious cities stand.
He built us houses strong and high,
Of wood, and brick, and stone ;
The furniture he did supply ;
But now, alas ! he 's gone.

The merchants too, those topping folks,
To him owe all their riches ;
Their ruffles, lace and scarlet cloaks,
And eke their velvet breeches.
He launch'd their ships into the main,
To visit distant shores ;
And brought them back, full fraught with gain,
Which much increas'd their stores.

Led on by him, our Soldiers bold,
Against the foe advance ;
And took, in spite of wet and cold,
Strong CAPE BRETON from France.
Who from that Fort the French did drive,
Shall he so soon be slain ?
While they alas ! remain alive,
Who gave it back again.*

From house to house, and place to place,
In paper doublet clad,
He pass'd, and where he shew'd his face,
He made the heart full glad.
But cruel death, that spareth none,
Hath robb'd us of him too ;
Who thro' the land so long hath gone,
No longer now must go.

In Senate he, like Caesar, fell,
Pierc'd thro' with many a wound,
He sunk, ah doleful tale to tell !
The members sitting round.
And ever since that fatal day,
Oh ! had it never been,
Closely confin'd at home he lay,
And scarce was ever seen.

Until the last of March, when he
Submitted unto fate ;
In anno Regis twenty three,
Ætatis forty eight.†
Forever gloomy be that day,
When he gave up the ghost :
For by his death, oh ! who can say
What hath New-England lost ?

Then, good OLD TENOR, fare thee well,
Since thou art dead and gone ;
We mourn thy fate, e'en while we tell
The good things thou hast done.
Since the bright beams of yonder sun,
Did on New-England shine,
In all the land, there ne'er was known
A death so mourn'd as thine.

Of every rank are many seen,
Thy downfall to deplore ;
For 't is well known that thou hast been
A friend to rich and poor.
We 'll o'er thee raise a SILVER tomb,
Long may that tomb remain,
To bless our eyes for years to come,
But wishes, ah ! are vain.

And so God bless our noble state,
And save us all from harm,
And grant us food enough to eat,
And cloaths to keep us warm.
Send us a lasting peace, and keep
The times from growing worse,
And let us all in safety sleep,
With SILVER in our purse.

* In 1745. The island of Cape Breton, near the Gulph of St. Lawrence, was invaded, and the city of Louisbourg, (called the Dunkirk of America,) taken by a party of troops from Massachusetts principally, with small assistance from Connecticut and New-Hampshire, (a detachment from Rhode-Island did not arrive till after the surrender.) The whole land force, and a squadron of armed privateers from Boston were sent under command of William Pepperell—who was knighted afterwards.

It is probable that the expedition would have been abortive, had not Sir Peter Warren arrived to their assistance with a squadron of ships of the line and frigates. The merit of the success was given to him in England, and to Pepperell in America—probably each was entitled to a share.

To defray the expense of the expedition, Governor Shirley consented to the emission of a large sum of Old Tenor bills, although he had special orders from the King to put a stop to them ; as it was successful, nothing was said of the breach of orders.

Mr. Vaughan, a merchant, first proposed it to Shirley, who cordially adopted it. Douglas, in his summary, concludes his account of it in this manner—"Thus ended this expedition, planned by a lawyer, (Shirley) to be executed by a merchant, (Pepperell) with a band of soldiers, not one of whom had ever seen a siege, or been present at a battle. — The camp resembled a Cambridge Commencement,—fiddling, dancing, pitching quoits, &c. &c."

† Mr. OLD TENOR was born in the Year 1702.

THE ISSATI CONVERTS.*

A TALE OF THE WILDERNESS. IN 1680.

"ENTHRONED within these everlasting shades, is thy majesty, Oh Most High! Present is thy power, in every tree, and shrub, and blade of summer grass, that springs and blooms in this thy woody ocean! Rife with thy breath is every wind that comes and goes at thy Almighty will! Great is thy might, O Lord of Hosts!"

Such were the impassioned words of a gray-haired man, in the vast wilds of the North-west, at a time when their silence was unbroken, save by the howl of beasts, and the wild red-man's startling yell. He stood alone, amid the mighty trees, absorbed in holy thought, till his spirit felt the presence of a God, and its fullness burst forth from a soul, whose highest aspirations breathed but of reverence to Heaven. He was a venerable man, in cowl and cassock; and on his breast, yet erect and full, was suspended a golden cross, the sign of that faith which had led him to the wilderness to save the souls of men. His carriage denoted humility, and around his mouth played a smile of happiness; while from his eye a look of guilelessness and affection beamed on every thing on which it fell. Yet was there, at times, in the firm compression of his lips, the indication of a spirit, which, undaunted before the world, bowed only to the Deity, for whom he reserved the homage of a guileless soul. While uttering those words, which sprung from his overflowing heart, his face was turned towards heaven; and, when he concluded, he bowed his head in humble adoration of the Being, whose instrument and minister he was. For some minutes he stood in a posture of reverence; then, slowly raising himself, turned to a spot on which was erected a rude wooden cross,—the first banner of the Lord ever reared beneath the primal shades of this western world. He was in the act of kneeling, when, hearing the sound of footsteps, he turned quickly, and the placid expression of his face broke into a smile, as his eyes met those of Mamensi, a fair daughter of the Issati tribe.

"Welcome, my child, welcome! My heart is joyed, that, to your worship and your promise you are thus true. Here, before our natural altar, will we pour out our souls to Him, who is the God and the protector alike of you and me, of the white man and the red. Kneel, my daughter, and let these trees, the silent sentinels over the grandeur and expanse of nature, be our only witnesses,—the fragrance of these native flowers our only incense!"

While the good Father Louis thus addressed his fair convert, her head reclined on his shoulder; when he ceased, she gently raised it, and discovered a face, in outline so classic, so soft and womanly, yet noble in expression, that a stranger would have gazed surprised, that one so fair could have drawn her natal breath in such a place. Nor could he fail to see in the gentle curve and bland expression of the lip, the speaking lustre of her dark and piercing eye, and the rosy tinge

* The Issati were a tribe of Indians who inhabited the territory on the Mississippi, in the neighborhood of the Falls of St. Anthony. Father Hennepin gives a detailed and interesting account of them. They are not now known, if the tribe still does exist, by their ancient name; but are probably mixed up with the frontier nations, who bear other names.

that struggled through the olive skin, as does the morning blush through veiling clouds, that Mamensi felt a soul as pure, an intelligence as strong, and affections as tender, as can be found among the "snowy daughters" of another race. It was her intellectual superiority over the women of her tribe, that first attracted the attention of Father Louis, who bent the whole energies of his strong and ardent mind, to reclaim her from heathenism to the Christian faith. She soon came to feel for him the affection of a child,—for she was an orphan,—and he for her that of a father; and, at length, the principles of his creed sinking deep into her mind, she became the first proselyte to Christianity among all the nations of the wilderness. Under his tuition her mind was enriched, her impulses and affections purified, and her character divested of many of the repulsive traits of the savages by whom she was surrounded. Her meetings with Father Louis were usually cheerful and happy; but now, her eyes were suffused with tears, and appealed to him with such a look of hope and grief, that he involuntarily exclaimed—

"What evil has beset thy path, my child? Who has a heart so cold and dead as to cause Mamensi's tears to flow? Speak, my child, and place thy trust in Him thou lovest, and who can comfort thee!"

"Pity, pity thy child, my father!" sobbed the girl; "pity her, for she is afflicted!"

Again, with all the fondness of a child, she flung herself upon his neck, and wept aloud.

"Nay, my child, thou art not wont to wet my neck with tears! Once thou didst weep, when first thy young soul felt the truth of a Redeemer's love, and glowed with faith and hope;—they were tears of joy, but these are not. Why dost thou weep, my forest child? Wilt thou not tell him to whom thou art more dear than breath or life?"

"Can Mamensi hide her slightest thought from one who has been more than father to her?" said the agitated maid; "No—no! But, father, I am weary from afflictions! Let me rest on this green spot, and I will tell you why your daughter weeps."

He led her to a seat, and she continued—

"Thou knowest, my father, that thy daughter's soul is formed to love! Not more closely does that clinging vine embrace the forest-king, than does Mamensi's heart the object of its love! Thou knowest, too, that here, before this sacred altar, there was one, who knelt with us, and offered up his prayers to thy God—the God of our Great Spirit! Often have I heard thee speak in words of love of him, and praise his meek and gentle spirit and his growing faith! He breathed a tale into my ear more sweet than songs of birds, and as we've roamed these lonely woods, with none to hear, I've thought the heaven, thou hast so often told me of, had come to earth, and we were in it. But, my father! ——" the agitated girl would have said more, but her head sunk on her bosom, and she burst into tears.

"But what, my child, what grieves thee, gentle one? Has any evil come to him thou lovest?"

"No, my father, none. Listen to thy daughter. This morning, as I sat before my wigwam, the chief Telasca stood before me. Thou oft hast marked his stern and dreadful look, and how he bears the

tiger in his eye ;—but now he was as mild and gentle as the dove, and sat beside me, with honeyed words upon his tongue ; and oh ! my father, told me he would take thy child, Mamensi, as his wife !”

“ The wretch !” exclaimed Louis, as he extended his arms to Mamensi, who sunk into them in agony. “ Just Heaven ! look in mercy on thy child, and let not the happiness of even an Indian maid be sacrificed without a hope !”

At this moment, a tall and handsome youth broke through the mass of undergrowth, and stood beside the afflicted couple. After an instant of surprise, at what he saw, he exclaimed, as he moved hastily to Mamensi and clasped her in his arms,—

“ What dart has pierced my lovely bird ? Mamensi, turn thy eyes upon thy love, and tell him why they thus are filled with weeping !”

“ Nachetoba, we are lost !” exclaimed the girl, “ the dove is in the claws of the devouring hawk ! Thy own Mamensi is to be Telasca’s wife !”

“ Telasca’s wife ! then, holy father, will the wolf and timid lamb lie down together, as thou oft hast said they would. But no, my dearest love, we shall not thus be taken from each other. Let us kneel before our God, for His hand will protect us !”

With one consent, the three moved to the cross, before which they were wont to bend, and knelt. It was a solemn sight, to see three beings kneeling in the forest’s midst, invoking Heaven’s protection, where no prayers but theirs had ever ascended through the overhanging branches to the throne above,—and doubly solemn, when of that three, two were converts to the Christian’s God—the first of Indian blood and Christian faith who ever knelt, where millions now, of fairer skin, pour forth their homage and their love.

For some minutes they remained silently kneeling, and the air of deep supplication that was visible, showed the fervency with which they prayed, *in thought*, for the protection of the Most High. While they were in this posture, a gigantic savage slowly approached, and gazed with a look of affectionate interest on the group, till they rose and he discovered the sorrowful expression that rested on their faces.

“ My brother, why dost thou look so grieved ? Mamensi, too ! and you, good father ! tell me why ; and if Watawa’s love can do thee aught of good, he will not fail to dry thy tears !”

There was about this man an air of thoughtful calm and dignity, which would have distinguished him in any assembly of his tribe ; and so remarkable, indeed, had he made himself by his powers of thought and foresight, that he was known by the appellation of “ the thinking man.” Upon all occasions he was cool and prudent, and never gave way to the passions which form so marked a trait in the aboriginal character. He was inclined rather to pacific than to warlike measures ; yet, in the field, displayed the same coolness and intrepidity, which, at home, gave weight to his character and respect to his counsels. Yet, with all this, he numbered among his partizans a small band, compared to that of his most powerful rival, Telasca ; who, by the cunning and impassioned cast of his mind, brought over a large majority of the Issati chiefs to his interests, and, with them, the larger portion of the tribe. Watawa, though he could not, with Nachetoba, adopt the doctrines of the Christian faith, respected the earnestness of

his brother's belief, and, with the kindness of a noble mind, cherished for him the same affection, as when they both were worshipers of the Great Spirit. He listened to the recital of his brother's affliction with profound attention, and, at its close, stood, for some moments, apparently revolving in his mind the surest means of warding off a blow, he knew would be so fatal to the happiness of two beings, to whom his heart clung with deep affection.

"Listen to me, Nachetoba," at length he said; "and thou, who yet shalt be my sister. Thou knowest the crafty arts of him who seeks to break thy peace;—thou knowest, too, that they have gained to him large numbers of the Issati tribe, who bear thee a snake-like hatred for thy faith, which yet will spring upon you, when you least think of danger. With such a man, we cannot battle in the open day, but must meet him by his own arts. The sun is setting; let us return to our homes, and watch with eagle eyes. We yet may crush the tiger ere his claws are fixed."

The whole party assented to the propriety of Watawa's counsel, and moved in silence towards the village. The parting of the lovers, though but for a few hours, was full of sorrow; and it was not until Watawa interposed, that they were finally separated.

The night succeeding these events was passed, by the lovers, in restlessness and anxiety. Mamensi felt it was necessary to act with the greatest prudence; but, with all her gentleness, she could not conceal from herself, that, if Telasca's suit should be renewed, some expression of the abhorrence with which she viewed him, might escape her, and thus would all her hopes be crushed. She endeavored to reason with herself on the importance of a seeming compliance; but, at every dawning of the thought upon her mind, she involuntarily shrunk from a dissimulation so revolting to her open and generous nature. After passing the night in alternate schemes for the safety of Nachetoba and herself, and weeping over their futility, she rose from her couch of tears, and stepped forth into the morning air, just as the first tints of awakening day were bursting through the lofty trees. Slowly she bent her way to the secluded altar, before which she had so often knelt in happiness, as if, instinctively, she felt that there, and there alone, could her soul's commotion be assuaged. She reached the spot. No being was near, save the innocent birds, that filled on every side the untainted air, with the voice of morning.

"Would the poor Indian maid were one of you, sweet birds!" sighed Mamensi, as she gazed delighted on the fresh and blooming scene, and knelt before the cross. Her arms were folded on her breast, and her head sunk in an attitude of intense prayer; and her hair, black and glossy as the raven's wing, hung carelessly down and rested on the dewy grass. For some time, she remained motionless and statue-like; nor did even her lips move with the silent invocation. Slowly, at length, she put aside her hair, and raised her eyes upon the symbol before which she knelt. In an instant, her whole face was lighted up with a glow of pleasure, strangely contrasted with the settled gloom that a moment before pervaded it. Her hands were clasped in ecstasy; her breast heaved with her quick breathing, and her eyes gazed with tremulous eagerness and delight, as if an angel form were before her, to say her prayers were heard. So absorbed was she, that she heeded

not the footsteps of Father Louis, who now approached, until he was by her side, and, placing his hand upon her arm, pronounced her name. Even then, as if she feared the glorious sight would vanish, her eyes were not withdrawn, but, with a rapid gesture of her hand, she pointed to the cross, and whispered, "There!" Father Louis looked towards it, but could perceive nothing to awaken such ecstasy in his convert, and again looked into her face to assure himself it was all real.

"Do you not see it?" eagerly inquired the girl in the same tone; "Look at your cross! The glory of God's blazing eye is on it! Look!"

Again the good man looked, and the cause of Mamensi's agitation was apparent. While she knelt, the sun had risen in unclouded splendor, and his rays, piercing the entangled branches above, burst through the only opening visible around, and fell upon the cross. So deep was the shade on every other object, that the blaze of sun-light cast a kind of halo on the cross, which awakened the tinge of superstition still existing in Mamensi's mind, and led her to believe a sign had been given of the acceptance of her prayers. Father Louis stood in silence, unwilling to disturb a phantasy, which would revive the drooping spirits of the maid, and relieve her mind, in some degree, from the load which oppressed it.

"See! see!" again whispered Mamensi, as though her tones would break the spell; "the glory fades! the eye of God moves on to save and bless!"

Raising herself upon her feet, with a slow and solemn step—her eyes still fixed on the now dimly-lighted cross—she moved forward till the rays no longer rested on it; when, kneeling and clasping the sacred symbol, she exclaimed—

"The cries of the hunted fawn are heard in heaven! Mamensi shall not wed the tiger chief!"

"Shall the sun never set?" exclaimed a voice which thrilled to her soul, while the speaker, with clenched teeth and flashing eyes, stood over her. As its hated tones burst upon her, Mamensi uttered a cry of dismay, and sunk into the arms of Father Louis; who, while he supported her, cast a gaze of stern defiance on the chief, before which for a moment he quailed.

"Old man, stand not between the tiger and his prey, lest his claws be buried in your heart! Let go the girl! She shall be my wife, though all the world said, No!"

"She shall not, though all the world declared she should! What! shall a being of heaven serve a fiend of hell? Think you the mountain snow can be mixed up with dirt, and not be stained? Begone, savage, nor dare with thy polluted hands to touch the maid!"

Telasca's soul was stung to the quick, by a reply so bold and unexpected, from one whose opposition he thought easy to overcome; and he paused, irresolute to proceed. For a moment, he thought it better to withdraw, and rely on the cunning which had never yet failed him; but his savage blood burned, that he should be repulsed by a man, armed only with the dignity and command of mind; and, grasping his knife, he yelled—

"Then shall she die, and wait behind the setting sun the chief Telasca's coming!" and sprang towards his victim.

"Monster, forbear!" shouted Louis; "the wrath of the Evil Spirit light upon you, if you touch one hair of this maiden's head! Behold!" As he spoke, Father Louis drew from beneath his cassock, a silver chalice, and, with a determined gesture, held it before the chief. Had the spirits of his fathers stood before him, he could not have shrunk more quickly than he did before the sacred cup of the Christian priest!*

"Now, tiger-hearted chief, strike if your hand has strength;—or, if you fear to die, put back the knife, and begone!"

"The evil spirit guards the maiden now," said Telasca; "but the hour will come, when none but the Manitou's hand shall save her! Telasca goes, but his heart is fire till revenge shall quench it!"

"Look up, my child, and bless again the God who watches over you!" said Louis, as soon as Telasca had disappeared.

It was not difficult to allay the fears of Mamensi; and, in a short time, she and her protector, composed, but melancholy, moved towards the village. They were walking slowly amid the trees, when they were joined by Watawa and Nachetoba. Watawa's countenance exhibited more emotion than he was wont to show on any occasion, and awakened anew, in Mamensi's mind, the fears, which, a short time before, had wrought so powerfully upon her.

"We are beset by danger on every side, and must fly!" said he, hastily. "To-morrow's sun must see us on our way to the country of the Tinthenhas. As the sun rose this morning, the dog Aquipagetin, who is the slave of Telasca, raised the war-cry in the village, and, pretending some injury from the Illinois, ordered his followers to be ready by to-morrow morning. The Illinois have done nothing that we should dig up the hatchet; and this sudden war is but a measure to insure the possession of Mamensi. Therefore, be watchful as the wolf, and all will yet be well. The best and bravest of my friends will be at the end of the village next the setting sun, as the moon rises to-night, with horses fleet as the wind. Mean time, separate, and on no account be seen together to-day. A hundred eyes are upon you, and a hundred hands ready to strike the blow of death upon you and me. But, above all, be each one ready as the moon rises. The delay of one, may be the destruction of all. And remember, my forest flower, that while thy God and Watawa guard thee, thou mayest be safe!"

In an instant, Watawa and Nachetoba were out of sight, and the remaining two, after a hasty embrace, and a promise to meet at the grave of Mamensi's father at dark, separated in different directions; each painfully alive to the terrible and almost unavoidable danger which hung over them.

The day was passed by the warriors of the tribe, friendly to Telasca, in preparations for the expedition, and for the feast in the evening. To them, war was the food of life,—that which sustained their energies and gave a field for unbridled gluttony in blood and human life. A descent was to be made upon the river *Meschasipi*, as it was then called, and a large number of canoes were in readiness for starting.

* That we may not be considered dealing altogether in fiction, in a scene which, without a foundation in truth, would be so ineffective, we make the following extract from Father Hennepin's "New Discovery of a Vast Country in America," printed in 1699, p. 165.—"They observed that this vessel, (a chalice) which was of silver gilt, cast a glittering light, so that as often as they chanced to look towards it, they would shut their eyes. The reason was, as we understood afterwards, because they believed it to be a spirit which would kill them."

Six of the best hunters of the tribe were despatched for game ; while the warriors, at home, gave a life and animation to the village, it was not wont to see.

Far different was the situation of those, whose hopes and fears suffered a painful vacillation ; and who, separated and alone, knew not of each other's fate, and could not know, till they met at the appointed hour, to seek the safety in flight, which could no longer be hoped for in a nation of foes.

At length the night set in, clear and unclouded ; and through the village large fires were kindled, over which the meat, brought in by the hunters, was placed in kettles and earthen vessels. Then commenced the war-dance and the contortion ; and the yells, which " made night hideous," reverberated through the forests, and died away on the distant banks of the Meschasipi.

While the attention of the whole village was thus attracted towards the feast, Mamensi stole forth, to gaze, for the last time, on the scenes amid which her life had been passed, and which were hallowed to her, as the resting-place of the parents of whom, years before, she had been deprived. With trembling steps she moved towards a mound, in the outskirts of the village, to which she had often made a pilgrimage of love and grief, and heeded not the demoniac yells which momentarily startled the slumbering air. Proceeding through the dense forest, she kept her eyes closely on the path, and at length emerging from it, she stood within a short distance of the spot where reposed the bones of her honored sire. She then first perceived that the whole scene was illuminated with a strong red light, which cast the shadows of the trees around, and glared on the placid bosom of the " Father of Waters." Receding for a moment, she looked cautiously around, and was not a little relieved to see that it proceeded from the northern sky, which glowed as if, in the midst of night, a sun were rising from the icy cincture of the northern pole. With an exclamation of pleasure, she advanced, and stood beside the sacred spot to which she was making a last visit. With solemn and religious feeling, she knelt, and released the imprisoned emotions of her soul, in a prayer full of earnestness and Christian faith ; and concluded, by invoking the protection of Heaven on those who were dear to her, and with whose safety, hers was so indissolubly linked.

" May the prayers of the innocent be registered in heaven !" said the deep-toned voice of Father Louis, who had been a spectator of Mamensi's devotion, and now approached. Instantaneously Mamensi recognized the tones she so much loved to hear, and, turning to the priest, greeted him with child-like warmth and affection. At this moment every thing was lighted up with an intense glow ; and the northern sky, from the horizon to the zenith, blazed as if the portals of heaven were thrown apart, and its glory shed upon the earth below.

" See, father !" said Mamensi ; " the spirits of the frozen world, with their arms of fire, are on the path of war ! The evil spirits seek to cross our path and are met by the spirits of flame ! Look ! there goes a burning arrow,—and there !—and there !" cried she, as several streams of flame, with the speed of light, shot through the darkened void, dimming the brilliant stars, and leaving a long train of light upon the blue expanse. No sooner had they disappeared, than a volume of

light, covering the whole northern horizon, rushed upwards, curving and undulating like wreaths of flaming smoke, and becoming less and less dazzling, till it reached the zenith, and was blended with the gentle lustre of the star-lit sky. Then again flew up the vivid coruscations from every point,—here, running parallel like lightning coursers,—there, crossing on each other's tracks, and fading in the distance.

"Father, behold! we are safe!" cried Mamensi, grasping Louis's arm with one hand, while with the other she pointed to the still illuminated sky; "the battle is over! The evil spirits are destroyed, and the spirits of flame point to the wigwams of the Tinthonhas!"

While she was speaking, several streams, more brilliant than any preceding, shot upwards in a westerly direction, in quick succession, and gradually sinking with a beautiful curve, were only lost to sight when they sunk below the horizon. The whole scene was of unrivaled magnificence, and well calculated to inspire, not only the savage, but the more enlightened white man, with that feeling of awe in the presence of Nature's splendor, which is common to both.*

When all again became enveloped in the gloom of night, the priest and his convert first thought of the danger of being absent from the village, when Watawa's plan for their safety was so near its execution; and, with a simultaneous movement, they turned, and, retracing their steps, were soon in their respective lodges.

Short time had Mamensi to brood over the dangers of the present, and the uncertainty of the future; for, as she lay on the bed on which she had thrown herself, the curtains, that formed the only door of the lodge, were hastily thrown aside, and an Indian, full armed, stood before her.

"Mamensi!" said the stern voice of Watawa; "your hour of trial and of danger is at hand. But a moment since, the dog Aquipagetin ordered you before him. You know the object well, for you know the custom of our tribe. Be brave, my child, and you are safe. Nache-toba, with my warriors, waits my signal to rush to the rescue. Be firm, and fear not!"

So saying, he rushed from the lodge, and left Mamensi bewildered, and almost lifeless, by herself. Scarce had the sound of his footsteps died away, when two of Telasca's most subservient tools entered the wigwam, and, advancing, ordered her to rise and go with them. She attempted instantly to obey, but her agitation was such, that, before she gained her feet, she sunk exhausted to the ground.

"Come!" exclaimed one of the savages, "let not our chief wait! So good a sacrifice should be before him soon!" and, seizing her by the arm, he raised her forcibly and dragged her to the door!

"Spirit of my father! God of all! bless and protect thy child!" groaned Mamensi, as she left, for the last time, the home of her happiness.

When she breathed the fresh air again, she revived; her spirit seemed to acquire renewed and unwonted energy, and, approaching the scene of her peril, she moved, with the step of a princess, towards the circle, in the midst of which stood Aquipagetin and Telasca. As

* The reader will here recognize the Aurora Borealis, about which the Aborigines have many superstitions.

she entered it, and looked around on the figures of the warriors, made even more appalling from the fitful glare of the fire which blazed in the centre, she for a moment shrunk ; but, thought she, " My father was an Issati brave, and shall his daughter shrink before the tiger's eye ?"

With an undaunted front, she moved forward, nearly to the spot where stood the chief, at whose command she was brought forth. With the expression of a demon in every feature of his savage face, Telasca stood near, and bent upon her a look, from which, at any other moment, she would have shrunk with abhorrence ; but now the bow was bent to the full, and could be unbent only with the snapping of the cord of life.

" The daughter of Orasicoude is before you ;—what will you with her ?" said she, with a tone and manner inspired by the extremity of the occasion, and in which no trace of timidity was left. So little, indeed, had the assembled band expected such decision in one, whose name had become another word for gentleness throughout the tribe, that they could not suppress a simultaneous expression of admiration. After the murmur subsided, and the glaring faces of the men again ut on their habitual expression of severity, Aquipagetin spoke.

" Daughter of Orasicoude," said he, " the warriors who once fought with thy father, have dug up the hatchet. They are on the path of their enemies. The Great Spirit demands a sacrifice, and He calls on Mamensi to make it. Are you ready to obey his voice, and cause the Issati braves to beat their foes ?"

" My life," firmly answered the girl, " is always ready as a sacrifice to the Great Spirit. He gave it to me, and"—continued she, while she pointed with a dignified gesture upward,—" to Him I am willing to give it back !"

" We seek not your life, girl," replied the chief.

" Then take my wigwam, and all that's in it," interrupted Mamensi, quickly ; " give them all to the Manitou. You may have them, even to the many scalps my father took ; or, if you wish for victory, take the hatchet of Orasicoude, which, while he bore it, was the lightning of your path ; and it will make you conquer !"

While she spoke, it seemed as if the spirit of the father, she so much honored, shone from her eyes, and breathed in her words ; for the chief, before whom she stood unappalled, felt the influence of her manner, and stood silent before the girl he sought to destroy.

" None of these we ask," said Aquipagetin at length.

" What else has the Issati maid to give ?" eagerly interrupted Mamensi, still endeavoring to procrastinate, " but her prayers that the Issati braves may conquer, and that their wigwams may be filled with the scalps of their enemies ? I have nothing else !"

" But *your virtue !*"* said the savage, hastily. " Give that up a sacrifice to the Great Spirit, and the Issati braves will go with joy to battle !"

Aquipagetin eagerly moved forward, till he closely confronted Mamensi, and peered into her eyes with an expression of savage exultation, as if he would read there, consent to his vile demand. Even then her speaking face returned no answer but defiance ; and, disdain-

* The author refers the reader for authority for this rather startling scene, to the " Continuation of the New Discovery of a Vast Country in America," by Hennepin. p. 67.

ing to reply, she calmly met the gaze of the savage, with a full conviction, that to falter would be destruction.

"Dost thou not remember, girl," continued Aquipagetin, as he read Mamensi's abhorrence in her face, "the custom of our tribe for hundreds of moons? Dare not to break it, for the anger of the Great Spirit will strike you!"

"Let it come!" cried the impassioned girl. "The Great Spirit may take Mamensi's life, but her honor shall be pure as the snow of the mountains! Dog of the Issati tribe! the daughter of Orasicoude despises the command, and will die by the graves of her fathers before she will obey it!"

"Braves of the Issati tribe! shall our feet be turned on the war-path by a girl?" exclaimed Aquipagetin to the myrmidons around. "Shall the Illinois howl at our very doors, and tell us we are squaws? What punishment shall we give the girl for bringing the frowns of the Great Spirit upon us? Speak, braves! The Manitou calls and must be answered!"

The only answer to this savage appeal was a simultaneous commencement of a low and monotonous chant, which sometimes increased to a horried yell, and sunk again into a guttural strain.

Mamensi felt her soul give way, as its savage tones rose and swelled on the stillness of the night; for she knew it was the signal of her death! Her limbs trembled, and the physical strength, which mental agitation had sustained, was gradually sinking, when, suddenly recollecting the signal, at which she knew her rescue would be attempted, she turned her eyes to the east, and felt all her strength revive, as she saw the first beams of the rising moon just breaking over the distant hills.

"Does the daughter of Orasicoude hear the answer of her tribe? Yield to the chief Telasca, and the Great Spirit will smile upon you!"

"Never! monster of your tribe, never!" exclaimed the girl, with a startling impulse, while her undaunted soul lighted up her eyes, and swelled her form to its most majestic height. "Name the meanest thief in the Issati tribe before the wolf Telasca!"

"Then, by the spirits of my fathers, I swear, thy soul shall quickly wing its way to the setting sun!" exclaimed Aquipagetin as he rushed towards her, and, seizing her arm, raised a gleaming knife above her breast. "To the stake with her, and let the smoke of her blood go up to the Great Spirit for his smiles!"

"Men of the Issati! touch not the daughter of Orasicoude!" cried Mamensi, as she suddenly drew a knife from the folds of her garment, and, extricating herself from Aquipagetin's grasp, sprung to a small spot of rising ground near where she stood. "Do you know this knife? It was my father's! It was terrible in battle! It is stained with the blood of your enemies, and is drawn to defend the child of him who was your greatest brave! The stain upon it shall be washed off with Issati blood, if an Issati dog dare but to touch the daughter of Orasicoude!"

At this moment, a terrific yell burst upon the air, and, by the pale light of the moon, a body of warriors was seen emerging from the darkened forest, and bearing down upon the assembled band, with resistless impulse.

"Watawa!" cried Mamensi, as her eye caught the gigantic form of the noble warrior, at the head of his small band. "Oh God! the prayers of the fatherless girl are heard in heaven, and she is saved!"

The emergency which had supported her was now past, and she sank on her knees, overpowered by contending emotions.

Telasca's band had short time to seize their arms, before Watawa, with his few but faithful warriors was upon them.

"On, my braves!" shouted he, in a voice of thunder; "the Manitou is with us! On!"

Deriving new impulse from the tones of Watawa's voice, and cheered on by Nachetoba, who was in their midst, and by a desire to extricate Mamensi from Telasca's power, the assailants, after discharging a flight of arrows into the crowd, rushed, with uplifted tomahawks, to the conflict, and broke at once into the midst of their opponents. They were met by the most determined bravery, and though Telasca's warriors fell on every side, Watawa soon found himself surrounded by a number three times greater than his own. Several of his warriors had fallen, and the remaining few were becoming faint from struggling with a force so greatly superior. He felt the moment for powerful exertion had come, and, raising his voice to its highest pitch, he shouted,

"Come around me, braves, and strike for the daughter of Orasicoude!"

The effect was electric. With a simultaneous impulse, his warriors gathered round their beloved chief, and, with an overwhelming power, cut their way to the spot where Mamensi lay. Here he discovered Aquipagetin standing over her, his left hand bedded in her glossy hair, and his right, clenching a bloody knife, uplifted and just ready to bury it in her bosom. A moment more, and all for which he had periled home and life, would have been destroyed! Even then, the blow seemed too near to be avoided, and with the swiftness of thought he rushed forward, and exclaiming,

"The evil spirit take thy soul!" the steel of his war-club cleft the skull of the Issati dog. In a moment, Nachetoba seized the lifeless body of the maiden; but Watawa, interposing, took from him the precious burden.

"The danger is not yet past!" said he; "I am stronger than you. Give me the girl, and keep close by me. We shall yet be safe!"

Closely hemmed in by his warriors, Watawa turned his face to the western side of the village, and the final struggle commenced. The small portion of his band still remaining, pressed stoutly against the solid phalanx of their opponents; and the knife and hatchet gleamed in the air, and fell, with terrible certainty, on the devoted followers of Telasca. Still, Watawa made little progress; and the arms of his warriors again relaxed in the work of death. It was a moment of terrible trial, and even he felt his spirit sink as he saw the energy of his warriors droop, while that of Telasca's seemed to revive. At this moment of overpowering interest, the northern sky again glowed and blazed, as if the earth disgorged its hidden flames, and streams of light, shooting upward, veered away towards the western wilderness.

"The eyes of the spirits of flame are upon us, and their hands point to the lodges of the Tinthonhas!" shouted Watawa; "bear up, my braves! Death to the dogs, and life to the child of Orasicoude!"

From this moment, the courage of Telasca's band seemed to falter, while that of Watawa's was redoubled. The latter, with a yell which rang through all the woods, broke, with a single bound, through the opposing mass, and stood once more in freedom.

"Now, my braves, to horse! away!" cried Watawa; and, bounding forward, followed by his warriors, he made for the spot where his horses were in readiness. Father Louis was already in waiting, and, leaping to their horses, the remainder of the gallant few who had rushed to the onset, flew through the forests, and soon lost the sound of the yells which rose behind them.

Pursuit, by the survivors of the struggle just passed, would have been instant, had Telasca, in preparing for the expedition he had planned, merely to bring Mamensi in his power, provided horses; as it was, none were at hand, and the detention, occasioned by seeking them, brought the remainder of the band to a knowledge of the full extent of the injury they had sustained. By some unknown hand Telasca had fallen; and, thus deprived of their two greatest leaders, and operated upon by their superstitions connected with the northern lights, the warriors contented themselves with vengeance on the fallen of Telasca's band, and with the hope of any future opportunity of retaliation on the living.

The unexpected firmness of Mamensi in the hour of trial,—the sudden interference of Watawa, and the unlooked-for intrepidity of Nache-toba,—the dauntless bravery of their warriors, and their final escape, have become embodied in the legends of the Issati, now amalgamated with the neighboring Northwest tribes, and may be heard from the lips of their aged warriors, as, recounting their legendary lore, they dwell with animation on the story of *THE ISSATI CONVERTS*!

Cincinnati, Ohio.

C. D. D.

THE GROUP OF TAM O'SHANTER.

THE leading characteristics of genius are daring and originality. It is a bold pioneer, delighting to open paths through tangled wildernesses, and remote, untrodden deserts. The faint-hearted and commonplace are continually looking back, sighing over departed glories, and lamenting that the sources of inspiration are all dried up, and that there is no more material for inventive spirits to work upon. Every province of thought and feeling has been explored, ransacked, and its treasures exhausted; every beautiful and grand object in the outward world has been used to illustrate some spiritual operation; every passion has been painted to the life—all the countless emotions that make the bosom throb have been analyzed—the human heart has been dissected, and man, that complicated web, has been unraveled, and his innermost texture revealed. We can only pour out of one bottle into another, repeat what has been said before, paraphrase old thoughts, and color and embellish what has been already created. But how constantly and invariably are these purblind croakers mistaken! What additions does every century make to the store of intellectual treasures!

what new worlds are discovered by the restless wing of imagination. Gifted spirits are constantly finding out new strings and new tones, in the great harp of Nature, which so many minstrels have swept from Homer's time downwards. How little did Longinus or Quinctilian think that the world would ever see such poets as Dante and Shakespeare. Who could have supposed, in the days when Hayley and Darwin were deemed great poets, that, within fifty years, we should have such poems as "*Childe Harold*" and "*The Excursion*?"

These remarks apply with peculiar force to the fine arts, and especially Sculpture. Who could have supposed that the Greeks had left anything to be done in this art? Every thing beautiful or majestic in form or expression can be found in the vast number of statutes, bas-reliefs, and gems, which have been rescued from the destroying teeth of time. From the gigantic limbs of the Farnese Hercules, and the convulsed features of the Laocoon, to the graceful outline of the Medicean Venus, and the placid brow of the Antinous, there is a complete circle embracing, it would seem, all possible combinations of strength, grace, and expression. But without saying any thing of Michael Angelo and Thorwaldsen, it has been reserved to a Scotch stone-cutter, of our day, to discover, in the art of sculpture, powers and capabilities which Phidias never dreamed of.

Of course we allude to Mr. Thom, the sculptor of the group from Burns's tale of *Tam O'Shanter*. This is truly an admirable work, both in conception and execution. It was no inconsiderable effort of genius to conceive the possibility of representing, in visible and tangible shapes, beings to whom our own imaginations give so little of an outward presence. In reading Burns's inimitable tale, we never imagine to ourselves how *Tam O'Shanter*, *Souter Johnny*, the *Landlord* and *Landlady* look, or what is their dress and appearance; but it is the predominating spirit of fun and frolic which animates the whole group which abides in our minds; the mirth and songs, with which they drive on the stormy night, and the cozy comfort they enjoy by the "bleezing ingle."

The merit of the execution is truly wonderful. Looking at them, we can hardly resist the impression, that the living figures, just as *Souter Johnny* had told one of his best stories, had been suddenly transformed into stone,—so wonderfully are they like life. The most delicate Parian marble has never been more flexible to the Grecian chisel than this hard, rough, brown stone has been made in this instance. The attitudes are perfectly easy, and the drapery (if we may apply so dignified a word to their coarse and prosaic dress) hangs in the most natural folds. The fidelity with which the knitted stockings are represented, attracts universal attention. The ruffles, on the bottom of the *Landlady's* apron, look as if a breath of wind would move them. The flesh is wonderfully natural, especially that of *Souter Johnny's* cheek, and the *Landlady's* arm. The fingers are not very good,—they are stiff and inflexible, though, probably, as little so as the material would permit.

Of the four figures, the best is that of *Souter Johnny*. It can only be described by superlatives. It is wonderful, inimitable, perfect from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. His very cap has a waggish look. His eyes twinkle with good humor. He has evidently

just made a capital joke, and is laughing inwardly at it himself, being a wit of too much eminence and good taste to indulge in any obstreperous mirth at his own bright things. How much fun there is in his broad, fat cheeks and ample chin—of many a rich haggis, of many a foaming can of tippenny, has that jolly physiognomy taken toll! He is not one of those lean, sallow anatomies, that stuff and swill themselves with the good things of the world, and show no gratitude upon their hungry ribs. His face is a sign of good entertainment—cut and come again is written upon every line of it. His short, sturdy, independent figure is equally characteristic. There is an expression even in his leathern apron. His legs are the legs of a man who is used to hammering leather on a lap-stone. One need but look at his calf and ankle to know his occupation. There is an irresistible and indescribable air of drollery over the whole of this wonderful figure. It is as contagious as gaping, and no one can look at him without falling into a broad grin. We advise all who have scolding wives, smoky houses, and cross children,—all dyspeptics, neglected geniuses, and disappointed politicians,—all who have clamorous creditors and forgetful debtors, to go and look at honest Souter Johnny. The light of his merry eye will disperse the black vapors, that brood over their minds and thicken their blood,—for a time, at least.

Next to Souter Johnny, and on his right hand, sits the Landlord. He is rather a weak vessel, and has a decidedly hen-pecked look. He is laughing with all his might (you can almost hear him) at the joke which Johnny has just cracked. His head is thrown back to give full play to his lungs—he is unconsciously spilling the good liquor on his legs—and the whole expression of the figure is that of entire abandonment to a hearty laugh. He evidently does not hear any thing so good every day of his life. He is not a man of the Souter's genius—you can see plainly that he cannot imagine any thing better than what he has just heard; but the Souter's expression is that of a man who can do better things. The Landlord is, moreover, a man accustomed to laughing—it is expected of him—his guests will hardly think they have their money's worth, unless they have "this ready chorus," to season their ale and punch. But in this instance, there is nothing forced, nothing professional in his merriment—it comes naturally, and he laughs from the pure love of it.

On the left of Souter Johnny, is Tam O'Shanter himself, with his cap on his head and spurs on his feet. But he has no thoughts of departing as yet. He enjoys the "bleezing ingle" and the "reaming swats," banishing all thoughts of the weary miles between him and his own home, and the storm of wrath that was there gathering to break upon his devoted head. Little does he dream of what the fates have in store for him. Tam has a great respect for the fair sex, and the Landlady has much more of his attention than his merry friend on his right; and the pleasant chuckle on his face is evidence that he has, in his own opinion, made the better choice. The execution of this figure is admirable, and the character of it is precisely that of Burns's hero. He is the same careless, dissipated dog, that the poet has painted—enjoying the present, and heedless of the future—laughing, drinking, and singing life away—good for nothing, and yet liked by every body. We have always felt acquainted with honest Tam, ever since we read

the poem, and now that we have seen the statue, he seems as familiar to us as an old school-mate.

On the left of Tam O'Shanter, sits the Landlady, who is very nearly equal in spirit and expression to Souter Johnny. She is lending her ears to Tam's soft speeches, but her heart is not in them. She is on household thoughts intent. She has a can't-stop-a-minute sort of look. She is listening because she deems it the duty of a good Landlady to listen to her guests. She thinks she is wanted somewhere else, perhaps to overlook the servants—perhaps to attend to some company in another room—perhaps to see that the bannocks are not burned. The restless position of her foot, and the attitude of her figure, show that she is ready to start up and obey the first call she hears. She is a thrifty body, we will warrant—her house is neat, her linen clean, her dishes bright, her servants obedient, and her husband well broken in to the yoke. She is a stout dame, too—wo to the luckless wight, that, emboldened by liquor, should venture to snatch a kiss—those vigorous arms would give something more than love-taps. It may be thought that we have a great deal of penetration, to speak so confidently of a lady of whom we have only seen a stone image; but if any one will convince us that we are wrong, we shall be happy to be corrected.

We have been asked, which is the greatest effort of genius, a work like this, or an ideal one like the Apollo Belvidere, or the Venus de Medici; but this, with reverence be it spoken, is a foolish question. As well might it be asked, whether Tam O'Shanter or the "Cottar's Saturday Night" were the finer poem. Each is capital in its way, but there is no common ground upon which a comparison can be instituted. Falstaff and Hamlet are both fine conceptions—why need we puzzle our brains as to their relative excellence? The group of Tam O'Shanter is a work of genius and originality—evincing high powers of imagination and humor—let us be content to stop here and go no further.

We constantly hear it said of these statues, that they were made without any model, but hewn out of the hard rock, without any guide but the eye and hand of the artist. The same fact was also mentioned as a reason why we should bestow more praise upon Mr. Augur's beautiful group of Jephthah and his daughter. Now it is certainly much more difficult to make a statue without a model than with, and it is also certain that the more obstacles genius triumphs over, the more admirable is the result. But what is the use of working without a model? Why waste so much superfluous energy in overcoming obstacles which can be so easily removed? A man may learn to write with his toes, but all sensible persons will prefer the fingers. No solid addition to one's fame was ever gained by this process—a few gape and hold up their hands in astonishment, but the majority look only at the result. Mr. Thom, we understand, is studying Sculpture as an art, and we rejoice to hear of it. We do not fear that the originality and raciness of his genius will be at all diminished. He has too much in him to spend his days in making cold copies from the antique. He is destined to be the Hogarth of Sculpture—to give it a new impulse and direction.

THE LOST STAR.

"Wandering star! that shot through the abyss—
I call thee!"

ByRON.

STAR! that on the brow of night
Didst like a jewel shine, when, to her throne
Majestical, in car of silver light,
Mounted the regal moon,
Hast vanished from that glorious throng that kept
Their vigils in the sky, when mortals slept?

Gone, gone from human eye!
He, who first called thee, when together sung
The morning stars, to take thy place on high
The myriad orbs among,
Hath bid thee roll through the blue depths away,
Gild other worlds with thy bright, golden ray.

And hast thou shone, lost Star!
Amid that splendid company so bright
That watched the birth of Time—illuminating afar
The dark paths of the night?
Wast there, when first young Time, upon his wing
Arose, and all the heavenly choirs did sing?

O'er Eden in her bloom,
Did thy rays fall, the groves of Paradise
Touching all goldenly, whose sweet perfume
From new-born earth did rise?
Did Eve watch thee, when her first evening prayer
Arose, and the grand hymn resounded there?

Wast thou that Eastern star
That o'er Judea's hills did send thy ray,—
The beacon-flame that led the Magi far,
To where the Savior lay?
And did the shepherds with their flocks, lost one!
Hail thee, bright pointing to the Infant Son?

O'er Calvary wast thou
That awful hour, when like a curtain spread
The darkness round—when rocked the earth, and lo!
Walked from their tombs the Dead?
And did thy light, lost, wandering Star! illumine
The shadowed earth, and shine athwart the gloom?

Did sages of old time,
Who read the heavens, as a written scroll,
Call thee a nation's star, whose march sublime,
And fate thou didst control?
Did thy light fall, when fell old Babylon?
What nation's splendor hast thou dimmed, lost one!

Thou art gone! and yet how few
Of earth's uncounted sons will miss thy light,
As, gazing on the watchers of the blue,
They read His power and might,
Who bids the stars arise, and bids them fall,—
Whose word created, and sustains them all!

Roll on! thou radiant Star!
Thy fall is not unnoticed; there is One
That guides thy motions in the depths afar,
And scans them from his throne.
The comet's path, the sparrow in her flight,
The course of worlds, and men, He guides aright.

J. H. W.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Outre-Mer ; a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea. No. I.

It seems hardly worth while to keep in the public journals, a secret which is known by all the world ; so we may as well say, that this little work is the production of Professor Longfellow, of Bowdoin College—a man of fine talents, an excellent scholar, and a poet withal. It is one of that sort of books, which are the delight of readers, and the despair of critics. Without any pretensions to being a great work—without claiming to be very profound or very original, it is full of taste, good feeling, and unaffected elegance. It is the book of a man who has a fine eye for the beautiful, a genial sympathy for humanity, rich powers of description, and a disposition to look on the bright side of things. He reminds us a good deal of Washington Irving—not that we mean to insinuate that he is an imitator ; for if the “ Sketch-Book ” had never been written, we have no doubt “ Outre-Mer ” would have been what it is ; but they resemble each other a good deal in the most striking characteristics of their minds.

The author introduces himself to us as a traveler in Europe, and for the present in France. The first chapter gives an account of a Norman Diligence. An extract from this paper will give a good idea of the style of the work, and the spirit of good feeling in which it is written.

On every side, valley and hill were covered with a carpet of soft velvet green. The birds were singing merrily in the trees, and the landscape wore that look of gaiety so well described in the quaint language of an old romance, making the “ sad, pensive, and aching heart to rejoice, and to throw off mourning and sadness.” Here and there a cluster of chestnut trees shaded a thatch-roofed cottage, and little patches of vineyard were scattered on the slope of the hills, mingling their delicate green with the deep hues of the early summer grain. The whole landscape had a fresh, breezy look. It was not hedged in from the highways, but lay open to the eye of the traveler, and seemed to welcome him with open arms. I felt less a stranger in the land ; and as my eye traced the dusty road winding along through a rich cultivated country, and skirted on either side with blossomed fruit trees, and occasionally caught glimpses of a little farm-house resting in a green hollow, and lapped in the bosom of plenty, I felt that I was in a prosperous, hospitable, and happy land.

We are in the next paper introduced to the Golden Lion Inn, at Rouen, and climb with the traveler up to his nest in the seventh story, and roam about the streets of that ancient town. How beautiful is his description of the Cathedral.

With these delightful feelings, I rambled on from street to street, till at length, after threading a narrow alley, I unexpectedly came out in front of the magnificent cathedral. If it had suddenly risen from the earth, the effect could not have been more powerful and instantaneous. It completely overwhelmed my imagination ; and I stood for a long time motionless, and gazing entranced upon the stupendous edifice. I had seen no specimen of gothic architecture before, save the remains of a little church at Havre ; and the massive towers before me—the lofty win-

dows of stained glass—the low portal, with its receding arches and rude statues—all produced upon my untraveled mind an impression of awful sublimity. When I entered the church, the impression was still more deep and solemn. It was the hour of vespers. The religious twilight of the place—the lamps that burned on the distant altar—the kneeling crowd—the tinkling bell—and the chaunt of the evening service, that rolled along the vaulted roof in broken and repeated echoes—filled me with new and intense emotions. When I gazed on the stupendous architecture of the church—the huge columns,—that the eye followed up till they were lost in the gathering dusk of the arches above—the long and shadowy aisles—the statues of saints and martyrs, that stood in every recess—the figures of armed knights upon the tombs—the uncertain light, that stole through the painted windows of each little chapel—and the form of the cowed and solitary monk, kneeling at the shrine of his favorite saint, or passing between the lofty columns of the church,—all I had read of, but had not seen,—I was transported back to the Dark Ages, and felt as I shall never feel again.

At the *Table d' Hôte* of the Golden Lion, he falls in with an antiquarian, who tells him a story of the Middle Ages, about a tradesman of Rouen, named Martin Franc, his pretty wife Marguerite, and a certain Friar Gui, whose attentions to the aforesaid Marguerite cost him his life—being killed by the husband with a blow of a club, in his own house. The rest of the story is occupied by the efforts of the husband and his wife, to get rid of the Friar's body, and is an imitation of the story of the Hunchback in the Arabian Nights. It is well told, and though on a ticklish subject, never steps beyond the bounds of propriety.

We then find ourselves at a *Maison de Santé*, at Autueil, a village in the neighborhood of Paris, where our author goes, not because he is sick, but because he can be quiet and cool. His descriptions of the scenery around are exquisite, and we would quote page after page, if we had room. How full of life and spirit is the following :—

I found another source of amusement in observing the various personages that daily passed and repassed beneath my window. The character, which most of all arrested my attention, was a poor blind fiddler, whom I first saw chaunting a doleful ballad at the door of a small tavern near the gate of the village. He wore a brown coat out at elbows, the fragment of a velvet waistcoat, and a pair of tight nankeens, so short as hardly to reach below his calves. A little foraging cap, that had long since seen its best days, set off an open, good-humored countenance, bronzed by sun and wind. He was led about by a brisk, middle-aged woman, in straw hat and wooden shoes; and a little bare-footed boy, with clear blue eyes and flaxen hair, held a tattered hat in his hand, in which he collected eleemosynary sous. The old fellow had a favorite song, which he used to sing with great glee to a merry, joyous air, the burden of which ran "*chantons l'amour et le plaisir!*"—let us sing of love and pleasure. I often thought it would have been a good lesson for the crabbed and discontented rich man, to have heard this remnant of humanity,—poor, blind, and in rags, and dependent upon casual charity for his daily bread, singing, in so cheerful a voice, the charms of existence, and, as it were, fiddling life away to a merry tune.

In "*Jacqueline*" we have a specimen of the writer's powers of the pathetic. It is the description of the death-bed of a French girl—simple, feeling and touching—nothing affected and nothing mawkish.

At his "*Maison de Santé*" he meets with a character—a Monsieur D'Argenville—a withered beau—one of those French grasshoppers that never grow old. This is a capital paper, perhaps the very best in the book. We must extract his description of the old gentleman. Was there ever a portrait drawn with a more vigorous and graphic pencil?

There he goes,—in his long russet surtout,—sweeping down yonder gravel walk beneath the trees, like a yellow leaf in Autumn, wafted along by a fitful

gust of wind. Now he pauses;—now seems to be whirled round in an eddy,—and now rustles and brushes onward again. He is talking to himself in an under tone, as usual; and flourishes a pinch of snuff between his fore-finger and his thumb,—ever and anon drumming on the cover of his box by way of emphasis, with a sound like the tap of a wood-pecker. He always takes a morning walk in the garden,—in fact, I may say he passes a greater part of the day there, either strolling up and down the gravel walks, or sitting on a rustic bench in one of the leafy arbors. He always wears that same dress, too; at least, I have never seen him in any other;—a bell-crowned hat,—a frilled bosom, and white dimity vest, soiled with snuff,—light nankeen smalls,—and, over all, that long and flowing surtout of russet-brown circassian, hanging in wrinkles round his slender body, and toying with his thin rakish legs. Such is his constant garb, morning and evening; and it gives him a cool and breezy look, even in the heat of a noon-day in August.

This last paper is on the Cemetery of Père La Chaise, and is very beautiful. It is not so much a description of Père La Chaise, as a record of the emotions which any beautiful burial-place calls up in the breast of a man of sensibility and reflection.

Our readers have seen enough of the book to enable them to form a good idea of it. The style is perfect—we could wish sometimes that it had more of careless vigor and less of finished elegance. We hope Professor Longfellow will continue it—we shall be always glad to hear from him.

Alphabet of Phrenology. A short Sketch of that Science, for the Use of Beginners. By H. T. Judson, M. D. New-York.

“Phrenology,” says Dr. Judson, “in connexion with other branches of science, such as those of insanity, legislation, and education, may be regarded as the greatest and most important discovery of modern times.” It “is of paramount importance in its influence upon medicine, law, education, and the general welfare of mankind.” How important, then, that phrenological science should be disseminated among all who have minds susceptible of insanity, sedentary capacities for the work of legislation, or children to educate! Knowledge, on this momentous subject, has hitherto been confined to an *enlightened few*. It has neither guided the counsels of the senate, nor regulated the discipline of the university. In the *science of insanity*, phrenology has indeed exerted a practical influence to a limited degree. We have known two or three persons whom it has made light-headed; a college student, whose organ of *self-esteem*, always large, has, since September last, completely overshadowed the *intellectual* organs,—and an individual in private life, who was seized with derangement in the midst of Spurzheim’s course of lectures, and raved night and day, for several weeks, in the technical terms of his science. But all these cases were among the *elite*; the vulgar have as yet wanted the means of becoming scientifically mad. That want is now happily supplied. We have before us, in *forty-seven* duodecimo pages, in a style sufficiently vulgar to suit the lowest tastes in the community, an outline of Spurzheim’s system, the location and function of each organ, and the origin, history, and uses of the science. Nor is the reader left to his own skill in identifying the thicknesses of his own or his friend’s skull, with the *propensities, sentiments, and faculties* to which they severally appertain. He is furnished with a plate, in which are presented maps of the anterior, lateral, and posterior portions of the human head, can-

toned off into their several compartments, which are numbered from *one* to *thirty-three*, with an *asterisk* where Dr. Spurzheim supposed, but was not certain, that the *desire for food and drink* was seated.

We have never read so small a book, from which we derived so many new ideas. In our author's mind, phrenology bears the same relation to natural and metaphysical science, that algebra does to arithmetic. Conclusions, that Locke or Dugald Stewart would have reached by long chains of ratiocination, he jumps at. Problems, that would have posed them, he solves with a stroke of the pen. We cannot in conscience hide our new light beneath a bushel. We cannot refrain from presenting to our readers a few of the recent discoveries communicated in the work before us.

In the first place, we have seen persons in robust health, who had a poor appetite. Physicians have been consulted, elixirs swallowed, gymnastics practised, all to no purpose. They and we took it for granted that the stomach had lost its tone. Fools that we were! Appetite has nothing to do with the stomach; it depends solely on the development of a little portion of brain in the vicinity of the temples,—the organ of alimentiveness.

Again, we have hitherto been unable to account for the expressiveness of lovers' eyes. But our author, speaking of the organ of amateness, which has "its seat at the lower and posterior part of the head," says, "There is a connexion between this portion of the brain and the eyes, so that these sometimes convey all necessary intelligence from the lover to the beloved object."

The organ of destructiveness accounts for a phenomenon which has always puzzled us, namely, the fondness of women for public executions. The dear creatures have this organ more fully developed than men have! The ancient Romans, (whose crania, we presume, from the positiveness with which he makes the assertion, Dr. Judson has disinterred and examined,) had "large destructive organs." Hence, not as is commonly supposed from their low state of refinement, their fondness for gladiatorial shows.

It is a well-known fact, that a man, who has drank alcohol to excess, cannot *bear his own weight*. The vulgar have accounted for this fact by saying, that, in such cases, the spirit *gets into the head*. But they have erred in supposing that its fumes diffuse themselves at large through the head. The organ of *weight* is "a small organ in the vicinity of the eye-brows, and near the internal angle towards the nose." This gives the sense of equilibrium, and forms conceptions of the gravity of things. It is affected in intoxication; and its obfuscation occasions all the backslidings and prostrations of the drunkard. It is also, observes our author, in his peculiarly lucid manner, "the primary link in the chain of nausea or sea-sickness."

But we forbear. The copy-right of this book is secured by law; and two or three more of our large octavo pages of extracts, in our small quotation type, would subject us to prosecution. Let our readers buy for themselves; and we can assure them that they will not spend their money *for that which satisfieth not*. They will, on the other hand, if men of sense, be too well satisfied with the science of phrenology, to seek farther light from its acknowledged masters. But we beg them to read soberly, to smother the incipient laugh, to bite the

lips ready to relax into a smile; for our author assures us that "the time of ridicule has passed away," and what sensible man will consent to be behind the age?

"A brighter dawn has arisen upon the destiny of man; and he will yet (through the faith and practice of phrenology,) become wise and virtuous, and therefore happy." We are willing to hope,—*hope* did we say? We have at times entertained what we deemed a *hope*, but must have been mistaken; for we find in our cranium a deep cavity where the organ of Hope should be. And we were made by this little book painfully aware of all the loss of happiness which this deficiency has occasioned us. Indeed, we live in fear lest our largely-developed *Firmness* may cave in, deprived as it is of its appropriate flank-guard; for Dr. Judson says, of the organ of Hope—

"This is located on each side of Firmness, and inspires delightful anticipations of the future. It gilds and adorns every prospect. Large and active in youth, its possessors spring forward with vigor in the race of life, and are only repressed by the hard lessons of experience. It has been sung by the poets, and rejoiced in by all. Deprived of this faculty, life would be a blank, and existence a curse."

An Oration pronounced at Boston before the Colonization Society of Massachusetts, on the Anniversary of American Independence, July 4, 1833. By Caleb Cushing.

It is a shame that the *Fourth of July* should be made a day of self-glorification by the only enlightened nation on the earth, which is cursed by domestic slavery,—by a nation, in the bosom of which a worse than oriental despotism is exercised. Let it be kept by the friends of liberty, not as a high festival, but as a day of humiliation for national iniquity, of sympathy with the enslaved, of philanthropic vows and efforts for their relief. As long as there is a race of human beings, bondmen, in a large part of our country, and outcasts in all, we have no right to boast of our free institutions and equal rights. Such has been the sentiment which has for some years led, in different parts of New-England, to religious celebrations of the anniversary of our Independence, at which the claims of enslaved and free negroes to our sympathy and charity have been urged. Among good men, in every section of the country, there is but one opinion as to the expediency of vigorous efforts in behalf of the blacks, and against slavery. But there is, unfortunately, a difference of sentiment as to the means to be employed. The thinking part of our community have almost to a man taken sides, either with the Anti-Slavery or the Colonization party.

We have read, with amazement, the publications of the anti-slavery society; and our wonder has subsided only on looking over its list of officers, and finding that its affairs are managed, not by practical men, but by rhymers, antiquaries, saints militant, and the like. We regard its members as insane philanthropists,—its doctrine as a highly dangerous fanaticism.

Even if the anti-slavery society could do no harm, we should object to it on the ground that it *can do no good*. Its ostensible design is to procure the immediate abolition of slavery. Now this cannot be effected by raising a strong party in the New-England, Middle, and Western states; for the power of regulating domestic slavery is vested by the Constitution not in the national government, but in the several state

governments, and the only way of abolishing it is by procuring a majority in favor of so doing in each of the slave-holding states. But the impertinent interference of New-England people, in affairs wholly without their jurisdiction, is adapted to produce in those states a reaction unfavorable to liberty, and to rivet the chains of the slaves. This is peculiarly the case with the mode of interference adopted by the anti-slavery party, namely, inflammatory and abusive publications. Threats and maledictions can never drive the genius of emancipation across the Potomac.

Nor, could this society compass its object, would that object be a desirable one. The effect of the execrable system, to which the exigency of the case, rather than their inhumanity, has forced the people of the South, has been such as to adapt the slaves to their present estate, and to incapacitate them for self-government. Let loose upon society, in their present ignorance and degradation, they would be tenfold more wretched than they are now,—they would be as helpless as so many infants. It is a well-known fact, that among the slaveholders, who are included under the common ban of the anti-slavery society, there are genuine philanthropists, who retain their slaves from motives of humanity, because, by entering the ranks of the free blacks, their condition would be deteriorated, not improved. Emancipation, whenever it occurs, must be gradual, not sudden; and must be preceded by a system of education. Liberty is indeed the rightful possession of the slave. And so is property, fraudulently obtained, the rightful possession of him from whom it is obtained. Yet he cannot seize upon it at once, but must await the issue of a legal process. And it is equally necessary that a *moral* process should precede the reinstatement of the slave in *his* property,—in his birth-right.

But whether the simultaneous manumission of the slaves be desirable or not, it is, as we have seen, impossible. Meanwhile, the society which advocates it is doing a great deal of harm. Its publications are diffusing rebellious principles among the slaves, and a spirit of insolence among the free blacks. They are inflaming sectional jealousies between the North and the South, and thus paving the way for political dissensions. They are waging uncompromising warfare against one of the noblest enterprizes of philanthropy,—that of Colonization on the Coast of Africa.

The Colonization Society interferes neither with the rights nor the exigencies of the South. Its agents ask not for slaves; yet are happy to receive them. They find the blacks, whether bond or free, shut out from social dignities and privileges. They point them to a place where knowledge, and wealth, and honor, are within their grasp. They offer them the means of transportation thither, and of establishment there. They know that a traffic in human flesh is conducted on that same Western Coast of Africa. They think, by a colony of ransomed slaves, to oppose a barrier to that traffic. They see a continent, where millions of their fellow-men are the slaves of superstition and sin. They find a few of the same race upon whom the Sun of Righteousness has beamed in the land of their captivity. These they would send to the home of their fathers, to enlighten their benighted brethren. They hope for ultimate,—they cannot wish immediate,—emancipation; but desire, by diminishing the number of slaves, to facilitate the early

commencement of that work. By their own resources, they may effect much; with the patronage of the national and state governments, they might export double the annual increase of the black population.

The object of Mr. Cushing, in his oration before the Colonization Society, is to explain the object of that society; to show that it is laudable; and to vindicate the measure by which it has been and is pursued. The discussion is good as far as it goes; and is sufficiently ample for the occasion. No man is better qualified than Mr. Cushing to place the merits of the Colonization Society in its true light before the public; and we wish that a popular tract might be prepared by him, under the patronage of that society, as an antidote to the pestilential doctrines of the Anti-Slavery Association.

The Life and Adventures of Dr. Dodimus Duckworth, A. N. Q. to which is added, the History of a Steam Doctor. In two volumes. By the author of "A Yankee among the Nullifiers."

Dr. Greene, the author of this work, is a man of talent and a well-educated physician; but has been, in one at least of his several places of abode, an unsuccessful medical practitioner. Whether his failure resulted from want of application, from inaptness for the routine of professional duty, from the neighborhood of eminent physicians, or the rivalry of triumphant quacks, we know not. But no neighborhood is without its herb-doctors, steam-doctors, bone-setters, cancer-curers, &c. and as unsuccessful medical gentlemen are prone to deem the very best of their rivals mere quacks, we doubt not that our author attributes the paucity of his patients to quackery alone. He therefore holds the whole race of empirics in utter abhorrence; to which righteous sentiment we are indebted for the volumes before us, which cannot be better defined than by styling them a *burlesque upon quackery*. In addition to the hero, of whom more hereafter, we have sketches of the life and manners of numerous pretenders to the healing art. First and foremost, comes Mrs. Motherwort, a *quasi Lucina*, who presides over the hero's nativity, gives him some *trade* to physic him before he is an hour old, and continues to physic him three times a day for an indefinite period afterwards. Then there is Dr. Whistlewind, the preceptor of Dodimus, a veteran *disciple of Slapsclapius*, (as he terms himself;) a man of such amazing skill, that he had, as his admirers averred, "more than a thousand times, took out a person's insides, washed them in sperits of tolymaylollygus, and the person lived and done well." Then we have a host of rival practitioners, who share with our hero the patronage of the good people in and about *Crincumpaw*. Of these, the most formidable is Dr. Pulltoggle, the *seventh son of a seventh son*, and therefore, a *nateral bone-setter*. The late Dr. —, of this city, who could set a bone when drunk better than another surgeon would when sober, might have sat for this picture. Next to him ranks Dr. Horehound, a *root-and-herb doctor*, who *purchased* his skill of Dr. Burdock, dealt principally in chronic and incurable disorders, of which he soon relieved the patient by death, and yet retained the confidence of the public, by *telling*, instead of asking, his patients their symptoms. Hard by her brethren, abode Mrs. Dumps, the *cancer-curer*, who contrived to gain a livelihood from that rare

disease, by multiplying the cases of it, and representing every tumor whatever as a cancer. Against these renowned competitors, Dodimus would hardly have maintained his ground, had he not found able adjutants and powerful protectors in the reverend *grannies* or *amateur* practitioners of Crincumpaw. The way in which he managed to secure their favor, will recall well-remembered scenes to those of our readers who have been familiar with sickness in the country. For their edification, we transcribe it.

On arriving at the sick room, he would frequently find Mrs. Catnip, Mrs. Chamomile, or Mrs. Sage, by the bed of the patient. After he had felt of the pulse, looked at the tongue, and inquired into the symptoms, they would naturally ask what was the matter with the patient.

"He has the dysentery."

"Don't you think, doctor, he has a little touch of the diarrhee along with it?"

"Exactly so, Mrs. Catnip. I was going to observe, that he had something of a conglomeration of complaints, but the dysentery is the main disease—the captain and head general, as it were, of all the rest."

"Don't you think he's threatened with a fever?"

"Undoubtedly, Mrs. Catnip, there's very strong symptoms of it, and unless he gets sudden help, he'll have a fever prefixed to the dysentery and diarrhee."

If, after prescribing for the patient, the old lady suggested some remedy of her own, he did not hesitate to fall in with her prescription.

"Don't you think, doctor, a little logwood-tea would be good?"

"By all means, Mrs. Catnip—logwood-tea, or, as we doctors call it, a concoction of logwood, is a wonderful corroborator of the bowels."

"And don't you think a little malice and comfrey simmered down in skim-milk, would be excellent and healing-like?"

"Just so, Mrs. Catnip—exactly so—your suggestions are extremely judicial. The malice will be softened by the comfrey; the comfrey will be interlarded by the malice, and both will be corroborated by the skim-milk; the effect on the patient, along with the other remedies, I've no doubt, will be very favorable."

"Well, doctor, in case the patient does not get better soon, what would you think of a little pulverized pigeon's gizzard, to be taken in mare's-milk sweetened with molasses?"

"I think very favorably of it indeed, Mrs. Catnip, and if you had 'nt got the start of me, should have mentioned it myself. The pulverized gizzard is very excellent for the stomach, and the mare's-milk and molasses will tend to concentrate its effects through the whole system."

By this sort of deference to the opinion of these knowing and officious ladies, Doctor Duckworth very readily conciliated, and very easily retained their good will.

So much for the *grannies*. Aided and abetted by these, in spite of the efforts of the other above-named practitioners, Dr. Duckworth made good head-way. There was yet another character, which must be introduced in a complete treatise on quackery, but against which, had our hero been represented as succeeding, probability would have been too palpably outraged—I mean the *steam-doctor*. Our author has preferred throwing into an appendix the biography of one of that *genus*, in which he has painted, to the life, the usual ignorance, recklessness, and profligacy of Thomson's disciples.

Of Dodimus Duckworth we have in these volumes a complete and minute biography from the cradle to the grave. And the whole is well conceived and well executed. Dodimus is born of just such a mother as would be likely to give birth to a quack; educated under just such circumstances as would make him glory in being a quack, and incapacitate him for any thing better; and settled in a region where fame and wealth would naturally be lavished upon a quack. His mother designs him, from birth, for one of the learned professions, and

chooses the medical profession as the easiest. She spoils her child by foolish indulgence, while her tyranny is cutting short her more judicious husband's days. Dodimus is noted, in childhood and youth, for conversance with all the arts of petty iniquity, and utter ignorance of every thing worth knowing, except the alphabet, (for he cannot even write so that others can read it.) At eighteen he is to commence the study of his profession; but with whom?

Fortunately there lived at Toppingtown, a distance of ten miles, the very man whom, of all the world, Mrs. Duckworth would have selected as the preceptor to her darling. This was no other than the renowned Doctor WHISTLEWIND. He was famous, as the good lady expressed it, for doing mortal cures. There was not, as she averred, another doctor in creation who was any touch to him. He was, she said, not only a skillful physician, but a most notorious sargeant. It would do one's heart good to see him cut and slash, mend and mar, wherever he went.

With this man, of course, Dodimus is not likely to be injured by excessive application. The first forenoon he is in the office, he does all the *studying* of his whole noviciate. But, in the idea that practice makes perfect, he commences practice immediately, and draws teeth and lets blood for all who will put their lives in his hands. He soon begins to visit patients with his master; and ere long is sent as his substitute to the least wealthy of his patients. Long before he leaves Dr. Whistlewind, he has acquired great fame in all the country around, by the rapidity of his riding, from which the rustics conclude that his professional skill and zeal are alike unbounded. He settles in a village adjoining Toppingtown, marries, buys all manner of medicines, steps at once into extensive practice, and impoverishes and drives away an unassuming, but really learned and acute physician. His blunders only enhance his fame. One of his early schoolmates feigns a broken leg; Duckworth sets it, splinters it, and bandages it; and the next morning the patient disappears, and is discovered on his return from a walk of five miles. The major part of the people regard this immediate restoration as a divine attestation of the skill and claims of the new physician. At last, Dr. Whistlewind dies by swallowing several of his own pills, and Duckworth succeeds him in Toppingtown. There he begins to drink excessively, (as most quacks do;) but the difficulty of obtaining his services at all times, very much enhances their value in the eyes of his patrons, so that they often send for him when he can neither mount nor keep his saddle without assistance. About this time, he introduces a favorite regimen for the dropsy, namely, beef and brandy. Dropsy thenceforth becomes prevalent through the whole circle of his practice. The inmates of the almshouse, almost to a man, commence, by means of pillows, semi-pumpkins, &c. to make a fair show in the flesh, and are fed upon the much-loved remedy. The doctor soon deems *himself* dropsical, and shrinks not from his own prescription. *Delirium tremens*, with all its horrors, supervenes; and the doctor is gathered to the great community of his patients, in the vigor of his days and the fullness of his glory.

Besides the masterly delineation of Duckworth's character, we have numerous pictures of rustic life, to the fidelity of which we can bear the testimony of an eye-witness. The country parlor, school, bar-room, wedding, sleigh-ride, ball, could have been portrayed, as they

are in this book, only by one who had long been conversant with such scenes.

But we will cut short our critique, for the sake of introducing one more extract,—the account of a perplexing case of dropsy.

He had one patient, who, having commenced with a moderate corporation, had so plied the remedy, that, at length, he found it difficult to waddle about; and the doctor declared that tapping could be no longer delayed. The patient demurred at first, observing that nothing, which had ever been tapped in his house, had lasted above a fortnight. But the doctor was positive, and the patient finally submitted.

A day was fixed for the operation; and Duckworth, accompanied by two or three students, repaired to the house of the patient, expecting to draw off something like a barrel of water. The neighbors flocked in to see the operation, and to witness the flood on the breaking up of the "great deep." The Rev. John Conn and William Brunson were also present, having been invited by the doctor to witness the triumph of his art.

Squire Plumper was placed in a convenient position, having so much of his corporation denuded as to allow a fair field for the operation. A capacious tub was set before him to catch the water, and all eyes were intent on the scene, expecting the imprisoned liquid to rush forth, even as spruce-beer rusheth on the unstopping of a bottle. The doctor, taking out his trocar, observed to his students—

"This instrument, you will take notice, is called a trocular, and is used especially in the operation of tapping. The part of the patient in which I shall make the insertion, is denominated the lineal album, and is situated hereabouts. Holding the trocular thus in my hand, I make a dip, when you will see the water spout forth with great violence, and run in a free and conterminous stream."

Thus saying, he was about to make a lunge, when Squire Plumper begged he would allow him a glass of brandy before performing the operation.

"Brandy!" exclaimed Duckworth, staying his hand; "this call is most untimely; it is an interception—a vexatious delay—of one of the most important operations ever performed in Toppingtown. Besides, Squire Plumper, what good do you expect the brandy will do you, when it is immediately to be drawn off along with the water contained in your internal circumference? Wait till the artifice is closed again, and then the liquor will do you some good."

"All that may be true, doctor," said the patient; "but with your leave I'll take a little now, and then a little again after the operation is over."

"Well, if you must have it, you must, I suppose," said the doctor; "and, on the whole, I may as well take a drop myself—being, as well as you, not a little dropsical."

Thus saying, Duckworth helped himself to a glass of the juice of life, as he called it, and then poured out one for his patient.

"I think they are both very clearly *drops-ical*," said Brunson, in a whisper, to the Reverend Mr. Conn; but I doubt very much whether the patient, any more than the doctor, is overburdened with *water*."

"I am inclined to the same opinion," returned the reverend gentleman. "Squire Plumper seems to me very evidently to be bloated with morbid fat, rather than with water. Such being the case, ought we not, late as it is, to give a hint to the doctor, and save the man from the useless pain and danger of an operation?"

"Why, as to the pain," replied Brunson, "he deserves to suffer a little for trusting to the prescriptions of such a blockhead as Duckworth; as to the danger, I suspect there will not be much, for the instrument will never reach through the wall of fat by which the patient is defended. Besides, Duckworth is too headstrong to listen to any hints which may be offered."

Notwithstanding these arguments, the humane clergyman could not be contented, until he had beckoned the doctor aside, and asked him if he was positive the case was one of real dropsy.

"Positive!" exclaimed Duckworth, with great indignation; "do you think I'd come here to tap a man for the dropsy, if I was 'nt certain he had it?"

"The best, you know," returned Mr. Conn, calmly, "may sometimes miss it; and an enlargement of fat may possibly be mistaken for one of water."

"Fugh!" exclaimed the doctor, with an air of great contempt, "do you think I'm such a fool that I don't know the angry-post from the akeros substance? I tell

you, Squire Plumper is a most palpable instance of the dropsy; I should n't wonder if there was a barrel of water in him. Howsomever, if you are still faithless, Mr. Conn, I'll convince you in the trinkling of a trocular."

Having thus said, he returned to the patient, who by this time began to be rather impatient, and demanded another glass of brandy to quiet his nerves. The doctor again helped him to the liquor, having, as before, premised by taking a glass himself. He now flourished the trocar, and made a lunge; at the same time leaping a little on one side in order to escape the spouting liquid.

But the liquid refused to spout—not a drop of water came. The doctor was utterly astonished.

"Eh!" he exclaimed, "what!—no water!—the devil!—this beats me out and out. I never saw the like before—never! Marvelous! Wonderful!—I've driven the trocular up to the hub, as it were—and not a drop of water comes! Strange!"

If the doctor was surprised, the spectators were in general no less so. The clergyman and the lawyer, however, were not disappointed.

"I suppose you are now convinced," whispered the former in the ear of the doctor, "that it was not a case of dropsy?"

"Convinced!" retorted the doctor aloud, "no, sir, I defy any mortal man, or immortal either, to convince me. I know what I know."

"There's no question of that," said the minister, still in a low tone; "but you will probably acknowledge that the best may miss it? I presume you will not still persist in calling this a dropsy?"

"I do insist upon calling it a case of dropsy—of ginuwine dropsy," returned the doctor, helping himself to a third glass of brandy.

"But there's no water discharged."

"Water! ah, there's the point," said the doctor; then assuming an air of great professional consequence, and addressing himself to his students and the people generally,—“I wish you to take notice,” said he, “gentlemen, that this is a very extraordinary case—a very uncommon case indeed—it is, gentlemen, a case of *dry dropsy*.”

"And yet it seems not to have wanted moistening," said Brunson.

"It's been jest like the sile of Neversoak Plains," said farmer Butters, "the more it drinked, the drier it growed."

As for Squire Plumper, he got well of the operation; but, still pushing the remedy of brandy and beef, and increasing the proportion of the former ingredient, in less than three months he was a corpse.

An Oration delivered before the Gloucester Mechanic Association, on the Fourth of July, 1833. By Robert Rantoul, jun.

This production has had the good fortune to be noticed favorably in most of the leading newspapers. It is entitled to such consideration, both from the society at whose request it was delivered, and from the industry and talent employed in its composition. The mechanics of New-England are taking a noble stand in the arrangements of society. They are, in many places, taking the lead of all other classes, in the institution of lyceums, reading-rooms, debating-societies, and other modes of improving in literature, science and the arts. To them is due no small portion of the glory of producing the change of "thirteen strippling colonies into twenty-four imposing sovereignties;" and to them will our country hereafter be indebted, to a still greater extent, for the permanency of its freedom and the security of its laws and constitution. We hope that the mechanics of other places will follow the example of their brethren at Gloucester, in their celebration of our national thanksgiving, and be equally fortunate in finding orators for the occasion.

POLITICS AND STATISTICS.

MAINE.

Waterville College. The annual commencement of this institution took place on Wednesday, July —. Nine students were admitted to the degree of A. B. all of whom, except two, who were absent, took part in the performances of the day, which were of a very reputable character.

The *Peace Society* celebrated their anniversary on the afternoon of Tuesday, when an address, well spoken of and adapted to the occasion, was delivered by Mr. Paine, of Winslow. On the evening of the same day was the anniversary of the *Literary Fraternity*, of Waterville College. An address was delivered on the occasion by Mr. Bradbury, of Augusta.

The classes now remaining in College contain about thirty each—the graduating one being the last of the small classes. More than twenty have already offered themselves as Freshmen, and this number may be increased to forty or fifty. In the main, the College appears to be in a flourishing condition. Some difficulty arose out of a celebration of the 4th of July by the students, at which the President took offence, and reprovved the students. They explained, that no ardent spirits was used on the occasion, and nothing improper intended. He again reprovved them, and afterwards in a lecture took occasion to animadvert very severely upon their conduct, comparing it to that of savages, brutes, &c. They firmly remonstrated against such treatment, and the consequence was, that the President and Professor Conant, who sustained him, resigned their offices. Thus the affair threatened to prevent the continuance of the college exercises, but the students, expressing confidence in the remaining officers, things went on as usual, and with general satisfaction. At the meeting of the Boards, the resignations of the President and Professor Conant were accepted, and the students sustained and admitted to their degrees.

Education. A writer in the *Saco Republican* furnishes the following details respecting the public provision for education. After the separation of Maine from Massachusetts, a law was passed, requiring every town to raise annually, for the support of schools, a sum equal to forty cents for each person

in such town, to be distributed among the school districts, in proportion to the number of inhabitants in each. In 1825, the number of districts, as appears from the reports made to the Legislature, was 2499; the number of children, between the ages of four and twenty-one, 137,931; the number who usually attend schools, 101,325; and the total annual expenditure \$137,878 57. The present number of scholars is estimated by this writer at 140,000. The schools kept by male teachers are open on the average, two months in the year, and those kept by female teachers, about two weeks longer.

CONNECTICUT.

The following is a brief abstract of the various subjects of taxation, as returned by the Assessors, for March, 1832:—

42,852 Dwelling-houses, valued at	\$21,948,740
2,622,676 Acres of Land,	50,782,455
1,572 Mills,	843,511
1,826 Stores,	146,748
283 Distilleries,	54,052
1,521 Manufactories,	1,637,149
25 Quarries,	38,350
183 Fisheries,	98,625
1 Ferry,	200
34,250 Horses, &c.	1,290,694
237,989 Neat Cattle,	3,347,667
271,625 Sheep,	333,657
Silver Plate,	10,614
5,196 Riding Carriages,	238,797
22,893 Clocks and Watches,	174,843
Bank Stock, State Banks,	3,143,736
Do. U. S. Bank,	17,880
Insurance Stock,	53,642
Turnpike do.	157,362
Money at interest,	2,087,976
Three folds,	17,679
Assessments,	147,683
Polls,	689,315
	<u>\$88,592,388</u>

There was received at the Treasury, during the year ending the 31st of March, 1833,

Viz.—From interest on U. S. three per cents,	\$1,382 00
Tax on non-resident owners of Bank Stock	2,817 00
Avails of State Prison,	5,000 00
Dividends on Bank Stock, owned by the State,	25,670 00
Fines and Miscellaneous Receipts,	7,448 00
State Tax,	37,985 00
	<u>\$80,302 00</u>

The disbursements were
Viz.—For the ordinary expenses of Government, 60,852 00
For public buildings and institutions, 10,774 00

\$71,626 00

\$71,626 00

The population of the state by the last census, was 297,711; and the ordinary expense of the government was \$60,852; being a proportionate expense of twenty cents and a half for each inhabitant. But the state, during this time, received \$27,053 interest on her three per cent. stock and dividends on bank stock; \$12,446 from the State prison, forfeitures, fines, &c. and \$2,817, for taxes on bank stock owned by non-residents; all amounting to \$42,316; which being deducted from the ordinary expenses of government, left the sum of \$18,536 to be paid from direct taxes.

This balance of \$18,536 would require a contribution by each inhabitant of the state of less than six cents and three mills; and a tax less than three tenths of a mill on each dollar of valuation and assessment returned by the Assessors.

The whole capital of this Fund, productive and unproductive, was reported by the Commissioner in 1832, to be \$1,902,957 87. The interest arising from it, is irrevocably dedicated by the constitution, to the support of primary schools, and by law, is apportioned to them, according to the ratio of persons between four and sixteen years of age, belonging to the respective school societies. The whole number of those persons in 1832, was 86,252; and the amount of interest distributed for that year, was \$81,939 40, being ninety-five cents for each of those persons, and equal to 28 cents for every inhabitant. Thus, while the state were distributing, for the benefit of schools, a sum equal to twenty-eight cents for each person in it, the ordinary expenses of the government required of them only a ratio of contribution less than six cents and three mills.

Washington College. The annual commencement at Washington College, Hartford, was held on the first of August. The degree of A. B. was conferred on twelve graduates, and that of A. M. on eleven gentlemen, chiefly clergymen. The degree of D. D. was conferred on the Rev. Messrs. Doane and Humphreys.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Libraries in Philadelphia. From a notice which appeared in a recent number of the Boston Mercantile Journal, stating that the public libraries in that city contained 45,000 volumes, besides about 20,000 in the Circulating Libraries, and that it was believed Philadelphia contained one good library, amounting to

25,000 volumes, we have been induced to ascertain the names of the public libraries in this city, and the number of volumes contained in each, as nearly as practicable. We present the following as the result of our inquiries:—

1. Philadelphia Library,	Vols.	42,000
2. Library of the American Philosophical Society,	-	2,000
3. Library of the Pennsylvania Hospital,	-	6,500
4. Library of the Academy of Natural Sciences,	-	5,200
5. Library of the University of Pennsylvania,	-	2,000
6. Library belonging to the Society of Students,	-	2,000
7. Library of the Friends in Philadelphia,	-	2,700
8. Library of the Almshouse, rising	-	3,000
9. Library of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts,	-	150
10. Library of the Law Association, upwards of	-	1,400
11. Library of the Medical Society,	-	600
12. Library of the College of Physicians,	-	500
13. Library of the College of Pharmacy,	-	300
14. Library of St. Augustine Church, upwards of	-	2,000
15. Library of the German Society,	-	4,000
16. Library of the American Sunday School Union,	-	1,800
17. Library of Foreign Classical Literature and Science,	-	2,800
18. Library of the Philadelphia Museum,	-	500
19. Library of the Athenæum,	-	6,500
20. Mercantile Library,	-	4,000
21. Apprentices' Library,	-	7,000
22. Northern Liberties Library and Reading Room,	-	2,100
23. Southwark Library,	-	2,200
24. Kensington Library and Reading Room,	-	250
25. Library of the Carpenters' Society,	-	350
		<hr/> 110,050

Many of the works in these various depots are scarce, and not easily procured at the present time. The library of the University contains a donation from the unfortunate Louis XVI. made during the revolutionary war,—all of which were printed at the royal printing office, and treat of mathematics, natural history, &c. The library of the Academy of Fine Arts contains a donation from Bonaparte. The library of the Hospital and Almshouse contain the best works on medicine, surgery, and the sciences, while those of the Academy of Natural Sciences and the Museum are devoted to natural history and travels. The library of St. Augustine's Church contains, we believe, the only complete copy of the "Fathers" in this country.

United States Mint. The Philadelphia Herald recently contained an account of this establishment, from which the following particulars are epitomized.

In the year 1830, the whole coinage was \$3,155,620, consisting of \$643,105 in gold, (half and quarter eagles;)—

\$2,495,400 in silver, (half dollars, dimes and half dimes;)—and \$17,110 in copper.

In 1831, the coinage amounted to \$3,923,473, consisting of \$714,270 gold, (half and quarter eagles;)—\$3,176,600 in silver, (half dollars, quarters, dimes and half dimes;)—and \$33,603 60 in copper.

In 1832, the coinage amounted to \$3,401,055, consisting of \$798,435 in gold; \$2,579,000 in silver, and \$23,620 in copper.

It will be perceived that no eagles nor dollars have been coined at the mint during the last three years. No quarter dollars were coined in 1830. The first emission was in 1831. Only eleven dollars in *half cents* have been coined in three years—and all in 1831. The gold thus coined was derived from the following places respectively, in each of the three years. We follow the *Herald* in including Mexico with South America, pleading his method of classification as imposing a necessity for this novel geographical arrangement.

From South-America and the West-Indies, there were received in 1830 about \$125,000 in gold; in 1831, \$130,000; in 1832, \$80,000. From Africa, in 1830, \$19,000; in 1831, \$27,000; in 1832, \$28,000. From places unknown, in 1830, \$33,000; 1831, \$39,000; in 1832, \$39,000. The principal supplies, were, however, received from the *Gold Region* in the United States, which were respectively, in the three years mentioned, \$466,000, \$518,000, and \$678,000.

Tables are added, exhibiting the quantity of gold received from each state in the Gold Region, since 1824—the year in which attention was first drawn to the search. The whole amount is \$1,913,000, derived from the following states, in the proportion given:—North-Carolina, \$1,199,000; Virginia, \$86,500; South-Carolina, \$96,500; Georgia, \$528,000; Tennessee, \$2,000; Alabama, \$1,000.

Estimates are made that the quantity of gold delivered at the mint does not much exceed one half of the quantity produced by the mines, nearly an equal sum having been otherwise disposed of, exported uncoined, or consumed in various works of art. It is added that if these estimates are nearly correct, the

production of gold in the United States, within the past year, has not been less than a million and a quarter of dollars.

"This may be regarded as equal to one sixth part of all the gold produced within the same period from the mines of Europe and America, estimated according to the results of recent years, given by the best authorities."

MARYLAND.

Geological Survey. Messrs. Ducatel, Alexander, and Tyson, the gentlemen appointed by the Executive to make a geological survey of the state, are now engaged in exploring the county of Montgomery. They have discovered the most flattering indication of great mineral wealth in Alleghany county—and it is supposed that that heretofore neglected part of the state is destined to become the Wales of Maryland, yielding inexhaustible supplies of iron and coal. Various speculations have been for some time on foot in relation to the existence of coal and other mineral products, in the mountains in the vicinity of Frederick; and it is stated that an examination is now in progress in the neighborhood of the Yellow Spring.

VIRGINIA.

University of Virginia. No provision for theological instruction being made in the University of Virginia, in November last, a number of the students applied to the Chairman and Professors, for permission to engage a clergyman, who should perform regular religious services, and to subscribe such a sum as might be necessary for that purpose. This proposition met with the entire approbation of those gentlemen, who also engaged to forward the plan, by making such subscriptions as might be found necessary. In the course of the last month, an application was addressed to the Board of Visitors of the University, requesting them to advance a fixed sum from the funds of the University, in order to make a permanent provision for religious instruction. This the board did not feel at liberty to do; but declared that they would, as individuals, cheerfully make contributions from their own funds, and expressed, at the same time, the warmest approbation of the measure which had been adopted by the students.

DEATHS,

AND OBITUARY NOTICES OF PERSONS LATELY DECEASED.

In Eastport, Maine, Mr. BENJAMIN FOLSOM, editor and proprietor of the Eastport Sentinel. From an obituary notice of the deceased in the Sentinel, the following sketch is abridged:—

Mr. Folsom for a few months past had been troubled with a pain in his chest, and for upwards of a year had been conscious of some difficulty there. It did not, however, give him any serious inconvenience until within a few weeks past. Being unwilling to leave his business, he struggled on with this complaint until a fortnight before his death, when he retired to his house, and from that time he flattered himself that he was gaining health and strength. He continued, at his house, his editorial duties, and the last act of his life was preparing an article for last week's paper. On the Fourth he could not resist his desire to join his friends in celebrating the return of our political Sabbath. The next day, also, he felt so well, he imprudently went to his printing office. On the morning of his death, Tuesday last, he ate his breakfast in apparently as good health as he had been for years. He conversed with some friends, who called in the forenoon to see him, with cheerfulness and animation. After his friends had gone, he strolled through the house, entertaining an idea of going down town. He afterward finished an editorial article which he had before commenced; he then rose from the table to go to a chair in another part of the room. After he had sat down in this chair, his wife, who was in the room with him, heard him sigh, and looking up thought he appeared somewhat changed. She immediately called for assistance, but before they reached him he had gone forever. His heart ceased to perform its functions almost instantaneously, and he expired without a struggle or a groan—not a muscle of his face even was moved.

Mr. Folsom was born in New-Market, N. H. in 1790. He acquired his trade in the office of the Essex Register, in Salem, Mass. In 1812 he established a paper, entitled the Democratic Republican, in Walpole, which continued but a short time. Subsequently, he purchased the establishment of the Herald in Newburyport. In 1817, he came to this town and commenced the Eastport Sentinel, and has since been actively and zealously engaged in advocating and advancing those measures, which he believed would promote the prosperity and interest of this portion of the state. When he came, this country was comparatively in its infancy. He lived to see it grow up in wealth and population, and he has been gratified with the reflection, that he had not been an idle drone in the hive, but that he had faithfully borne his part in the heat and burden of the day. Possessing a liberal and generous spirit, he has been ever ready, with his purse and his pen, to forward any enterprize that would be productive of public good. Of our public schools he was ever a warm friend and supporter—believing that our political institutions could be made permanent, only by diffusing knowledge among the people. He has been emphatically a public man. He has been intimately connected with all our public affairs for the last ten or fifteen years. He represented this town in the State Legislature four years, and was a member of the board of Selectmen six or seven years—being at his decease chairman of the board. In his public duties he has ever been fearless and independent, performing them firmly and faithfully. Doing

justice to all, he did not allow himself to be turned aside, either by the persuasions of his friends, or the malice of his enemies. Conducting a paper, during a season of "rewards and punishments," when versatility in political principles was the only sure road to preferment, he stuck fast to his integrity. Rejecting all considerations of a pecuniary character, he refused to bend his knee to the popular idol of the day—but keeping a single eye to the honor and welfare of his country, he boldly and fearlessly supported such men, and such measures, as he believed would maintain the one, and promote the other. Of his domestic character and social qualities we will not speak. They are too well known and respected in this community, to need the record of our approbation. We would not disturb the grief which overwhelmed his family, at the loss of one who was always kind and indulgent, to notice the former—and the universal sorrow and regret manifested at his death, with the marked respect paid to his remains by all, without distinction of party, is sufficient evidence of the latter. On the day of his interment, the shipping in the harbor displayed their colors at half-mast. His body, preceded by the Eastport Light Infantry, and the Masonic fraternity in this town, and accompanied by the Selectmen and other town officers, with the longest train of citizens that we have ever before observed here, upon a similar occasion, was deposited in the Masonic tomb, the solemn and impressive service of the Masons having been previously read.

At Duxbury, Ms. July 19, the Rev. JOHN ALLYN, S. T. D. He was born at Barnstable, 1766, and descended from a family that settled early in Plymouth Colony. Some of his ancestors wrote the name Allen, while other branches of the family retained a more ancient orthography. He was matriculated of Harvard University 1781, and received his first degree 1785. He was noticed in college for his precocity of talent, and he is remembered as having held a respectable rank amongst the best scholars of the time. From college he passed to the care of the Rev. Dr. West, of Dartmouth, (now New Bedford) for his theological education. It has been said, that having been an admirer of Dr. West, he fell unconsciously into an imitation of that great and good man. But that opinion may be dissented from. There may have been points of coincidence. His strength of judgement, power of discrimination, and clearness of logic, were like those of Dr. West; but in his quickness of apprehension, rapidity of thought and brilliancy of wit he was no more like Dr. West than the lightning is like the lamp. He may have resembled him in whim and passion; but his whim never settled into opinion or bias, and his passion was always placable. Dr. Allyn was altogether a man too original and self-sustained to be an imitator of any one.

He was ordained at Duxbury, 1789. At that time, his society embraced the whole town, with hardly a dissentient voice; and he entered upon the ministry with the prospect of a peaceable, though a laborious life. Nothing occurred materially to disturb the quiet and the success of his ministry, for more than twenty years. About 1812 divisions began to appear. The Methodists, aided by a cunning use of the party politics of the day, succeeded in forming a considerable society. Soon afterward, liberalism began to run mad, and the Universalists em-

ried away another portion of his parish. A society, respectable both for numbers and intelligence, still remained firm, but the peace of Dr. Allyn was sensibly affected. It was exceedingly trying to his feelings when he found that many families, which had long held a friendly intercourse with him in mutual regard and christian offices, had now become not only estranged from him and his ministry, but embittered with theological hatred, and ready to slander and abuse their veteran servant and long-ried friend. He was constitutionally excitable, and his depressions were as deep as his elevations were lofty. The loss of a favorite son, several years before, had visibly affected his cheerfulness—and now, the unlooked for desertion of many parishioners, who ought to have felt stronger bonds of obligation and affection, concurred to hasten the attritions of time and to mature the morbid symptoms of his constitution. In 1825 he appeared to be slightly paralytic, and from that time he began to speak mournfully of his intellectual decay. It had been perceived by himself long before it had been distinctly remarked by others. He has often been heard to say, that he reached maturity at twenty-five, and his grand climacteric at forty years of age—that he accomplished more in that fortieth year than during any other year of his life—and that his mental labors, from that time, though others might not have remarked their want of vigor, were executed with a painful consciousness of effort to himself. In 1826, a colleague was settled, (Rev. Benjamin Kent;) but his mind had now become too far impaired to enjoy much serenity in his release from care and labor. There was one peculiarly painful circumstance, of which one would not speak but from a sense of justice to the dead and the living. Nothing can inflict a deeper and more rancorous wound in the heart of a decaying Pastor, than to find his past services forgotten, and the people for whom and for whose fathers he had watched and prayed, and wept and labored, through all his vigorous years, now ready to cast him off as a burden, and to abandon him to helpless poverty. The writer of this thinks he is stating the truth and the whole truth, when it is asserted that Dr. Allyn had received a salary barely sufficient to supply the most pressing necessities of a family; all expenditures therefore for books or for the education of his children, were precluded, and what is more, all possibility of accumulating a supply for old age. By an extraordinary effort in instructing pupils in his own house, he had overcome the first-named wants, but not the last. Poverty must be at his door, the moment his salary should cease. Poverty he might have borne with equanimity—but poverty inflicted by those who “owed him even their own selves,” (see Philemon 19,) was too much to bear. He had set an example of magnanimous generosity by offering to resign his whole salary on the settlement of a colleague, and that offer was eagerly caught hold on, as neither a generous nor just people could have done. Fortunately, at this crisis, the Hon. George Partridge had left a legacy for the support of the ministry in that society, and Dr. Allyn, still retaining his pastoral relation, could set a legal claim to a portion of the proceeds. What could be legally demanded the parish did not attempt to withhold; and thus a reluctant subsistence was supplied during his life. If there be any apology for this, it ought to be here added; and it is an apology in part that the parish was not unanimous in this meditated injustice and cruelty—and further, that better feelings gained ground toward the close of his life. It is an apology also that the eccentricities of Dr. Allyn, as his mental decay came upon him, were mistaken by some for passion, caprice or a dereliction of duty; a mis-

take that could not be corrected until his decay had so far proceeded as to leave no room to doubt that it was a mistake. There were also probably some friends of religious order who feared the utter dissolution of their society, if they should allow bread to their decayed pastor, and assume the additional burden of supporting another minister. This error however can go but a short way as an apology for injustice. Duty is to be discharged, and Providence trusted. Better that any society be dissolved at once, than that it be sustained by injustice; better that it be scattered to the four winds, than that it be combined in cruelty and ingratitude. The mental decline and bodily infirmities of Dr. Allyn promised an early relief from the burden of his support. They however proceeded more slowly than some anticipated. His release came not until July 19, 1833. Some lucid intervals occurred. The last flash of his mind that brought to remembrance his former brightness, will be remembered long by the Plymouth Bay association of ministers; it was at his own house, when those gentlemen met, for the last time at that place, in 1828. He had been requested, at a former meeting, to prepare a tract or essay upon the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures; he had neglected it, and some regret having been expressed, he roused from a kind of lethargy, and burst upon his friends in all the magnificence of his wonted genius. He opened the subject by a lucid statement of the meaning of divine inspiration, noticed several opinions as to its extent in relation to the scriptures, quoted Grotius, Le Clerk, Locke, and other learned authors, and concluded with an eloquent commendation of the value of our sacred writings. His speech was continued for nearly an hour, while the gentlemen of the association and others present gathered close around him, with the profound attention that they would have paid to a prophet risen again. This was his last notable effort. Sometimes, on meeting an old friend, he would rouse and converse animatedly for a short time; but again his conscious decay would come bitterly to his heart, and close his lips in silence.

There was nothing new or unheard of in the qualities of his mind or the traits of his character. It was the common compound of human nature. But his powers of apprehension, his judgement, his imagination, his passion and his placability, his virtues and his failings were all extraordinary in degree. No one ever doubted his moral rectitude—but his passion was a whirlwind. No one ever doubted his candor—but his prejudice would sometimes startle. But if his passions and his offences sometimes astonished—his meekness, his placability, his condescension to make reparation and seek forgiveness, equally astonished. The lines intended to describe the Hon. Chief Justice Fox, might be accepted as a description of Dr. Allyn.

With knowledge so vast, and with judgement so strong,
No man with one half of them ever went wrong;
But with passion so ardent, and fancy so bright,
No man with one half of them ever went right.
Burns.

But the good always finally predominated in Dr. Allyn, and the repentance was sure to make amends for the offence. He who bears this testimony had known him well—had often suffered the pain of his anger—but as often experienced his emollient kindness.

Of all his remarkable powers, the most distinguished was his power of conversation. In some genial hour, when the demon of melancholy was gone out, and the company around him called for the exercise of learning and wit, he was greater than the greatest. His quick

discrimination, his strength of logic, his detection of sophistry, or his wielding of the flexible arms of sophistry when the whim led that way, his readiness of repartee, his drawing of character, his scintillations of wit, his scathing sarcasms, and his bland courtesy even—all were astonishing—and if he has ever been excelled in colloquy, it is not known to the writer.

He was an accomplished Theologian. His knowledge of languages and his skill in biblical criticism were highly respectable. He attained these accomplishments not so much by having read many books, as by having made a judicious use of a few well-selected authors. He rose altogether above the ordinary commentators on the scriptures, and paid little regard to their writings. The force of his own genius had enabled him to do that for himself which most gentlemen of his profession could attain only by laborious consultation of libraries. He was rarely known to quote the criticisms of such authors as he did know, upon difficult or disputed passages—but he was always ready to give a criticism of his own, and that in a manner so clear and satisfactory, that few were able or willing to gainsay it. His opportunities for consulting large libraries were few; and perhaps this is hardly to be regretted; for by depending upon the force of his own talents, he probably became a greater man than whole libraries would have made him. In 1813, his college conferred upon him its highest honors; but the Doctor's degree was the meed of genius more than of learning; and in the sight of all men it was well bestowed. He printed few of his works. His Election sermon, some ordination sermons and occasional discourses may be found in print. He also edited a small volume of Dr. Barnes's Sermons, and drew the character of Dr. Barnes as contained in that volume. It has been often asked why he printed no more; and it may be answered, that his decay commenced precisely at that age of life when men generally are best qualified for giving their well-digested thoughts to the public: this may not only be accepted as the reason why we see so few of his works, but as the reason why we have not heard of him smiting amongst the giants, in the theological warfare of the last twenty years.

His opinions were always on the side of a sober and chastened liberality. The doctrine of the Trinity he long ago knew how to trace to its heathen origin in Plato's philosophy, adopted into the church in the dark ages; but he was rarely known to bring discussions on the subject into the pulpit. He loved the untrammelled freedom of Priestley, as a commentator, the accuracy of Wakefield, and the moral courage of Belsham. In his pulpit performances he would never be uninteresting, but he was variable in this respect, owing to his constitutional melancholy. He would often preach from detached briefs or notes, which he would take piecemeal from his pockets as he wanted them; but there were favored hours of excitement when notes would be wholly laid aside, and he would proceed in strains of eloquence that could scarcely be surpassed. Christian philosophy may be adopted as a description of the general character of his preaching; the nature of man—his relations and prospects—the necessity of religion to the development of the human powers and the support of human hopes—the concurrence of the teachings of nature and of revelation—moral influences—the rules of duty, as drawn both from reason and religion—the discipline that we derive even from our present darkness and doubts; on topics like these he was as thoroughly furnished as in a critical exposition of the scriptures—and thus were these qualifications of a preacher happily combined. His voice was sonorous and rich in its tones, at the age of fifty, and perhaps later. In the discharge of his

parochial duties he was peculiarly condescending and attentive to the young. He collected the first children's library known to the writer, as early as 1812; and he enjoyed much satisfaction for many years in its successful circulation. While he could enjoy any thing, he had a keen relish for the society of the young.

He lived too long for his own fame. The gradual declension of his mental powers led some of his early friends into a gradual oblivion of what he was in his might, and perhaps to doubt even, whether they had not been deceived in regard to his greatness. Had he fallen in his meridian splendor, like Buckminster, it would have been far otherwise; no one would have doubted his greatness, and his death would have occasioned a deep, a wide, and a lasting sensation. Reflection must now do justice to his memory. His numerous literary and theological friends, who have for years looked upon him only with pity and sorrow, must erase the late image of him from their minds—that was not Dr. Allyn—and supply its place from faithful memory. His people who had almost forgotten him or who remembered only the foibles of his decayed intellect, must let the grave cover that mutilated copy, and revive in their memories the traces that years cannot have obliterated. They will do this act of justice: it is not in human nature to make war upon the dead. The time has been when they were accustomed to feel a laudable pride in the relation which subsisted between him and them; and the time will come again when they will duly prize the honor of having been served by a pastor whose intellectual powers and attainments placed him in the highest ranks of his species.

The person of Dr. Allyn was rather commanding than graceful. His eyes were his most remarkable feature—large, black, moveable, and piercing. His nose and forehead prominent—his complexion dark, and his skin indented with small-pox—his hair raven-colored, strong and straight—and his face oval in its general form. But the general appearance of his person was singularly variable. In his hours of moping melancholy, with body stooping and brow overcast, he seemed an object of commiseration; but in his hours of cheerful excitement, with body erect and with eyes darting intellectual fire, he seemed to belong to a superior order of beings. A stranger could not see him in one or the other of these modes without detecting the marks of intellectual greatness. His enjoyment of life, was, at times, most exquisite—and his sufferings again were extraordinary: his success had not been small—his reverses were terrible; and his rewards will be great; for nothing of mediocrity has ever been associated with him. Having devoted himself to the service of mankind with godly simplicity and singular assiduity, so long as he seemed to be an accountable agent, the shadows that came over him cannot deprive him of his rewards. What may not be his intellectual glory now that he is *delivered from this body of sin and death*! Happy spirit! The wise and the good have been loved by thee, and the wise and the good shall gather around thee forever.

In Granville, (N. Y.) Hon. THOMAS PORTER, 99 years and 3 mos. Judge P. was the father of Dr. Porter, of the Theological Seminary, Andover, Mass. He was in the British army in the year 1755, at Lake George. During the revolutionary war, he was active for his country. He officiated about ten years as Judge of the Supreme and County Courts of Vermont. He also served as a member of the Legislatures of Connecticut and Vermont 35 years. For more than 60 years he was an active member and a Deacon of the Congregational Church. The foregoing notice was written by Deacon

Thomas Porter, and son of the above, with whom his father resided; two days afterwards he was seized with a fever, and died one week after his father's burial, aged 66.

In Philadelphia, May 24, the Hon. JOHN RANDOLPH of Virginia, many years a member of Congress, and afterwards Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. Petersburg. Instead of the numerous obituary notices of this distinguished individual, which have appeared since his decease, we copy the following letter, written by himself, as a memorial of his character and disposition. It was written to his nephew, who has since deceased.

DECEMBER 13, 1813.

You *shall* "know something of my life," nay, every thing, my dear son, that it can be desirable or profitable for you to know. It is a tale not devoid of interests or events, and might be wrought up into a more engaging narrative than ninety-nine out of a hundred of the hasty volumes which minister to the mental green-sickness of our misses and masters. Like yourself, I was left by my father an orphan, when too young to be sensible of my loss. The first thing that I can remember, is, finding myself in my mother's family, the *pin-basket* of the whole house. I think that I can recollect some circumstances that must have happened in 1776; but I distinctly remember events which took place in the year following. I shared my mother's widowed bed, and was the nestling of her bosom. Every night after I was undressed, and in the morning before I rose, I kneeled down in my bed, and putting up my little hands, repeated after my mother the Lord's prayer and the "belief;" and to this circumstance I attribute some of my present opinions. I say *present*, because they lay long dormant, and as if extinguished within me.*

In the autumn of the year 1783, my mother married St. George Tucker. From that day there was a change in my situation. The first blow that I ever received, was from the hand of this man, and not a week after his union with my mother. At his instance, I was sent, at the age of nine, to the school of Walker Murray, (who had been his fellow-student at college,) in the county of Orange; then, and perhaps yet, a wild and savage country, inhabited by the coarsest, the most ignorant, and vicious of the human race! A new world was opened to me. Our school-fellows, (your father and uncle Theodorick were at the same school) were, with the exception of one or two *gentlemen's* sons, adepts in every species of profligacy,—vulgar, brutal, savage. Our schoolmaster was the most petulant and malignant wretch in creation. We had scarcely the necessaries of life; without an opportunity to acquire any thing more than as much Latin, as sufficed to furnish out a bald translation of the ordinary school books. Indignant at his treatment, your father, hardly thirteen years old, determined to desert and go home. From our step-father, we looked for nothing like sympathy or tenderness. My

brother was deterred by his expostulations from executing his purpose. Murray transferred his school to Williamsburgh, and we were transferred along with it. In 1784, the state of my health induced my mother to send me to Bermuda, where I arrived in the month of July; and just twelve months afterwards, she came over with her whole family, and remained till November, 1785; when she encountered a long and boisterous passage, in a wretched sloop, to Virginia. This laid the foundation of that disease, which deprived me, two years afterwards, of the best mother that ever man had.

My sojourn in Bermuda was of essential service to me in many respects. It was a respite from the austere rule of my step-father, and the tyranny, hardly tolerable, of Murray; and I acquired a temper not to brook tamely their unreasonable exactions. There was a good country-gentleman's library in old Mr. Tucker's house, where I staid; and here I read many sterling English authors. Your father and myself were always book-worms. It was a sort of bond to the affection that united us. Our first question at meeting was, generally, "What have you read? Have you seen this or that work?" By going to Bermuda, however, I lost my Greek: I had just mastered the grammar *perfectly*, when I left Williamsburgh. Walking round the base, (it was a circular iron railing that protected it) of Lord Botetourt's statue, I had committed the Westminster grammar to memory, so as to be able to repeat every word of it. The pendulum of the great clock which vibrated over my head, seemed to concentrate my attention on my book. My Bermudian tutor, Ewing, had no Greek class, and would not take the trouble of teaching a single boy.

After our return, we went back to Williamsburgh; your father continuing to board with Murray, but attending Mr. Wythe in Greek, Mathematics, and I think Latin also. Soon afterwards he entered college. We were at the grammar school kept in the old capitol, which has been since pulled down, to save the expense of repairing the hall, where Henry spoke and independence was declared. The shocking barbarity of Murray towards my brother Theodorick, drove me from the school, (our mother was then in New-York for her health,) and soon after I left it. Having spent some months at home, we (Theodorick and myself) were sent in March, 1787, to Princeton, where we were joined in the summer by your father. Doctor Witherspoon, in order to make the most out of us, put Theodorick and myself into the grammar school, although we were further advanced than any of the freshmen or most of the sophomores. In this subterranean abode of noise and misrule, I was pent for five long months, and in September was transferred to the college, with habits acquired in that school, by no means propitious to study. At Christmas, Theodorick and I went to New-York, to spend what little money we had hoarded for that purpose; (little it was, since Witherspoon's necessities drove him to embezzle our funds;) and were recalled in a few days, by a letter from your father, enclosing one from our mother, which summoned us to her dying bedside. We hastened home, and saw her for the last time. In January, 1788, she died. The sun rose and set; the rivers flowed; the order of nature went on. This seemed to me at first unnatural and shocking. My mother had been a faithful executrix of my father's will, a faithful steward of the effects committed to her charge, in trust for her children. She left clear accounts, and money (not a small sum) in hand. In May, 1788, Theodorick and I were sent to college in New-York; and your father came on here to attend the debates of the Convention, on the question of adopting or rejecting the federal constitution of 1787.

* This letter was written, it will be perceived, before Mr. Randolph's supposed conversion. As illustrative of the general facts above stated, we quote the following anecdote from the S. S. Journal. "The late John Randolph, some years since, addressed himself to an intimate friend, in terms something like the following: 'I used to be called a Frenchman, because I took the French side in politics; and though this was unjust, yet the truth is, I should have been a French atheist, if it had not been for one recollection, and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and cause me on my knees to say, *Our Father, which art in heaven.*'"

ing June, he received the command of the frigate *Essex*, which was built in this town and presented to government by the merchants of Salem. About this time, the regency of Tripoli, emboldened by the success of the Algerines, commenced hostilities against the United States; to oppose which a squadron of frigates, among which was the *Essex*, was sent to the Mediterranean. Here he continued for thirteen or fourteen months, but did not fall in with any of the Tripolitan cruisers.

He returned to New-York in July, 1802, and in May, 1803, was appointed to the command of the *Philadelphia*. In July he sailed in her to join the Mediterranean squadron, then under Commodore Preble. He was here employed in blockading the harbor of Tripoli, and, on the 31st of October, gave chase to a strange ship that was seen running for the harbor of Tripoli. The chase was unsuccessful, and the *Philadelphia* was returning, when, as she was going at the rate of six or seven knots, she ran upon rocks about four miles and a half from the town. As soon as she had grounded, the gunboats came out to attack her; but while she continued upright, with the few guns that could be brought to bear, she kept the enemy at a distance; but she soon lay over so much on one side that she could not use her guns. At length, after sustaining the enemy's fire for five or six hours, a council of war of all the officers unanimously advised a surrender. The magazine was therefore drowned; the arms and every article of value thrown overboard; the ship scuttled, the pump choked, and the colors were then hauled down.

The frigate was plundered of every thing that could be got at, when the Tripolitans went on board. They took from Capt. Bainbridge his watch and epaulets, and the cravat from his neck; but with much struggling and difficulty he saved the miniature of his wife. The officers and crew, however, were pretty well treated, as prisoners of war, after they were landed in Tripoli. Several attempts were made to escape, but all were unsuccessful. The prisoners were often obstinate, uncomplying, and mischievous; yet the Tripolitans who had charge of them were rarely provoked to punish them. They used often to say, that the Americans were the most difficult to manage of any people they had ever seen.

A treaty of peace between the United States and Tripoli was concluded in 1805, and on the third of June the prisoners were liberated, after a confinement of thirteen months, and soon after sailed for America. Capt. Bainbridge was received rather as a returning conqueror than as a vanquished prisoner, and was acquitted of all blame by a court of inquiry held at his request.

From 1806 to 1812, he occupied himself part of the time in the merchant service, and the remainder of the time was employed in various naval duties. In 1812, he was appointed to the command of the Navy Yard at Charlestown; and on the arrival at Boston of Capt. Hull, after his victory over the British frigate *Guerriere*, he having applied for a furlough, Commodore Bainbridge was permitted to take command of the *Constitution*.

"In a few weeks he sailed, in company with the sloop of war *Hornet*, Capt. Lawrence, on a cruise to the East Indies. After parting company with Capt. Lawrence, he was running down the coast of Brazil, when, on Thursday, the 29th of December, he discovered, about nine in the morning, two sail, one of which was standing off shore towards him. He immediately made sail to meet the strange ship, and finding, as he approached her, that she did not answer his private signals, proceeded out to sea in order to separate her from her companion, and draw her off the neutral coast. About one

o'clock, having reached what he considered a proper distance from the shore, he hoisted his ensign and pendant, which was answered by English colors, and perceiving that she was an English frigate (the *Java*, captain Lambert) he took in the royals, tacked, and stood for the enemy. The *Java* immediately bore down, intending to rake, which the *Constitution* avoided by wearing. The enemy being now within half a mile to windward, and having hauled down his flag, the *Constitution* fired a gun ahead to make him show his colors, and immediately poured in her whole broadside, on which English colors were hoisted, and the fire returned. On this the action became general, within grape and canister distance. In a few minutes the wheel of the *Constitution* was shot away; and in about a half an hour, Commodore Bainbridge finding that his adversary still kept too far off, determined to close with him at the risk of being raked. He therefore luffed up so close to the *Java*, that, in passing, her jib-boom got foul of the *Constitution's* mizen rigging; and having now gained a nearer position, he poured in so well-directed a fire, that in ten minutes he shot away the *Java's* jib-boom and part of the bowsprit; in five minutes more the foremast went by the board—her main topmast followed—then the gaff and spanker boom, and lastly, the mizenmast went nearly by the board. At five minutes past four, one hour and fifty-five minutes from the commencement of the action, the *Java's* fire was completely silenced, and her colors being down, commodore Bainbridge supposed that she had struck; he therefore shot ahead to repair his rigging; but while he hove to for that purpose, discovered that her colors were still flying, although her mainmast had just gone by the board. He therefore bore down again upon her, and having got close athwart her bows, was on the point of raking her with a broadside, when she hauled down her colors, being a completely unmanageable wreck, entirely dismasted, without a spar of any kind standing. On boarding her, it was found that captain Lambert had been mortally wounded, and that the *Java* was so much injured, that it would be impossible to bring her to the United States. All the prisoners and the baggage were therefore brought on board the *Constitution*, a service which it required two days to perform, there being but a single boat left between the two frigates. On the 31st she was blown up, and the *Constitution* put into St. Salvador. The *Java* carried forty-nine guns, and upwards of four hundred men: she was bound to the East-Indies, and had, in addition to her own crew, upwards of one hundred supernumerary officers and seamen, for different ships on the East-India station.

"Her loss was sixty killed; and among these was captain Lambert. Of the wounded, the accounts varied from one hundred and one (which were ascertained positively) to one hundred and seventy.

"On board the *Constitution*, nine were killed, and twenty-five wounded, among whom was the Commodore himself.

"This victory was scarcely less honorable to commodore Bainbridge, than the generosity with which he exercised the right of a conqueror. While on board, the prisoners were treated with the most respectful attention. Immediately on their landing at St. Salvador, they were set at liberty on parole, and received every article of their baggage; and particularly a service of plate belonging to general Hislop, was carefully preserved and restored to him. These proofs of honorable courtesy were not lost on the prisoners, who expressed their gratitude in a manner creditable to themselves as to the victors."

The decayed state of the *Constitution* and

other circumstances, combining to interfere with the original plan of the cruise, Commodore Bainbridge now left the *Hornet* to blockade a superior British force at St. Salvador, and returned to the United States.

This was the only action in which Commodore Bainbridge was engaged during the war. After the peace of 1815, having superintended the building of the *Independence* 74, he had the honor of waving his flag on board the first line of battle ship belonging to the United States, that ever floated. He was ordered to form a junction with Commodore Decatur, to cruise against the Barbary powers, who had shown a disposition to plunder our commerce. In com-

pany with his own squadron, he arrived before the harbor of Carthage, where he learned that Commodore Decatur had concluded a peace with the regency of Algiers. He now, according to his instructions, presented himself before Tripoli, where also he learned that Commodore Decatur had anticipated him by a previous visit. He returned to the United States on the 15th November, 1815; was afterward appointed one of the Navy Commissioners; and resumed the command at the Navy Yard in Charlestown. His health had been declining some time before his removal to Philadelphia, last autumn, and little or no hope of his recovery was entertained at that time. [Salem Gazette]

OUR FILE.

☞ The following communication was not received in season to be placed among the original papers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

SIR,—The article which appeared in your last number, entitled “A Letter on Slavery,” was really written, as it professed to be, in answer to one from a friend at the South; and it was sent you for publication, with a faint hope, but hearty wish, that it might have some efficacy as a testimony of liberal and conciliatory feeling towards our southern brethren. It was written with a feeling of sympathy and kindness; it was thought to breathe a spirit of conciliation, and published only with the hope of doing something to calm an angry but groundless spirit of indignation. What then must have been my feelings, at finding it seized upon as a weapon of offence against the South, and wielded with the intent of conjuring up the very spirit of jealousy which it was intended to allay?

It is discouraging enough to find that the arrow which we may aim at any folly or crime, should fall short of the mark from want of strength in the arm that launches it; but when we see it so far turned from its course, as to wound the very heart we would defend, the bitterness of repentance is added to the mortification of failure. If, by any fair inference from the tenor of my article, it can be made out, as has been attempted by the *Morning Post*, and other papers, that its writer was animated by a “bloodthirsty feeling;” or, that I have put forth sentiments which would be scouted by the majority of my countrymen, then will I own with shame, that I am not enough conversant with the use of language, to clothe my thoughts in a garb expressive of their real nature, and beg pardon of your readers for having obtruded my clumsy production upon their notice. But if, as I hope to make it appear, those papers have, by an unfair and ungenerous selection of a single paragraph, and garbled extracts, stripped of their connecting and explanatory sentences, put upon my article a false coloring, and held it up as an irritating specimen of New-England hostility to the South—then shall I have thrown the charge of hostility upon those who cannot shake it off, but by the excuse of partial and inattentive reading.

I am charged with manifesting a bloodthirsty disposition, and representing as the sentiments of New-England, feelings which every New-Englander would indignantly disavow; an undue importance is thus given to my language; and however insignificant any effort of mine may be, I am too conscientious to neglect repelling such a charge, even at the risk of being tedious.


What then is the spirit of the article? where are the bloodthirsty sentiments? where the principles which New-Englanders will disavow? The article denies the right of interference on the part of the non-slave-holding states with the question of slavery; it condemns the mad efforts of the Abolitionists; it holds him to be *the greatest enemy of blacks and whites who would advocate immediate abolition*; it implores enthusiasts to refrain from any attempt to rouse a spirit of insubordination among the slaves; it even clears the present planters from the imputation of any guilt or moral responsibility for the existence of slavery at the South: ay, it goes even so far as to say, that the sin is no more to be laid at the door of the Southerner than of the New-England farmer. Are these sentiments bloodthirsty, or illiberal, or unconciliating? But, in order that a full and fearless avowal of New-England sentiments may be made known, it says that it holds the system of slavery in utter abhorrence; it will not allow the force of any argument in favor of a system violating the laws of God and the rights of man; and while it makes every allowance for the peculiar and unfortunate circumstances which make immediate and unconditional emancipation impossible, it nevertheless advocates every measure conducive to a perspective removal of the foul blot from our national escutcheon.

But now comes the offensive part; for in order to convince my correspondent of my sincerity, and to prevent the possibility of his mistaking my sentiments, I say—"that I deprecate revolt; that if a general contest should arise, I should keep aloof in painful anxiety:" but I suppose an extreme case—and say, "if the slaves should be in general insurrection and open war with the whites, and if I were forced to take one side or the other, I would join the first and strike with them for liberty and life!" This is the head and front of my offending; and since it has been misunderstood, I almost repent me of having said it; but, it being my fixed principle, I will abide by it, and defend it. Defend it! is it necessary? will this sentiment be denied by the freemen of New-England, or by them boldly avowed? Will they not say,—“God grant this fearful crisis may never come; if come it must, may we be permitted to stand aloof—but if, by any possibility, the time shall come when we are doomed to see two millions of human beings struggling for life, for liberty, and for the dearest rights of man, and we should be forced to fight for or against them—then, rather be our right arms blasted, than raised in the cause of oppression.”

Remember, I suppose a case of *open war and general insurrection*; of course, some equality of chance, some hope of success for the blacks. I grant it was useless, perhaps imprudent, to suppose this extreme—this almost impossible case; but, having done so, merely for the sake of argument, should I not have belied the sentiments of New-England, to have said—Her sons would draw the sword in the cause of tyranny, and cry *a bas les droits de l'homme*?

I presume there is not a man in New-England who would not deprecate the revolt of the slaves, as the worst thing that could happen even for themselves; who would not, in the interest of the blacks, discourage and put down partial insurrection; who does not hold a general and simultaneous effort to be impossible: but on the other hand, if by any strange and apparently impossible combination of circumstances, he should be placed in the painful situation I have supposed, he would certainly act as I have said New-Englanders would do.

I repeat it—I regret I should have supposed such a case, even for the sake of argument; but regret more that there should be men in charge of public presses, so careless or so wicked, as to pervert good meaning into malice; and by headlessness or wickedness, to scatter fire-brands, arrows, and death. Yours, H.

 The unhappy author of the annexed verses may find relief from their publication, though they have been hanging on *the file* for a twelvemonth.

STANZAS TO MY NOSE.

My nose ! my nose ! oh ! mercy me ! my dreadful little nose !
Why can't we have a settlement, small cause of all my woes ?
Oh ! why art thou so flat, so pug, queer handle of my face !
To make a laughing stock of me, and bring me to disgrace ?

My whiskers both are large and black—they suit me very well ;
I put them off, and on again, to please each city belle ;
But thou art fixed, forever fixed between my mouth and eye,
Thou little dot ! I wish thou wert more prominent and high.

My pantaloons are just the cut, the best that Hall could make :
My coat, the richest blue, or black, all for the ladies' sake ;
But yet, ah me ! what use are they ? thou cause of so much ill,
I wish thou wert but half as long as is my tailor's bill.

And if I walk to quiz the girls, as now and then I do,
Or at a corner take my stand, particularly blue,
Each dandy holds his quizzing glass, then, grinning, onward goes,
He thinks—the fool ! I do not know he tries to spy my nose.

"Your feet are large enough," one says, "they 're always in the way ;"
I made an accidental step on one the other day—
"You 'd better keep those feet," says he, "off decent people's toes,
And make them to change places with your something of a nose."

Oh dear ! the jokes, the jibes, the jests, that saucy fellows play,
With noses large, and fair, and square, at every time of day—
"How straight and tall that exquisite !" each Bantum dandy crows ;
"Ah, happy will he be ! no wife will lead him by the nose."

I waked from pleasant sleep one morn, and saw upon the wall,
A little and a large nose drawn, with this tremendous scrawl—
"You 'd better have no nose at all, than such a nose as this,
But one like to this large one here, were ecstasy of bliss."

And so they talk and laugh at me, all safe within their sleeve,
I s'pose they think they hurt me much, and make me sorely grieve ;
They speak their daggers to my face, and rub me very close,
"For he," say they, "at all our pranks can ne'er turn up his nose."

I am near-sighted, too ; I ran against a country girl—
"Oh if you had a nose," cried she, "I 'd give it such a twirl—"
"I ask your pardon, dear—" I said, "I 'll make you fit amends—"
"*Not's you knows on—*" said she, "oh no, we never can be friends."

Ah me ! and specs I never can, I never can look through ;
And so I twirl my cane all day, not knowing what to do—
I lounge about the gallery, to see the pictures close ;
But every canvas man and girl has something for a nose.

At three I dine at Gallagher's, or at the Tremont House ;
At sight of me the exquisites are still as any mouse ;
"How could," say they, "this noseless Winkum *smell* us at our blows ;
How much he doth intrude himself,—we 're sure he *little knows*."

"Upon that Lilliputian nose he ne'er can tread," says one ;
"But, Sir !" thus cries a second out before the first is done,
"And yet 't is strange he every where is poking in his nose."
Oh ! would that Ovid's nose were mine, and wart like Cicero's.

The barber ne'er can cut my nose, while he is shaving me,
 "Your ears are long enough," says he, "for nose deficiency."
 They call me the Nose-ologist; and ponder as I can,
 I certainly am now, and, aye, shall be, a half-nosed man.

"Good name in man or woman is the jewel of their soul;"
 So Shakspeare said, and he was right, I think, upon the whole,
 But thou, oh! Slawkenbergius! I ask thee in his place,
 Is not a handsome nose in all the jewel of the face?

WINKUM.

None but a parent could have written the following lines, or one who had witnessed the overpowering agony of the bereaved. The pathos of the sentiment may perhaps be an apology for the barbarous form of words which we have designated by Italics in the first stanza.

A MOTHER TO A DEAD INFANT.

Thou died'st—I was not near thy bed,
 'T was not *my* hand that closed thine eyes,
 I did not hold thy throbbing head,
 Or catch thy last faint stifled sighs!
 I saw thee in thy beauty last,
 I kissed thee with a mother's joy,
 We parted—a few days *went past*,
 And thou wast in thy grave, my boy!

Oh! had I but been with thee then,
 And held thee in my anxious heart!
 What though it had been bitter pain?
 We should not thus have been apart.
 I should have laid me down by thee,
 And kissed away thy fading breath,
 And shared, in every agony,
 Perhaps, in mercy, shared thy death!

Oh, were the strangers kind to thee?
 Did they with gentleness attend?
 They might—but in their ministry
 They could not their whole being blend.
 There 's but one heart on earth, my child,
 Could fity tend thy dying couch,
 Could soothe thy moans with accents mild,
 And smooth thy bed with tenderest touch.

'T is o'er—thy little life is quenched,
 Thou art as nothing—save to me,
 From me my deepest joy is wrenched,
 Yet imaged in my memory.
 Like to a star in the clear wave,
 It shines in every silent tear.
 Thy heart is mouldering in the grave,
 Thy *mother's* heart is breaking here!

THETA.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

ANCIENT EGYPTIANS.

IN some address, which met our eye a few months since, the subject of which was concerned with negro slavery, we saw a statement to this effect,—that the negroes, so far from being incapable of high advance, in the arts and science, were once highly distinguished in them; were, in fact, if not the inventers, among the earliest cultivators of them, and carried them to a high degree of perfection. By way of proof the Egyptians were adduced, affirmed to be Ethiopians, and Herodotus was given as authority for their being negroes. This statement is certainly very much at variance with divers passages that have presented themselves to us, in the course of our reading, of one sort or another, and the illustration and the authority are liable to much gainsaying. To afford a little variety to our readers we are disposed to lay before them a few of the things that have occurred to us on the subject, without, however, pretending to go into any very learned or deep investigation of it, and let them come to what conclusion they may deem best. Except as a matter of historical correctness, we care not whether or no the Egyptians were as black as the darkness that once invested their land.

In a subject presenting so many points that seem to offer a hold for one's grasp, and requiring, in some degree, to be handled separately, it is not altogether so easy, as might at first sight be imagined, to determine where to begin, in order to proceed lucidly to an end. On mature consideration, however, we have determined to begin at the end, that is, taking the matter above cited as our theme. Before canvassing the doctrine itself we shall just turn over the authority cited in proof, and look at it on its other sides, in order to see what it amounts to. This authority is Herodotus, termed by some the "Father of History," and by others represented as little better than the "*Father of Lies*." In this, however, we do not altogether agree with them; for though we think that the old Grecian, like some other travelers, could and did sometimes draw a long bow pretty stoutly, yet we believe that, in the main, he was pretty conscientious and worthy of credit, due allowance being made for the excitement and exaggeration

apt to be produced by the unknown and the marvelous, and for the divers mystifications put upon him by his good friends, the Egyptian priests, who doubtless had the usual desire of exalting themselves and their nation in the eyes of a foreigner. Without impeaching, then, particularly, the credit of the witness, let us see what he says.

In speaking of the kingdom, state, or whatever it was, of Colchis, said to have been founded by Sesostris, who left there a colony, in a sort of plundering and fighting expedition, called a conquest, which he made as far as the borders of India, he says, that in his day the traces of their origin were very perceptible in the persons of the inhabitants, mentioning particularly their hair and complexion, to which respectively he applies the epithets *ὄυλοθριξ* (oulothrix) and *μέλας* (melas) which have commonly been translated *wooly-haired* and *black*; and hence it has been concluded that the ancient Egyptians were negroes.

Reasons are not wanting to show that the premises are somewhat halt and maimed, and it need not, therefore, be thought wonderful if the conclusion should be deemed "most lame and impotent." Admitting the fact, that Sesostris did plant at Colchis a colony of his soldiers, and that they were wooly-haired and black, this does not prove the conclusion, for it has yet to be shown that this colony was composed of native Egyptians, of the original race of the Delta and Thebaid. Those whose historical reading has made them at all acquainted with the modes of oriental warfare, must know, that nothing was more common than for the armies of a conqueror to be recruited from the population of conquered countries, and that, of all the various and dissimilar tribes or nations united under the sway of one, each sends its contingents into the field, and that these often compose the bulk of the forces. It may well therefore be supposed, that under such a monarch as Sesostris would be collected many of the inhabitants of Africa besides the Egyptians, and there seems to be no reason why the colony settled at Colchis should not have been wholly or in part composed of negroes, with perhaps an Egyptian governor. The granddaughter of this governor, at any rate, was the far-famed Medea, the mistress of Jason, the Argonaut, who went to Colchis in search of the golden fleece, whatever that was, whether gold dust entangled in the wool of sheepskins stretched in the bed of rivulets, or, as has been conjectured by some, a race of fine-wooled sheep, the Merino or Saxony of ancient days. Grecian taste, however, would, without any thing farther, seem to be a sufficient warrant, that the lovely mistress of this celebrated hero could not have been a negro or even a mulatto; so that whatever the colony in the main consisted of, it seems fair to presume that the governor was neither black nor wooly-haired; and, if he was an Egyptian, the presumption may extend to his countrymen.

This leads us to a piece of criticism we once met with, though we cannot recollect where, (we are afraid our organ of locality is not properly developed,) which was devoted to an examination of the very epithets above cited, for the express purpose of proving that the common translation of them was by no means the necessary one, nor precisely answering to the originals, being a great limitation of their signification. The conclusion arrived at by the critic was, that *melas*, though often, perhaps generally, rendered *black*, in English, was, in reality, expressive of almost any dark hue, as *dun*, *swarthy*, *dusky*, and might

even mean *blue*, or *brown*, or *dusky red*; and that *oulothrix*, though it *might* mean *wooly-haired*, really and properly meant only *soft* and *curly-haired*.

Thus the Greeks applied the epithet *melas* to the Nile, which at no time deserves the epithet black, but the color of which, at its most remarkable period, that is, during an inundation, is of a brownish red. It may moreover be remarked, that the Arab name of the Abyssinian branch is, at this day, Bahr-el-Nil, or Bahr-el-Azrek, the Blue rivers.

If this criticism be correct, and we do not see that it can be shown to be otherwise, except by proving the point in dispute from other sources, the authority of the Father of History will go not a great way to establishing the *negro-head* of ancient Egypt. Still, it may doubtless be argued, that as these epithets might mean what they are usually rendered, that meaning will only be made doubtful, and not disproved, by this criticism; and that proof must be brought from other quarters, to disprove absolutely, as well as to establish, the common version. This is true, and other proofs are at hand;—we will call into court the ancient Egyptians themselves. Here! Crier! summon the tombs of the kings of Boban el Malluk, and let Champollion the younger be sworn as interpreter! What does he say? “Horus, the shepherd of the people, is here represented leading twelve men, who belong to four distinct races. The three first (those nearest the god) are of a dark red color; they have well-shaped figures, a pleasant physiognomy, noses slightly aquiline, long twisted hair, and are clothed in white. The legend describes them thus, ROT-EN-NE-RÔME, *the race of men*; that is, by way of excellence, the Egyptians.”

“The three who follow next are very different in aspect; their complexion is yellow and swarthy; their noses are very aquiline; their beards are long and black, and terminate in a point. Their clothing is of various colors, and they are designated by the name of NAMOU.”

“The three next are easily known as *Negroes*. They are here called NAHASI.”

“The three last are of a delicate white complexion. Their noses are straight or slightly arched; their eyes blue, their beards are of a light or red color, and they are tall in figure. They are clothed with the skins of oxen, and are painted like savages. These are named TAMPOU.”

“In comparing this tablet with the corresponding one in the other royal tombs, I am convinced, that it was the design to represent here the inhabitants of the four parts of the world, according to the Egyptian system. 1. The inhabitants of Egypt. 2. The Asiatics. 3. The proper inhabitants of Africa—the Negroes. 4. The Europeans.”

The next testimony of the ancient Egyptians may be found in the grottoes of Eilithias. These, it is said, are extremely interesting, “inasmuch as they represent, in the paintings with which the walls are decorated, many of the pursuits and habits that illustrate the private life of the ancient Egyptians.” “It may be observed that the complexion of the men is invariably red, that of the women yellow; but neither of them can be said to have any thing in their physiognomy at all resembling the Negro countenance.”

As a third witness we shall introduce the Sphynx. Of this, Dr. Richardson says, “The whole face has been painted red, which is

the color assigned to the ancient inhabitants of Egypt, and to all the deities of the country, except Osiris. The features are Nubian, or what, from ancient representations, may be called ancient Egyptian, which is quite different from the negro features."

The testimony of the head of the young Memnon, as it is called, coincides exactly with that of the Sphynx. There was a warrior of this name and country at the siege of Troy, to whom Homer applies some epithets expressive of his color, which has generally been translated *swarthy*.

It may perhaps seem strange, that there should be any room for discussion on this subject, any occasion for the introduction of records or indirect testimony of any kind, when so many myriads of those, who once flourished in the land of Misraim, still remain in their catacombs, in withered but undecaying immortality, and so many myriads more have been torn from them by the hands of rapine or reckless curiosity, hawked about the world as objects of vulgar wonder or pecuniary speculation; or, having been plundered of their gums and envelopes, have been tossed abroad to the relentless visitations of the elements, and the assaults of that decay, against which they fondly and vainly hoped they had provided forever. It may seem strange that an appeal should not be made at once to these, that they might, in their own persons, establish their national identity, and the race from which they sprung. We must admit that it is somewhat strange, that inquirers on the spot, discussing this very topic, with the remains of this wondrous people lying about them, should have sought for other proof than they might present, or at least should not have made use of their testimony in the first place, and employed the witnesses we have cited, merely as corroborative evidence. There they are! Why do they not speak for themselves? There they are, it is true, but alas, as for their speech!

"Darkling is the phrase,
The language that of other days,
Involved of purpose, as to foil
An interlopers prying toil."

Three thousand or more years drying in the hot caverns of the mountains, and the action of natron, boiling asphaltum, gums and pitch, might convert even the lily of the Saxon race to the hue of the "raven wing of darkness;" and the tight pressure of the complicated and interminable swathings almost obliterate the trace of humanity in the fleshy features; and, therefore, we presume it is, that many travelers, scholars though they were, not being versed in the nice anatomical differences of the great varieties of the human family, have not felt competent to translate the language of these witnesses. Still, while the bony structure alone remains, there are arguments to be drawn from it by the skillful comparative anatomists, that, in the results of a tolerably wide examination, speak with the precision of demonstration; and we wonder, that such an examination has not been more relied on. Still this source of testimony, neglected as it is, is not altogether mute. We remember an account of the careful examination of a mummy, presumed from the insignia on the coffin, and the extreme nicety with which it was prepared, to have been that of an Egyptian of high rank, in which it was stated, that the body had an unusual degree of freshness and suppleness, and that the skin appeared to have originally been of a dark redish brown, while the hair was soft and curly, but not

approaching to the wooly hair of negroes. Some other observations on other bodies concur with this account. Still, negroes may doubtless be found among the inhabitants of the tombs of Egypt, and doubtless also men of other races, sojourners in the land, and disposed of after death according to its usual rites of sepulture. Long and patient research is therefore necessary to elicit the truth from these witnesses; but we think it may be made conclusive.

Has, however, the race of the early wise and powerful, of the great sages, conquerors, and law-givers, so utterly departed from the earth, that not a lineal descendant remains in whose kindred form and features may be traced the lineaments that erst belonged to this mighty people? The features of the Jews remain as distinct and national now as when in company with the Egyptians, the Persians and Negroes; they were painted in still living colors in some of the tablets in the tombs of the kings. The modern Greeks still display the beautiful profiles and graceful forms of their ancient race, and the peculiar physiognomies of other tribes have descended for countless generations. True it is, that Egypt has been trodden under foot by many nations, and seen successive races domiciliated upon her soil, which, doubtless, must have altered, in part, the outward aspect of her inhabitants. Yet it would be almost without a parallel, that some portions of the populace should not remain as representatives of the original stock, bearing the impress of those from whom they sprung. The Kophts profess, or are believed, to be such;—let us turn to them through the medium of enlightened visitors, and see what is the look of their outward man. To say the truth, our jury, as we may call them, are not all agreed among themselves as to the looks of these reputed descendants of Pharaohs, or in the verdict they give as to their paternity and resemblance; but we think the scale greatly preponderates against the wooly-headedness of the oppressors of Jacob.

We will begin with citing the opinions of those most opposed to us. Volney says of the Kophts,—“Both history and tradition attest their descent from the people who were conquered by the Arabs,—that is, from that mixture of Egyptians, Persians, and, above all, Greeks, who, under the Ptolemies and Constantines, were so long in possession of Egypt.”—“This will be rendered still more probable, if we consider the distinguishing features of this race of people; we shall find them all characterized by a sort of yellowish, dusky complexion, which is neither Grecian nor Arabian; they have all a puffed visage, swollen eyes, flat noses, and thick lips,—in short, the exact countenance of a mulatto. *I was at first tempted to attribute this to the climate*; but when I visited the figure of the Sphynx, that monster furnished the true solution of the enigma, observing its features to be precisely those of a negro.” On second thoughts, we esteem this sneering, sceptical Frenchman a valuable witness, though, at first sight, his testimony seems rather adverse. He appears to establish the resemblance between the features of the Kophts and those of the Sphynx. Of the appearance of this statue, we have already given Dr. Richardson’s testimony, which is confirmed by many other travelers. What man, of any pretensions to accuracy of physiognomical observation, would ever have thought of confounding the peculiar features of a mulatto with the effects of a sultry climate? This is sufficient to make M. Volney’s evidence pass for very little.

M. Malte-Brun gives a description of the personal appearance of the Kophts, that does not differ much from that given by Volney. Dr. Richardson says, that they have no resemblance either in features or complexion, to the figures found upon the walls of the tombs or elsewhere in Egypt, and supposes them to be a mixed race, and decidedly distinct from the aboriginal Egyptians. Mr. Browne admits that there is a peculiarity of feature common to all the Kophts, but asserts that neither in countenance nor personal form, is there any resemblance to the Negro, and thinks that a strong resemblance may be traced between the form of their visages, and that presented in the ancient *mummies*, paintings and statues. Other modern travelers, in the main, agree with this opinion. The Kophts, on the whole, may be considered as descendants of the ancient Egyptians, but not of a pure race, though bearing some general resemblance. There are, however, two other races, which present, likewise, strong claims to affinity with the former inhabitants of the land. Dr. Richardson describes some families, whose hue was of a redish brown or bronze, resembling mahogany; and he says, that they approached more nearly, both in feature and complexion, to the head of the young Memnon, (so called,) and to the figures in the tomb at Boban el Malluk, than to any of the human race that ever fell under his observation.

The Baroness Van Minutoli makes a remark displaying some acuteness, and of considerable weight. In her "*Recollections of Egypt*," speaking of the tombs of the kings and the figures there delineated, she says,—“This regular profile which they have given to most of their divinities, except Typhon, appears to me to demonstrate, that the opinion, which makes the ancient Egyptians descendants of the Negro race, is without foundation. It is true, that the complexion of the figures is very swarthy, and approaching to black; but the Ethiopians of our times have still this color, without having the flat nose, and crisp and wooly hair of the Negroes. Besides, their natural aversion to that race of men seems to me as good as proved by the very figure of Typhon, whom they considered the genius of evil.”

The Baroness, it will be perceived, does not agree precisely with the other travelers with regard to the exact tints of the figures in the paintings, though she is very decided against the doctrine of a Negro origin. Who, however, are the “Ethiopians of our own times,” of whom she speaks? They are the Nubians, with the kindred races of Abyssinia and the adjacent regions, comprehending, probably, the Fellatahs, of whom so much mention is made in the travels of Denham, Clapperton, Lander, &c. Dr. Richardson describes the Nubians as possessing, in the expression of the countenance, a strong resemblance to the ancient Egyptians as portrayed in the temples and tombs. Those resident at Elephantine, are described by him as black, without possessing, however, the least resemblance in feature to the Negro race, but as having small lips and aquiline noses, with long hair. Women from Nubia are frequently brought to Egypt for sale, and are described as “exceedingly beautiful, their features being perfectly regular, and their eyes full of fire.” The Baroness Van Minutoli says,—“The complexion of the natives, after having passed through all the gradations of color, was, at Syene, of a black and chocolate color.” Bruce describes the inhabitants of Abyssinia as varying in color from dark brown to jet black, according to the places

they inhabit, whether the mountains, or the low, sultry plains; but as perfectly distinct from the Negroes. These are the modern Ethiopians; and such as these, there is every reason to believe, were the ancient Ethiopians also, strictly confining the term to its legitimate application in Africa. Of the interior of this continent, beyond the confines of Egypt, Mauritania, and other countries on its Mediterranean coast, the ancients have transmitted to us little or no detailed and accurate information. The torrid zone they believed uninhabited. The modern Ethiopia was their western Ethiopia, and knowing nought beyond it distinctly, and having but an imperfect knowledge of itself, it became with them a general appellation for the greater portion of Africa; and hence the inhabitants of Nigritia, or the Negroes proper, became confounded with the Ethiopians, the more readily, because the Ethiopians were black, or approaching to it. There was, also, an eastern Ethiopia. Moses mentions in Genesis, in his description of the four rivers that issued from the garden of Eden, that one of them compassed the land of Ethiopia; and Homer and Herodotus mention eastern Ethiopians, distinctly from the western. Without attempting to go into the difficult and unsatisfactory work of tracing the settlements made by the descendants of the children of Noah, it may be observed, generally, that there is reason to suppose, from comparing together ancient traditions and history, that western Ethiopia proper was settled by migration from the eastern region of the same name, and by a race of men, who were not Negroes any more than the Nubians and Abyssinians of this day. Granting, then, that the Egyptians derived their origin from the ancient Ethiopians, they were, probably, a race, like the two nations just mentioned, with a somewhat fairer complexion from their more northern location, which would bring them about to the mahogany tint, observed by Dr. Richardson in the instance we have cited from him, and would agree with the representations they have left behind them of their own appearance.

There is, besides, another argument, from the analogy to be traced between the Hindoos and other inhabitants of Central India and the Egyptians. This analogy is found in the ancient architectural remains of the two countries, in some degree in the establishment of *castes*, and other civil and religious forms of society. The Sepoys of the Anglo-Indian army, that came into Egypt, deemed that they recognized in the ancient Egyptian temples the structures and worship of their native land, and bowed themselves before them in religious admiration; and Sir William Jones, in his preface to the Institutes of Menu, makes several observations upon the relation they have to the religion, &c. of Egypt; so that he even hazards a conjecture that the Menu of the Brahmins and the Minos or Menes of Egypt might be the same personage. Other writers advert to the subject, likewise, with not dissimilar general views; so that it would seem, putting all things together, that the ancient Egyptians and the Hindoos might be a kindred race. It has never, however, we believe, been imagined, that the Hindoos were of Negro origin. Lastly,—though in Nubia and Abyssinia may be found evidences, though in ruins, of former cultivation in science, and progress in the arts, inferior, however, to those of Egypt, nothing of the kind, that we are aware of, has yet been observed among the Negroes in the interior of

Africa, or elsewhere, though, of late years, the country has been deeply penetrated ; so that, at present, it seems but a gratuitous assumption, that they ever possessed any knowledge or skill more than they possess now.

THE SHETLAND WIDOW.

In consequence of the gale, which, in the autumn of 1832, wrecked so many unfortunate Shetland fishermen, their widows were obliged to supply their places, in the boats, to save their families from famine.

" Aye, lend thine aid, my son, to push
The shallop from the shore ;
For I must take thy father's place
To ply the feathered oar.
And out upon the faithless sea
Must thou my little steersman be.

" And thou wilt trim the sail, and steer
Head-land and low reef by ;
And mark, where sunken rocks, beneath
The deeper waters, lie.
Small skill, I know, my son, is thine ;
But yet, alas ! still less is mine.

" My weak heart trembles, thus to see
Our cot no longer near ;
And view the lessening winding shore,
Like a faint line appear.
My babes ! shall I e'er see you more,
Or tread again that flying shore ?"

" Mother, thou see'st the blue waves break
And sparkle in the sun ;
And we, our laden bark shall moor,
Ere yet the day is done."

" So smiled the sea, that very day,
That last, thy father went away.

" But inland, see, the sea-mews veer ;
I fear a flurry 's nigh ;
Glad I could sleep beneath the waves,
But could not see thee die.
How near these wailing storm-birds keep,
And o'er the roughening billows sweep !"

" Nay, courage, mother, ne'er before
Wast thou outside the bay ;
For often thus, from stem to stern,
The stormy petrels play.
And, rest thee on thine oar, the gale,
With gentle breathings, fills the sail.

" And, o'er the crested ocean waves,
Our skiff shall gaily ride ;
As o'er the breakers and the surf,
We see yon sea-fowl glide.
And He who guides the sea-bird thus,
Will, surely, mother, think on us."

" God bless thee, boy ! thou art my stay,
While I should comfort thee ;
The widow and the orphan's God,
Is He, who rules the sea ;
And I will trust his power to guide
Our shallop, homeward o'er the tide."

THOUGHTS ON THE STUDY OF THE GREEK AND LATIN LANGUAGES.

POSTSCRIPT.

It was not until after the preceding numbers were finished, that we had an opportunity to peruse, in the "American Quarterly Register," an article on the "Study of Greek Literature." Notwithstanding the zeal and scholarship, and we may add the fervid eloquence, with which the subject is there treated, our views are unshaken, by any thing the writer has been able to advance. Unfortunately, though he has handled the matter, in his *own way*, with what some people may call ability, it is in *such* a way, as can never elicit any genuine light, and therefore never lead to a satisfactory conclusion. Instead of writing philosophically, he has written rhetorically; and, instead of an analysis, has given a panegyric. He has asserted much, but proved nothing—except by authority—we mean, by the opinion of men, who thought as he thinks, and were, therefore, we apprehend, very partial witnesses. Might we repose entire confidence in all he alleges—and he seems sincere in all—we would be almost induced to believe, that without an acquaintance with "Greek literature," no one could learn even to speak or write in English—certainly that no one could learn to do either with correctness or high effect. But we trust that the reverse has been established, in the body of our article. The main drift of the writer's argument—if argument it may be called—consists in the allegation, that a great majority of the distinguished authors and orators of modern times, have been versed in Greek literature. The truth of this has been already admitted, and a reason assigned for it, which is deemed satisfactory. That somewhat of the character of the paper in the "Register" may be the better known, we shall make a few extracts from it.

"A philosophical knowledge of English is impossible, without acquaintance with a language from which more than fourteen hundred words are immediately derived, and if we trace etymologies through the Latin, nearly forty thousand. It is also impossible to know the compass and depth of English literature, without being scholars in Greek. The revival of classical literature, as if 'coming to create new worlds,' reduced the unformed intellectual waste to order and beauty through all Europe. It was the providence of God that commanded it, and forthwith light

"Sprung from the deep, and, from her native East,
To journey through the airy gloom began."

We shall not offer, on this quotation, all the strictures, to which it is liable. It might be sufficient to remark—and every reader of judgement would concur with us—that it has neither argument nor philosophy in it. It contains nothing but assertion, conveyed in a few flourishes of rhetoric and poetry. This, however, is not its worst fault. It is inaccurate in *fact* or *expression*, or both. Does the writer mean to say, that "forty thousand" English words are derived *immediately* from Latin words, which are again derived *immediately* from Greek? If so, he is mistaken. We profess not to know how many words Rome borrowed from Greece. But the number is far short of forty thousand. The whole catalogue of *original* Greek words—we mean Greek *roots*—does not, we believe, exceed *five or six thousand*. And if such be not our author's meaning, we are unable to detect it, so obscure is his language. The phraseology, to "trace etymologies (of English) through the Latin" (to the Greek) justifies, we think, the construction we put on it.

Admitting, however, that "forty thousand" English words were derived from the Greek through the Latin, the fact would not justify the writer's inference from it. An acquaintance with Greek would not then be *essential* to a "knowledge of the philosophy of English." It would be important in its *etymology*. Strictly speaking, however, the mere *derivation* of a language constitutes no *very material* portion of its *philosophy*; much less the *whole* of it. It makes a part of its *history*, and very little more.* Were the case otherwise, what would become of the philosophy of

* A brief examination of the subject can scarcely fail to convince us, that a knowledge of the etymology of English words neither contributes materially to our ready and correct understanding of them, nor facilitates our application of them to their highest and best purposes, in writing and speech. These ends can be attained only by associating and conversing with individuals of education and taste, by consulting our dictionaries, by studying carefully the best English writers, and by frequently exercising ourselves in composition and speaking, always taking care that the lan-

the Greek language itself, with whose *parent* tongue we have no acquaintance? What of the philosophy of the Hebrew, which some suppose to be the primitive language of man! Must we abandon the study of the philosophy of those two languages, because we are ignorant of their roots? The writer will not say so. Wherefore then is an acquaintance with Greek essential to a "knowledge of the philosophy of English?" It is left to the writer to render an answer, under a conviction that he will not be able to frame a satisfactory one. We fear he has not taken a correct view of what constitutes the philosophy of language. In the compass and multifariousness of philosophical grammar, etymology forms but a very limited point. Another quotation.

"The old English literature, the rich, massy architecture of the true English mind, is all Greek in spirit. In habitual communion with Grecian intellect, the ruling minds of England, in the first era of her true greatness, grew to a majestic intellectual stature. The student of that age finds himself in a sphere, where his emotions are somewhat like those of Brennus and his soldiers, when they advanced into the midst of the hall, around which the venerable priests and senators of Rome, in their robes of state, and white flowing beards, and the sceptre of office in their hands, were seated in silent dignity. Master spirits are around him, their aspect commanding and sublime, their dress heavy with the magnificence of former ages, their movements of godlike majesty, their features shining with the expression of a great indwelling soul."

Were we inclined to be severe in our animadversions on this extract, we should be justified in using, as respects it, the saw of Napoleon: "From the sublime to the ridiculous is but a single step." We do not say that the writer has taken that step; but, should the reader say or think so, he has our permission to do it. We shall not contradict him. The whole concern, matter, style, and manner, is no bad specimen of one of the ebullitions of a youthful orator, in his maiden speech, on the fourth of July. It is fustian throughout. Is the writer actually enamored of that fashion and style of literary "dress," which is "heavy with the magnifi-

guage we use be select and accurate. And, by a steady perseverance in this course, we can attain to the highest command of English, as a medium of expression, without studying the languages from which it is derived. That this is true, appears satisfactorily from the following analysis.

The English, as heretofore mentioned, is derived from three other languages, Saxon, its parent stream, and Latin and Greek, in the character of feeders. That a knowledge of the roots of Saxon-English, then, is as necessary as a knowledge of the roots of that which is furnished by Latin and Greek, will not be denied. But that neither is necessary, facts innumerable concur to prove.

The following words are of Saxon origin; and no English scholar of the most ordinary education, misunderstands them, or applies them incorrectly, in either writing or speaking. On the contrary, he has as full and perfect a command of them, as the most accomplished Latin, Greek, or Saxon scholar.

Tale, hand, handle, finger, fang, speech, snake, snail, snag, crum, smut, hurt, hunger, din, wake, watch, grave, groove, storm, day, witch, wicked, field, heaven, earth, if.

These words, we repeat, no one ever misunderstands, or misapplies. Yet how few are acquainted with their etymology; and how little will any one be benefited, in using them, by being told that they are derived, as follows!

Tale, from—*Tellan*—to tell.

Hand, from—*Hentan*—to take hold of.

Handle, from—*Handell*, a diminutive from the same root.

Finger, from—*Fenger*, a holder or catcher, which comes again from *Fengan*—to catch or hold.

Fang, from the same verb, *Fengan*.

Speech, from—*Spece*—to speak.

Snake, from—*Snican*—to creep.

Snail, from—*Snægal*—a little creeper, which is again from the same verb, *Snican*.

Snag, from—*Snican*—to crawl or sneak.

Crum, from—*Grymman*—to break.

Smut, from—*Smytan*—to pollute.

Hurt, from—*Hyrtian*—to injure.

Hunger, from—*Hyngrian*—to eat.

Din, from—*Dynan*—to make a noise.

Wake,
Watch, } from—*Wecan*—to wake or watch.

Grave,
Groove, } from—*Grafan*—to dig.

Storm, from—*Styrmian*—to agitate or shake.

Day, from—*Dægian*—to shine.

Witch,
Wicked, } from—*Wieclan*—to enchant, or injure by poison or sorcery.

Field, from—*Fellan*—to fell or cut down; because the timber is cut down in a field.

Heaven, from—*Heofen*—to raise, because Heaven is supposed to be on high.

Earth, from—*Erith*—ploughed; because the earth is a ploughed place.

If or *Gif*, from—*Gifan*—to give; *if* signifying *give*, or *grant*. Thus, *if* a thing be so, is tantamount, in meaning, to *give* or *grant* that it be so.

cence of former ages?"—in more intelligible words, which is stiff and formal from transposition, and studded all over with classical conceits, and many-colored scraps of Greek and Latin, after the manner of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy?" Would the return of that style of writing rejoice him? If so, we envy him not his taste. We had much rather witness, in personal costume, the return of stiff brocades, gaudy stomachers, slash-sleeves, three-cornered hats, bag-wigs, and laced waistcoats and breeches; because we think literary harlequinism worse than that of bodily clothing. As the writer is such an admirer of ancient literature, we wonder that he forgets the caution of the Roman satirist against the *purpureus pannus*, *verba sesquipedalia*, and other like ornaments. In the literature of the age he so peculiarly delights in, much of this antiquated decoration, intermingled with the quaint conceits of the time, presents itself. We prefer simplicity, ease, and flexibility, in all sorts of dress, mental as well as corporeal; and hence our dislike of starch, buckram, and patch-work. We would as soon see our warriors cased in steel armor, as our English writers in the garb worn by them during the reigns of Elizabeth and her father.

The writer in the "Register" alleges, that, "in the degenerate age of Charles the Second, it was the profound classical scholars of England, who preserved her virtuous literature from extinction." This is true; and the reason of it has been already given. All the educated men of the time were classical scholars; and such only could be the guardians of literature. The writer recites the names of nearly forty individuals, to whom he does homage, as the curators of learning, and adds; "The *classical* erudition of these men gave them a reach of thought, and a grasp of knowledge, which makes *this age look back on them with wonder*." This eulogy is extravagant, and speaks only the over-wrought admiration of its author. The personages referred to were highly distinguished. But they were

Of all words of Saxon-English the same may be affirmed. No English scholar misunderstands or misapplies them; nor is he benefited, in making use of them, by a knowledge of their derivation. An attempt to remember their derivation, when in the act of employing them, would but encumber the memory of a writer or speaker, and impede the operations of his mind.

Of words of Latin-English the same is true. A knowledge of their etymology gives no appreciable facility, in their employment, or in the accurate understanding of them. No tolerable English scholar ever mistakes the meaning or use of the following terms:—

Post, in the ground—military *post*—*post* under government—*post-office*—*post-chaise*—to travel *post*—*post*, for horses—*opposite*, *opposite*, *composite*, *impost*, *compost*, *deposit*, *depot*, *repose*, *compose*, *pause*, *position*, *composition*, *deposition*.

Yet but few English scholars know that all these terms and different forms of expression have, as their root, the Latin verb *Pono*, to place. Nor does the Latin scholar pay the least regard to this root, when he is making use of them, in writing or speech. He conforms to custom, which, here, and in every other case, is what the poet pronounces it,

Et jus, et norma loquendi—

the law and rule of speech. Again,

Fact, *affect*, *defect*, *perfect*, *prefect*, *fit*, *feat*, *defeat*, *counterfeit*, *forfeit*, *surfeit*, *benefit*, *profit*, and several similar words, come from the Latin root *Facio*. Yet what mere English scholar knows this; or what Latin one troubles himself to think of it, when he is employing the derivative terms? Palpably none. Yet every one understands the terms, and applies them correctly. Once more.

Promissio, *compromissio*, *committees*, *pretermit*, *premiss*, *remiss*, *surmise*, *demise*, *mission*, *commission*, *omission*, are all derived from *Mitto*; and *quest*, *inquest*, *request*, *conquest*, *acquiesce*, *bequest*, *exquisite*, *requisite*, *perquisite*, *question*, and several others, have their origin in *Quero*. But does the English scholar know all this? Does he sustain any injury, in the exercise of his powers, from not knowing it? or does the Latin scholar always refer to it, when he meets with these terms in reading, or uses them in writing or speaking? To each of these questions, the correct answer is, *No*. Of all Latin-English the same is true. Nor is it less so of Greek-English, as might be easily shown, were it allowable in us, to dwell any longer on the subject. Thus,

Philanthropy, *misanthropy*, *anarchy*, *monarchy*, *hierarchy*, *heptarchy*, *arch-angel*, *arch-bishop*, *arch-deacon*, *archetype*, *oligarchy*, *theocracy*, *aristocracy*, *democracy*, *panorama*, *diorama*, *cosmorama*, *baptize*, are all correctly understood and employed, both by the learned and unlearned, without any reference to their Greek origin.

But, admitting the importance of an acquaintance with the etymology of Latin-and-Greek-English, a much shorter and easier route may be opened to it, than that now pursued. A knowledge of the *original* Greek and Latin roots is all that is necessary, as a key to what is wanted; and that can be attained in less than a fifth part of the time usually consumed in the study of those languages. Two works are already extant in Great-Britain, which are alone sufficient to communicate the knowledge required. Their titles are, "THE STUDENT'S MANUAL; being an Etymological and Explanatory Vocabulary of Words derived from the Greek;" and "AN ETYMOLOGICAL AND EXPLANATORY DICTIONARY OF WORDS DERIVED FROM THE LATIN; being a Sequel to the Student's Manual." Of these, the former is already in its fifth edition, and the latter in its third; a circumstance demonstrative of their usefulness and popularity. By regular exercises on the words they contain, being *roots* alone, English scholars attain, in a short time, all that is requisite, toward the etymology of their native tongue, so far as it is derived from Greek and Latin.

That these Vocabularies, or others like them, will be extensively adopted, as means of education, can scarcely be doubted; nor do we hesitate to believe, that, in time, even they will go out of use, and English dictionaries be so prepared, as to supply their places. And we further believe, that the latter plan will be an important improvement on all preceding ones.

men, and no more to be *wondered at*, either by this age, or any other, than hundreds of individuals, who have flourished at a later period. Besides, no competent judge of the human intellect will contend that it was their "classical erudition," which made them great. Nature formed them to be great, their faculties were strengthened and trained, and their minds enriched with the science of the day, and their attainments in literature, whether ancient or modern, enabled them only to manifest their greatness, in writing and speech. The author's statement to the contrary of this is perfectly gratuitous. Nor, for reasons assigned in the body of this article, is it founded in fact. Language, and the modes of using it, are the *effect* of ideas and thought, not their *cause*. Intellectual views are formed first, and then words are provided to express them. *Ideas* may exist without *speech*. But, were there no ideas, there would be no speech, because there would be neither use nor foundation for it. There would be nothing to speak about. To contend then that mere language enriches, polishes, and strengthens the mind, and confers lustre on those who possess it, is to invert the order of nature. Knowledge, we repeat, is the fountain of speech; not speech of knowledge. "Out of the fulness of the heart, the mouth speaketh." And this is as true of the Greek language, as of any other. Grecian superiority in mental cultivation was not the effect of Grecian literature. It was its cause. The ancient Greeks were much better versed in their own language and literature, than any moderns are. But were they therefore greater? more illustrious, we mean, for the amount, power, and usefulness of their attainments? Far from it. On the contrary, they were greatly inferior. Moderns might be named, whom the Greeks would have deified, on account of their lustre. Franklin, a stranger to the Greek alphabet, was one of them. Of Fulton the same may be safely affirmed. Another quotation will show, with still greater force, the fanatical rhapsody, with which an attempt is made to exalt, above every other mental product, English literature, said to be cast in a Greek mould, and to be instinct with a Greek spirit.

"No other nation possesses any thing to be compared, for its richness, to our English literature of the seventeenth century. It is surprising, that with such materials out of which to build up a strong and symmetrical intellect, the individual as well as general mind of our own age should be comparatively so narrow and misshapen." * * * "The student" (*of the present degenerate day*) "does not make himself familiar with the productions of the old English mind; he does not choose his companions, his moral and intellectual friends, out of them. Their contents are imperishable thoughts and principles, not facts merely, and it will not avail to take up a volume, read it cursorily, and then throw it aside to have the attention distracted by the trash upon a modern book-shelf—they must be read and reflected on; they contain not mere knowledge, but wisdom. Their spirit must be taken by habitual communion into the mind, to interpenetrate and imbue it, and become, as it were a part of the intellectual self-consciousness. They should be so studied, as to constitute for the soul an atmosphere of thought, by which it may become invigorated for original action, inhaling it, as it were, unconsciously and freely, like the play of the lungs in the mountain air. In such an atmosphere the mind *grows*, its energies are roused, it feels its own power, and moves like a war-horse on the eve of battle. The feeling of excitement and exultation which powerful thought thus produces, is discipline, discipline of the best kind; and this is the reason why the strongest minds have been the greatest classical enthusiasts."

This paragraph was no doubt intended by its author to be matchless alike in *profundity* and *sublimity*—to be, in matter and diction, like Jupiter Tonans's threatened plunge of any disobedient brother god;

"As far beneath the infernal centre hurled,
As from that centre to the ethereal world."

We give it to the reader as we find it, without guarantying its goodness or badness, truth or falsity; for we profess to know but little about it. It is mostly beyond our comprehension. In plain terms, it is empty bombast—a mere tissue of words, calculated to injure, rather than subserve, any thing attempted to be sustained by it. In the *most* intelligible, if not the *only* intelligible, part of it, the statement it makes is unfounded. It is far from being true, that the "strongest minds have been the greatest classical enthusiasts." As heretofore intimated, the reverse is much nearer the truth. One quotation more, and adieu to the Hellenist of the "Register."

After recommending a return to "the study of the ancient Greek classics," as the only preventive of "modern degeneracy and a depraved taste," the writer

adds, "Unless this be done, erudition will soon become an obsolete term. There is an evident passion to avoid hard study, and obtain every acquisition at the least possible expense of thought. The unparalleled advancement of physical science has *contributed to this evil*. The study of the physical sciences demands patience and skill in the observation of the external universe, it requires ingenuity in detecting the secret affinities and operations of nature, but it does not turn the mind in upon itself, it does not tend to make a man inwardly *thoughtful*; it has a *contrary tendency*."

In some respects, this is the most censurable extract we have made. The views it virtually inculcates are hostile alike to the progress of knowledge, and to sound taste. The cultivation of the natural sciences, which our author complains of, as productive of evil, is infinitely useful. It is the study of things, *as God has made them*, and is therefore one of the noblest employments of the mind. That an educated man should condemn it, is matter of surprise. Its object is, to form an acquaintance with nature, *as she is*. And no one will deny that she is, to man, the *immediate oracle of truth*; the true interpreter of the language spoken, and the works performed, by the AUTHOR of truth. It is, moreover, by the study of nature alone, that the condition of man can be gradually ameliorated; for all improvements, whether in philosophy, or in the arts, which administer to the comforts of life, flow directly from that source. Were the study of nature abandoned, all advancement in knowledge would be at an end; and, as nothing earthly is stationary, the movement of the general condition of society would be retrograde, until barbarism would again usurp the seat of civilization, and the "Dark Ages" return. Yet to this issue does our author's doctrine tend. And for what would he exchange the study of nature?—The cultivation of Greek literature. He would barter an acquaintance with what nature is doing *now*, for a *dreamy* knowledge—for it can be *only dreamy*, and never *vivid*—of what the Greeks were doing and thinking, four or five-and-twenty centuries ago! In simple terms, he would give Greek literature a preference to the science and literature of creation; for creation has its language and literature as well as man; and none can read them, but those who cultivate them. Shall we be told that the "Dark Ages" could not return, provided Greek literature were studied, in as much as it once dissipated them? We reply, that the phrase "Dark Ages" is comparative, and relates to a period of *greater light*. And, compared to the present period, the "Dark Ages" continued several centuries after the time of the Revival of Letters. Until the beginning of the seventeenth century, the world had but little more of light, than a morning dawn. Yet Greek literature had been as thoroughly studied, before that period, as it has been since. Besides, it was not Greek literature *alone*, that shed a faint radiance on Christendom, during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. The study of that was accompanied, to a moderate extent, by the study of nature. The light elicited, therefore, was the product of both. Finally, compared to the present state of the world, ancient Greece herself, notwithstanding her language and literature, was overshadowed by "Dark Ages." Away then with the empty notion, that the cultivation of that literature is the only way to prevent "modern degeneracy!" An exchange of the present condition of Christendom for that of the brightest period of ancient Greece, would be to barter improvement for "degeneracy."

But our author's doctrine violates correct taste, as well as sound philosophy. Greek literature is no more the source of poetry than of science. We have Helicons and Hippocrenes of our own, sufficient to inspire the votaries of song. Nor does Attica contain the only Parnassus, where Apollo has struck his harp, and the Muses dispensed their favors. To drop these *classical fictions*, and speak in the language of *sober reality*: The modern world possesses thousands of sources much better calculated to awaken and nourish the spirit of poetry, than the writings of either Homer or Pindar, Sophocles or Euripides—or of all of them united—Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and Lucan being added to the number. Nature is the fountain of poetry, no less than of philosophy; and she never grows old or fades. She is as fresh, and vigorous, and enchanting now, as she was when the "morning stars first sang together, and the sons of God shouted for joy." And she can inspire as glowingly—not to say divinely—and she does so.

America possesses more to inspire the poet, than either Greece or Italy, or any other portion of Europe. We mean that she has native objects, in immeasurable abundance, better calculated to awaken fervid feeling, and swell and elevate the mind with broad and lofty conceptions, fire the imagination and fancy, and give richness and vigor to the powers of invention. Europe has nothing to compare

with the solemn majesty of her rivers, lakes, and cataracts, the grandeur of her mountains, the depth and extent of her primeval forests, and the floral seas of her interminable prairies. Nor has she any thing equal to her fine sunny climate, the lofty arch and pellucid azure of her skies, and the gorgeous drapery they receive from the morning and evening clouds. Yet these are among the richest sources and subjects of poetry; all of which our author would neglect, to seek inspiration from Greek literature! Nor are we inferior to the Greeks, in the poetry of human nature. Our passions are as deep and lofty, and our fitness to express them equal to theirs. We have as much heroism, patriotism, and general virtue and power, in the male character, and as much beauty and loveliness, and much more purity and intelligence, in the female. An Apollo, a Venus, an Antinous, or any other god, goddess, or human being, might be sculptured after living models in the United States, and be equal in perfection to those of Greece. We possess, moreover, spectacles of moral and political sublimity, to which the nations of antiquity were strangers.

The modern world is much more familiar than the ancient was, with all that constitutes the poetry of the ocean; and nothing can surpass that in grandeur, whether it be contemplated in the fury of a storm, or the sublimity of a calm. But the source of true mental enlargement, grand conception, and poetic inspiration, which leaves every other immeasurably behind it, is found in astronomy; more especially in the recent discoveries in it. And that belongs exclusively to the moderns. The ancient Greeks were strangers to it. The science of geography, which is also of modern growth, has done much for the expansion of the human mind. And whatever does that is favorable to poetry, in those who possess poetic faculties. Nor must we forget some of the modern works of art, with which the ancients had nothing to compare. How diminutive, in physical grandeur and sublimity, were the land and sea-fights of the Greeks, contrasted with those of the present day, by whose glare even the lightning of heaven is dimmed, and its thunders drowned in their tumultuous uproar! What, compared to commotions like these, are Homer's conflicts, even in "such wars" as his "Immortals wage?"—Absolutely not more than mice to mammoths! But these are all sources of poetic inspiration and taste. So are all things that tend to expand and elevate the mind, and fan its enthusiasm; and such influences are much more abundant now, than they were during the most splendid periods of Greece and Rome. They belong more especially to modern times. Several of them moreover are connected with the "physical sciences," which our author condemns, as a source of "evil." To exchange all these for a few volumes of ancient literature, would be a miserable barter. It would be to prefer the productions of the Grecian pen to the handywork of God! a greater error than which, no degree of infatuation can commit.

Finally; we have already admitted, that there was a time, when a knowledge of the ancient classics was essential to a liberal education. But is that time to be interminable? Is the *minority* of the English language never to have an end? Is the period never to arrive, when that language will be so mature and independent of its parentage, as to be prepared to set up for itself? The warmest advocate for Greek and Latin will pause, before answering this question negatively. We doubt whether any one will so answer it. Within a century from this date, English will be the native tongue of upwards of three hundred millions of the human race. Must that immense population, whose number the mind is unable to grasp, still depend, and, notwithstanding its subsequent boundless increase, still continue to depend, on Greece and Rome, for their intellectual nourishment?—for their literature and their mental discipline? The fancy is preposterous. As well may it be contended, that they will derive from those spots of earth their corporeal food. No; they will have a language of their own, answering to all their wants, and competent to the manifestation of all their powers. In fact, with the slight restrictions heretofore mentioned, the English and their descendants have such a language now; and the time will arrive, when, to oppose this opinion, will be considered as much the result of antiquated prejudice, as to advocate it now is considered the work of a spirit of innovation. Nor do we hesitate to believe, that, ages hence, when the Greek and Latin languages shall have been neglected and forgotten, English literature, in common with general and professional science, will be in a state of much higher perfection, than it has yet attained. Greek and Latin are destined to become the Sanscrit of future times, known only to the antiquarian and the virtuoso; while English, in an improved condition, will be as lasting as our race.

ZEPHYR.

[Written in imitation of the New-England Poetess of Nature, Miss H. F. Gould.]

I come, I come, with the joyous spring,
With a feathery tread and a buoyant wing,
While the winds and the storms are hushed;
And I climb the mountain and dance the heath,
And the wild flowers bend to my gentle breath,
And know they will not be crushed.

On the kingly oak I fix my embrace,
And follow the lines on his rugged face,
Like a child on his grandsire's brow;
In his branching arms I am lulled to sleep,
Or from tip to top of his leaves I leap
So lightly that none of them bow.

Then away I go, in a moment of love,
To the home of the gentle and beautiful dove
That pants in the midsummer's heat;
And it is not scared at my softened voice,
Nor my harmless touch, for I hear it rejoice
So welcome a stranger to meet.

Then aloft I spring to the eagle's nest,
And in dalliance sport with his lordly crest,
And his eye flashes not with rage;
I even salute his queenly bride,
Sleep-wrapt as she lies by her monarch's side,
And she cares not for me, I'll engage.

Now bid thee with me to the haunts of men,
And I'll visit the wretch in his cheerless den,
Whose frame will soon stiffen in death!
Ingratitude's mark is set on his brow,
But though ingrate before, see how gratefully now
He drinks in my taintless breath!

But I cannot stay here, for I see a ship
Becalmed on the deep, and so I'll skip
To her deck with a noiseless wing:
"A breeze!" cry all, "make sail, a breeze!"
But I sheer away on the boundless seas,
And they see I am no such thing.

But the moon is up, and my course I'll take
To the waveless breast of yon lonely lake,
And I'll stir up a mimic wave;
For the tiny beams will then come to sight,
And I'll catch them and carry them home, to light
The gloom of my sunless cave.

And now, having got them, I'll trip away
To yon leafy bower, and lend a ray
To the eye of that loving maid;
And I'll give my breath to the bashful youth
Who sits by her side, that the gushing truth
In the softest tone may be said.

Now let me depart, for a Storm, I see,
Is coming o'er mountain, and wood, and lea,
With his hoarse and angry tone;
And I cannot withstand his merciless breath,
For to meet it would give me a violent death,
So I'll fly to a calmer zone!

Cincinnati, August, 1833.

A SUMMER SPENT IN THE COUNTRY.

Do those whose business confines them to cities properly appreciate the influence of rural objects? Are not the tastes and characters of children in no inconsiderable degree affected by prospects habitually present to their sight? Who, that was born in the country, has not his earliest recollections connected with the feelings of delight, with which he hailed the approach of spring, with its ten thousand cheering attendants? and the aspect of nature blooming and smiling around him in the freshness of *her* spring-time and his—has it done hardly less to melt and mould his young heart, and to infuse generous and tender sentiments which have had a lasting influence upon his character, than did the unwearying and judicious kindness of the child's earliest friend, his mother?

May not natural objects, in their vastness, simplicity, and beauty, be made a much more efficient instrument in education than is supposed? We read books as much for the feelings which they produce, as the information which they impart, and the cultivation of the feelings, if it be not inseparably connected with that of the intellect, is of no less importance. But in the whole world of nature, among the infinitude of her more finished or stupendous works, there is nothing, which has not a tendency to call forth our better feelings, to purify and elevate the soul. When, therefore, from a partial intercourse with man, we find in ourselves a disposition to narrow the sphere of our sympathies, to become selfish or sordid in our views, may we not avert the danger, and be taught to look rightly upon the concerns of business, which necessarily occupy so much of the time, by occasionally going abroad, viewing the magnificent “handy-work” of the supreme Architect, and giving ourselves up entirely to the impulse of our emotions?

My native village is situated in the middle of a valley, which is hemmed in by mountains on all sides but one, and there hills rise above hills till the eye can reach no farther, so that the river which flows through it can find its way out only by long and circuitous windings. The breadth of the valley is about sixteen miles; the length, from the extreme points of vision north and south is perhaps thirty. Within these enclosures, firm enough and high enough for walls to Milton's Paradise, I was confined seventeen years, having never had so much as a glimpse of the land beyond. With what feelings of wonder and delight did I first ascend the highest peak, and on one side gaze upon mountains an hundred miles distant, and on the other side view the ocean which lay like a dead mist at hardly a less distance in the eastern horizon, while shining lakes diversified the country in my more immediate neighborhood, and forests beyond forests, in the giddy depths below, lay like rich carpets to give yet greater variety to the prospect.

I have this summer stood upon the same heights. Clouds, thick, dark and threatening gathered at my feet. From my lofty elevation I looked down upon the lightning, and heard the thunders, mustering their rage, roar angrily beneath. Apt emblem—but the comparison is too hackneyed. Some things may be felt as if endowed with all the

charms of novelty; but, the moment they are dressed in words, the spell is broken, and their power gone. I have often admired the tranquil majesty of the man who has risen above the stormy and tempestuous contests of life, and, with calm unconcern, looks down upon them, while his soul is fixed on higher objects, and refreshed by higher hopes; but never, never did I understand his condition as I ought, till I stood above the clouds, and, while the storm below was raging with almost unprecedented fury, felt my brow cooled by the inspiring breezes that fanned the mountain tops, and my sight cheered by the pure, azure depths of heaven above me and around.

The evening that I arrived at home—for so must I call this valley—the mountains on all sides were on fire. I ascended a small hill from which the view of the valley was perfect. Innumerable little flames were shining in all directions. I was surrounded by scattering trees, whose foliage in that, early spring-time, was not sufficiently dense to shut out the prospect, but, as the branches slightly waved in the air, gave a fugitive aspect to the distant fires. The little birds had not yet finished their evening song, which was occasionally broken in upon by the clear pipes of a numerous amphibious choir, and the whole atmosphere was scented with the balmy fragrance of the season. I could hardly believe that I was not surrounded by beings of another world. The wandering flames, the enchanting voices, the solitude and retirement of the place;—and while I was musing the moon arose, and forcing her way through the crowded limbs of an aged tree, her full orb broken into many fragments of blazing fire, all changing forms and places with the motion of the branches, so contributed to the effect, that reason for a moment was silent, the illusion was complete; and, with almost the enthusiasm of an ancient bard, I was ready to exclaim,

Jam Cytherea chorus ducit Venus, imminente luna
Junctæque Nymphis Gratiæ decentes
Alternò terram quatiant pedes.

Yes, yes, they are here, in joyous vein, with torches and with songs, come forth to welcome back the gladsome spring. Here, here they are,

“The blooming maids
Of the valleys and the glades;
And the Nymphs who haunt the fountains,
And the forests and the mountains.”*

Surely it is not strange that those, who lived in the infancy of society should have believed in the existence of such beings. The bowels of the earth and recesses of the forest had not yet been explored by the keen eye of scepticism. The beds of rivers and their secret sources were untouched. Little was known. The causes of phenomena the most common were not yet ascertained. A deep mystery hung over all the works of creation, and imagination alone could dare to tell what beings, agents, and powers were hid beneath its ample veil. Their souls were alive to every new impulse. They did not borrow impressions from books, and then go forth to verify them. They were sur-

* Ruris hic erunt puellæ,
Et puellæ fontium
Quæque sylvas, quæque lucos,
Quæque montes incolant. *Æneid.*

rounded by unknown objects, the nature, character, and design of which were not yet revealed ; and, with their limited experience, it was as natural and as rational to believe in Nymphs, and Fauns, and Dryads, as to believe that there were animals of different species from any yet discovered. They witnessed operations which necessarily implied the intervention of a different order of beings. What wonder then if they should infer that such there were ; and, unacquainted, as they were, with optical delusions, what wonder if, in the glimmering of moonlight, the obscurity of the forest, or the moving mirrors of pellucid streams, they should see the flitting forms of a more ethereal race, and that in time they should worship them as the guardians of their fountains, groves, and streams, as taking a kindly interest in the lot of man, and watching over him with zealous care ?

Other things had rendered that hill sacred to my mind. The last time I had visited it was on the evening before I left my native town. The tried friend of my childhood was with me. Our hearts beat high with early hopes, which in him were bright and strong, but in me "hardly knew themselves from fears." We glanced at the past ; our thoughts and words dwelt upon the future. That meeting was our last. The next morning we departed ;—he, full of spirit and expectation, to the far west, the land of promise ; I for the east, with a sinking heart, without money, and almost without hope.

I heard from him often. His buoyant spirits gradually sunk as he advanced. The world was less propitious than he had hoped. Each letter was more sombre than the preceding. After stopping at various places, sometimes with scattered friends, but oftener with strangers, he at length reached the great Father of waters, and went with the current to New-Orleans. There he was attacked by the prevailing disease of the place ; but, having partially recovered, he gave up his wandering schemes, and embarked for Boston. But he died on the voyage, the last wish that he expressed being, "that he might *only* have a cup of water from his father's well." The news almost broke his mother's heart. She has not yet recovered from the stroke, and never will be what she was before. To me it was a severe blow ; for I had always hoped that we should go through life together ; lightening each other's burdens and cheering each other's hearts. But his memory survives, and that is perhaps better. I know not but the friends that I have lost—for they are many—are the source of greater and purer happiness and improvement than those who remain. I hear their gentle voices kindly whispering in the gale, and, in silence and solitude, I feel that I am seen and guarded by their happy spirits.

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benedictions. * *

* for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day.

Last evening I met two of my old play-mates. They were giddy girls when I saw them last. Now, both are wives and mothers ; but not so happy, I fear, as they deserve to be. "Those were joyous times," said one, as we were talking of our childish sports ; "we were happy *then*." "To be sure," said I, "and happy now, I trust."

"Yes," was the reply ; but an involuntary sigh too plainly told that all was not right. Yet her countenance was fresh, and her trouble was not of that kind which makes the heart sick, and knows no hope.

But what shall I say of her I saw to-day?—Anne S. the life of our school, the noisiest, wildest, and most enchanting girl of the village—always foremost in our frolics, and the most daring in our adventures ; but gifted, even in those days, with a depth of enthusiasm and strength of feeling that gained all our hearts. Seven years ago I saw her. She was full of health and life—the same cheerful, happy one that I had known at school. Her features were large, you could not say coarse. Her complexion was more roseate than you would choose in any one else—in her you would change nothing. Her air and countenance were of the most engaging sort ; for they bespoke a soul within. What a contrast to the poor shadow that I saw to-day. I called at her abode. She desired to see me, and I was taken to her room. Grief and anxiety—what ravages had they made ! Before me was a pale, dejected, broken-hearted woman ; and this was all that remained of the ruddy, laughing girl, that I had once known. We talked of old times, of our school-day sports, of our noisy and ludicrous adventures, and she smiled at the recital ; but such a smile ! I was not disposed to continue the subject, and could hardly forbear openly to execrate the man, who, with the name of husband, had brought her to that state. I had never seen him. He came a stranger to the place. His form was engaging ; his manners winning ; he gained the affections of the pure-hearted girl, and for a time they lived happily. He was a kind and generous man, but—intemperate. He lingered about for a season ; but, unable to bear the obloquy that was overwhelming him, he left his wife, and no message has returned to tell his fate. He was a kind husband. Well would it have been, as she often says, had he treated her with brutality ; for then her feelings would have been changed towards him. He was always kind, and, no doubt, left her that she might no longer be mortified by the sight of so degraded a being. Weak, foolish man ; he knew not the strength of woman's love ; he knew not that it was able to overlook, nay excuse, every weakness. But enough. She is now beyond the reach of human aid. The gentle dews that come from heaven—they alone can raise the head of this tender drooping flower, and *they* can give it but a momentary life—a faint revival, ere its beauty and its fragrance have left this world forever. Thy lot here was hard, and I could weep for thee ; but that were unavailing.

Say not that facts have created a world of feeling and suffering, that finds no likeness in this active, breathing world that we inhabit ;—say not that their pictures are too highly colored ; that they *dream* of excellence that has no being ; of sensibilities, that are fragile, evanescent, unsubstantial, as the gay visions that hover around a morning cloud ; of hopes too bright for man ; of disappointments that go like iron to the soul, and crush its blooming hopes, and poison the deep and pure fountain of its affections. O, there are worlds brighter than aught that poets have feigned, and hearts purer, and affections stronger ; and there is suffering, too—there is weariness of spirit, desolation, wretchedness, indeed, when the sun that illumined the bright world of

youthful hopes is darkened, and long-cherished dreams of a happiness too vast for earth, are found to be but dreams—when the bruised reed, to which the young affections have clung with an undying ardor and devotion, has given way, and the heart, deceived in its fondest wishes, finds nothing but hollowness and emptiness for support. They who would have mankind a group of puppets, with a little outward show, but no inward feeling—they, the worldly-wise, who complain of the false colors of fiction, and who *will* have it that there is no flesh in man's obdurate heart—they are themselves the deceivers; they draw a veil over the secret workings of the soul, and then would have us think that all is calm and quiet there.

Yon miserly churl seems to have no thought or wish beyond his gains. I have known him from my childhood, and he has been *toujours le même*—always apparently the same sordid, selfish, unfeeling wretch. But think you that it has cost him no effort thus to efface the image of his Maker—no pang to brand the mark of the beast thus deeply on his forehead? And now has his conscience no solemn visitations from on high? Do not his unsatisfied appetite for gain, his insatiate desires even in the height of prosperity, make him more than fear, make him tremble, lest he has mistaken the whole design of his creation? Do not his better feelings, which he has taken such pains to smother, sometimes rise with the strength of a stifled volcano, and make him shudder at their power? He is anything rather than the calm, unfeeling creature that he seems. It is not so easy to sink the man in the brute.

James R. is a native here. I have seen him several times this summer. Ask any of his acquaintances respecting his character, and the careless reply will be, "O, he is an odd thing,"—as if he were nothing more than an odd *thing*—as if he were not of the human family, and endowed with the most acute and excruciating sensibilities. A body with every sensitive nerve laid bare, and in the most malignant state of inflammation—the body of the man of Uz, with sore boils from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet, and that body constantly scraped with a rough and piercing potsherd,—would be but a fair counterpart to this man's mind, with the manner in which he is treated.

There is nothing remarkable in his history. No one but himself could tell whence came the arrows that have festered so deeply and so sorely in his mind. His father was our minister, and he the youngest son. No pains were taken with his education, and, at an early period, he was thrown loose upon the world, homeless, friendless, and pennyless. With great industry and economy, and no taste for society, he soon acquired property enough to supply all his wants. But to this day he has had no home; and the few, who, at different times, have been thought his friends, have uniformly proved deceitful parasites. Hence a distrust of every one, joined to a most mortifying sense of his own littleness. He envies the dog that lies at his feet. No human being so low, or so miserable, that he would not gladly take his place. Yet he is only an *odd thing*. No one feels for him; no one thinks of him as unhappy. "He has money enough; his health is good; he is not obliged to work." When will the children

of men learn to sympathize with the diseases of the mind? When will they learn to understand the ills of a broken, wounded spirit?

A few days since, in one of my strolls, I met a boy, who came running to me, and, with a half-comical, half-mysterious air, asked me to guess what he had found in the woods. "A crow's nest, I suppose." "A queer crow's nest. Why, there is a cellar dug right in the middle of the woods, not bigger than a potatoe hole, and Jim R. is going to build a house there." And the boy laughed heartily;—so ridiculous did it seem for any one, and above all for Jim R. to build a house so far from all inhabitants and roads. And the boy laughed heartily.

Thus, thought I, this unhappy being is, from a want of sympathy on the part of his brethren, driven from the society of his fellows, and forced to take refuge with the beasts. A kind look, an affectionate word in season, might have changed his whole character, and made him a kind and a useful man. But now the wound is inflicted; the disease has carried its ravages too far. No hand so gentle as to administer consolation or relief; the kindest breath of affection would but increase the smart of his gangrened, festered spirit.

I have since visited the house. It is in a desolate place, more than half a mile from the abode of man, and in the midst of a gloomy pine forest. The house was finished. It consists of but a single room, with cracks in the roof, through which the stars of winter will be seen to shine and twinkle, as he lays upon his couch of straw. The struggles to which that cabin will bear witness, who can tell? An immortal being resides there,—a being, whose capacity for happiness or misery is almost infinite; and could but the secrets of his heart be disclosed, could we only be made privy to the silent thoughts that agonize his wounded spirit, could we but know the extent and power of that anguish under which his soul writhes in the utterness of its desolation, the wheel of Ixion, and the vulture of Prometheus, chained as he was upon a desert coast, and the scorpions of the Eumenides, and whatever else of torment and wretchedness poets have embodied in ideal representations, would grow dim in the comparison. And yet this man is only an odd thing.

But I have gone too far. *Claudite jam rivos, pueri*; the meadows have drunk enough, and more than enough, of these dark and troubled waters. I have brought together incidents not connected in point of time, and characters which are every where to be found, in order to show that there is in the world more mental suffering than careless observers will allow—suffering arising from a strength, delicacy, and susceptibility of feeling, which have been too often regarded as the exclusive property of "the lunatic, the lover, and the poet." The lover,—who has not, at some period of his life, perhaps almost in childhood, ere the tender folds of the heart had been crusted over with secretions from the fetid, impure atmosphere of this thronged world—who has not been a lover, and gazed upon the stars, and felt his bosom swell and his soul expand with hopes and wishes too vast for any other than an immortal spirit; and who—what sordid wretch has not looked back upon such moments with a delight and satisfaction at other times unknown? The lunatic—why is he a lunatic? Why does he "see more devils than vast hell can hold," unless because the mind has been racked, and tortured, and deranged by its own painful

and tempestuous throes of agony? Is not the delicate instrument of thought and feeling deranged, because it is so delicate? Is it not often thrown from its balance, because it was so nicely adjusted? Has not many and many a mind fallen a prey to the keenness of its own sensibilities? Has not reason been driven from her throne, because the passions were too violent, or the affections too strong;—because the heart was too pure and too susceptible for this world of mingled good and ill? The poet—who is not at times a poet? Whose eye so dull that it doth never “glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven?” Who exists with mind so contracted, that his imagination never soars above or reaches beyond the gross and tangible objects that lie around him? Lives there a man who is satisfied with what he sees, and hears, and does; who is content to dwell here without searching into the mysteries of the past, or without casting an anxious look towards the mists and shadows of the future; who builds no visionary castles; who figures to himself no prospects of coming happiness; who creates in fancy no pictures of the unseen spirits that flit around us, of those unknown fields that lie beyond, of the future world to which we are all hastening for our weal or wo? In thoughts of the night, when deep sleep cometh upon man, sees he no visions of fearful import; hears he no voice that reprehends his earth-born hopes and narrow schemes? When friends are taken from him in that mysterious form which men call death; or the violence of disease has brought him to the verge of the tomb, and beneath its cheerless clod, he sees nothing but “the deep damp vault, the coffin, and the worm,” is he satisfied with this? Are his thoughts bound to this narrow spot, or do they “wander through eternity,” and, in its immeasurable confines, search for a residence suited to his original powers, capacities, and wants? H.

THE ERRORS OF YOUTH.

SECOND LETTER FROM A COUNSELLOR AT LAW TO HIS NEPHEW, ON
THE ERRORS OF YOUTH.

DEAR I—,

IN a former letter, I made some remarks upon the *choice of a profession*. You may have thought them unnecessary, or, that I did not sufficiently incline to those ambitious vocations, whose excitements and glory are constantly blended with the day-dreams of youth. However that may be, I shall not hesitate to address you again on a similar and not less important subject. The period, at which a young man enters upon the choice, or the study of a profession, is usually that, in which most of the habits and principles of his future life are fixed. Heretofore, you have been under the care of careful guardians; first those natural protectors, who guarded you, as a precious jewel; next that other parent, who introduced you to the love of letters and the walks of science. Now, “the world is all before you, where to choose.” Counsel will be given, the standards of right and wrong will be held up to you, and the path of true glory pointed out; but, whether you will abide by that course, and those standards, and seek that path to walk in,—is for

you only to determine, and is among "the secrets of your soul." *This*, then, is the period of right and wrong *decisions*.

The *errors of youth* are proverbial; but, *what* are the errors of youth? You may think they are mere peccadilloes; wrong, to be sure, but easily repented of and worked out. Not so;—the errors of youth lie deeper than slight indulgences: They are *mistakes in principle*, and, once tolerated, are hardly corrected, by the reformation and experience of many years. The stream of life is made up of a thousand rills, and those, which swell it and influence it most, are those which enter nearest its source. You will not be impatient, then, while I point out some of the mistakes of youth.

1. One of the greatest and most fatal errors of young men is the *want of fixed principles of action*. "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel," was the declaration of the dying patriarch to one, who was yet his "first born and the excellence of his strength." No matter, whether it concern religion or politics, your business or your pleasures, you must have some certain principle or standard of action, or be a mere float upon the water, at the mercy of wind and waves. It is the want of such fixed principle, which, in spite of genius, acquirements, standing, and advantages, has often destroyed the influence, and tarnished the fame of the greatest intellects, and made them mere *ignes fatui*,—bright, but erring lights. History has many such examples; but it is chiefly among the more obscure, and disappointed sons of ambition, that this deficiency is observed. Go among your companions, whether at college or in the world, in whatever rank or profession, and tell me how many of the crowd of unsuccessful candidates for distinction, or of the uninfluential among those, who are distinguished, have *ever had* any fixed principles, either of morals or of business? Then turn from these, to those who have arrived at the summits of power and usefulness, or are now advancing to them with steady steps; and have *they* no steady purpose, no guiding principle, no criterion of action?

You will observe that I do not mean merely *moral principle*,—though that is of infinite consequence; and I trust there are those around you, who will point you to its genuine source, and lead you to nourish and cultivate it, as a plant of undying root, of lofty branches, and perennial foliage. But, the *fixed principles*, I here speak of, as a part of your profession, include much more. They may all, however, be founded on sound morals; for, he who wastes his time, or neglects his business, or hides his talents, can hardly be called an *active* though he may be a *passive moralist*. The principles, I now urge, are rather rules of *study*, rules of *business*, and rules of *manners*, than any particular code of morals; for, the latter, I know, you *must* have to a certain extent in our country, or be, at once, sunk to a level, at which nothing great, nothing pure, or good, or elevated, is ever found. I do not mean that you should set down, and write off a set of regulations in your note-book, for the guidance of your conduct, however useful that may be; for, I well know how fallacious are all such determinations, and how often they are formed only to be broken. /Oh! if all those resolutions we have made for wiser and better conduct, were to rise, and join the crowd of violated laws, and murdered hours, in judgment against us, who could stand before them?/ I hold, however, that,

whenever an idea or a principle becomes imbued in the mind, or a sentiment of the heart, it will influence the character and conduct, even when not present in form and language. You may observe it every where in society. One, well acquainted with another, can trace his actions up to their secret springs, through all the ingenious sophistry, with which the intellect has covered them, and when the man himself is scarcely conscious of their existence. Now, it is this abiding impression upon the mind of certain truths in thought and action, which I would have all young men possess.

2. Another great *mistake* in the young men of this country is the *multiplicity* of their *studies* and *employments*,—a frittering away of their mind and time. The world contains few *admirable Cricktons*,—few of those who can acquire and retain knowledge, upon all subjects, and exercise it equally well, at all times, and upon all occasions. The great principle of a separation of departments, and a division of labor, is constantly taught and illustrated by the mechanic arts. Who would think of being, at once, his own shoemaker, tailor, and carpenter? Yet would it not be quite as proper, as for a young man to attempt being, at once, lawyer, poet, statesman, musician, linguist, lecturer, and naturalist? I am aware that much of this mixing up of pursuits, belongs rather to the youth and condition of our country, than to the errors of its inhabitants: Still much also belongs to the latter cause. There is no small disposition to play the *charlatan* among a people, who pride themselves upon their ready wit and vigorous enterprise, rather than upon any love for abstruse learning, or, deep science. Are there not enough of *collateral studies* in each *profession* to occupy the whole time of the student to master them, without taking in the whole circle of the arts and sciences? And would not the young lawyer or physician be better rewarded, both in fame and profit, by devoting himself to his profession than by sharing it with many others? Not that he should have no relaxation, or amusement of mind; but let him seek them in the charms of social life, and the contemplation of nature; in the graces of conversation, and the cultivation of every good disposition and every useful purpose. These will furnish occupation of mind and heart, in those hours when they seek relief from the urgency of business, or the abstraction of study. They will do more than that; they will furnish a source of happiness, independent of time, chance, or mutation. But remember that steady perseverance in *one pursuit*, and towards *one object*, is essential to success. The human mind has been compared, not improperly, to a *burning-glass*, whose rays are *intense*, in proportion as they are *concentrated*. The one burns only, when its light is converged at the *focal point*, and the other illuminates the world of science, only when it is directed to *one object*.

3. Another fault of young men, ambitious of distinction, is *too strong a love of popularity*. The love of *fame* is said to be the master passion of *great minds*. This may be so, but popularity and fame are widely different. The former is the *temporary* admiration of men, however unenlightened; the latter is the enduring tribute paid to greatness, by other nations, and distant generations. The first is the praise, bestowed upon some petty demagogue, who has his hour upon the stage, and is heard of no more; the last is the reputa-

tion of Cato, who, despising the clamors of the populace, yet lives on the records of time, and in the admiration of posterity. The one is a falling light, generated in miasm, and fading into mist; the other is a fixed star, permanent in the heavens, and gazed at by men, from age to age, and from generation to generation.

Popularity is, doubtless, an agreeable thing. It gratifies our vanity. It is easier to go with the current than against it. It is pleasant to be greeted with the smiles of men, and their loud applause is most grateful music to the ears of ambition. But, popularity neither makes right, nor wrong; neither coins money, nor gives a good conscience; neither places you higher in the estimation of the wise, nor increases your stock of knowledge. But it *does* intoxicate the giddy head with a dream of vanity, and tempts its hopes with a vision of power,—insubstantial and unstable. Popularity is always fleeting, always capricious, always fickle. You have heard of the dangers of the *fickle waves*. The waves of the people are not less so, than the waves of the ocean. A wind cometh, you know not whence, and raiseth them into tumultuous violence; then sinks again and leaves a calm, peaceful and safe; how they rush against this shore, then against that! now uncover the rock, and now bury it in the mountain billow! How frail the strength, how insecure the fate of the bark, that floats upon that agitated surface!

But there is a popularity, which you may seek, and not fear either its blandishments or its caprice. I can express it best by the famous saying of a great man,—Lord Mansfield. “I wish popularity; but it is that popularity which *follows*; not that which is *run after*. It is that popularity, which, sooner or later, never fails to do justice to the pursuit of *noble ends by noble means*.” Such is the praise so ardently desired by all great minds. But it is plain that such a fame rests upon a very different foundation from the temporary applause, which follows the demagogue, or the hero of the day. The latter is not unfrequently, however unconscious he may be of it, the mere Punch of the puppet show, a thing for the populace to applaud, wonder and laugh at, but which soon sinks into contempt and oblivion. Would you have a real, pure, enduring fame? Then go to the sources of knowledge and virtue. Build upon them first a *capacity*, then a *disposition, to do good*. With these faculties, go forth upon the great theatre of the world. Mingle with your fellow-men in the vocation to which you have been called, and whether your walk be that of literature or science, business or contest, your career will be both useful and brilliant,—your name treasured in the hearts and memories of other generations.

4. Another of the errors of youth is the indulgence of *too sanguine views of life*, and, consequently, *too bitter disappointments*. Perhaps this is not so much an error, as a characteristic of early manhood. Hope and pleasure wait upon the young. Their blood flows swiftly; health is on the breeze; their bark is gaily and richly freighted, and every sail is filled. It is not wonderful, that they cannot see in the pure and quiet waters, reflecting every image above, and not concealing even the coral or the minnow beneath, a shadow of that dark cloud, which to many brings danger and tempest, doubts and darkness! Yet, one would think that even the most sanguine youth ought.

to have seen enough in the experience of others, and read enough in the book of knowledge, to know that the paths of this world are not always smooth; nor are they always successfully traversed. Genius and even excellence itself are sometimes neglected, and often toils and trouble are unrewarded. It is true, this is an unusual case. But, how common is it, to see those, who, with good capacity and opportunities, overrating their talents, or mistaking their profession, or misapplying their time, have expected that reward and applause, which the world thought undeserved, and would not grant? Those, who are neglected from other causes, will generally be found to have some peculiar characteristics, as a *morbid sensibility*, or *extreme hauteur*, which repels the advances of favor and approbation. Against the indulgence of such feelings, and the existence of such manners, guard yourself as you would against poison and the plague. Your intimate friends may endure them, but the world at large make not the slightest allowance for them. Beware of eccentricity without genius. Beware of holding men in contempt; in the general, they do not deserve it; and when they do, remember that the smallest insect has a *sting*; and of all things living, human folly is the readiest to seek and inflict vengeance upon its real or supposed enemies.

But, I was speaking of too sanguine anticipations. The worst evil of their indulgence is the *disappointment* in which they result. It is not unusual to see a young man enter upon his profession with high connections, brilliant education, and with a belief that he has but to announce himself, and business will flow from every quarter upon him; that every contest will be a victory; that popular favor will shine upon him; and, in the long distance, he sees his country's honors courting his acceptance. Now, as objects of *ambition*, these things are right enough; but, the difficulty is, that few look at them, in connection with *the means* by which only they can be attained. The aspirant sits in his office,—studies, perhaps, for a time, and then learns to neglect those precious hours, in which he might have acquired an armory of weapons for the warfare of learning and eloquence; he either scorns the multitude, or seeks their favor by those arts, which place him, at once, on the low level of demagogues and pettifoggers; time rolls on, and the rush of business passes by his door; he grows sour, and either laments the peculiarity of his misfortunes, or curses the obstinate malevolence of the world. If his desires and thoughts are vulgar, he seeks relief in *pleasure* and *intemperance*; if he be of acute sensibility, and lofty pride, he indulges in a *morbid cynicism*, which soon turns every feeling of his soul into selfishness within, and bitterness towards the world. What have the world to do with his errors and his follies? It could add nothing to, nor take any thing away from his capacity to do, or his moral power to stand or fall. But, how many, who began with the highest promise, have thus run, and thus terminated their career! As I look upon the catalogue of my early associates, how many do I find, who have gone down to the grave, the victims of their own errors, and of their own vices! How many more, who yet stand upon the shores of the living,—

“Like stranded wrecks, the tide returning hoarse,
To sweep them from our sight!”

In conclusion, be not too sanguine in the morning nor too much cast down in the decline of your hopes. There is no prospect so fair that it may not be darkened ; none so gloomy that it may not be brightened. Weak minds are puffed up with unreasonable expectations, and carried away with every wind of vanity, and depressed with every adverse gale ; not so with strong ones, they are neither deceived by false hopes, nor sink under adversity. It is the true criterion of noble and great minds, to have that modest yet inflexible *self-dependence*, which bears, with equal composure, the blandishments and the frowns of fortune. It is true of them, as the poet speaks of cities,

“ Their self-dependent power shall time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.”

D. M.

Cincinnati, August 12, 1833.

MY BOOKS.

NO. IX.

DR. CHANNING'S ESSAY ON THE CHARACTER OF BONAPARTE.

“ WHY don't you, my boy, write something *solid*, and let alone this light and trivial stuff? Why don't you give them a real sober, substantial, argumentative piece?”

“ Father, what you call a real *solid* article would not be read, and ten to one my publisher would not accept of it for his Magazine. He understands what sort of wares sell well in the reading market, and consults his own interest by consulting the popular taste.”

“ No, no, boy, I can't believe all that. *Your* publisher, as you call him, is a man of sense, and would appreciate a sound essay ;—he is a man of independence, and would publish what he himself likes ; he is a man of good principles, and wishes to elevate instead of servilely obeying the popular taste. You will lose his respect by writing such trash as your school-boy anecdotes of grammars, and dictionaries. I insist on your sending him a carefully written article, which may give him a fair specimen of what you can do. There is your article on Dr. Channing's Review of the Character of Napoleon, if you would let Mr. B. have that, it would do tolerably well.”

“ Why, Father, I am a little afraid that your democratic* partiality for Bonaparte makes you like that article rather more than the good aristocratic Bostonians would. Besides, sir, the article was written two years ago, when my opinions differed somewhat from their present character, and contains some severe reflections on the excellent divine whose production it reviews ;—it might possibly give offence to his friends.”

“ Pshaw ! a difference of opinion, boldly and decidedly expressed, cannot offend any man of sense. At all events, on a subject so important as the character of Napoleon, you should not fear to let your sentiments be known, although the declaration of them may offend some. I should like to see that article in print, particularly since the

* No political phenomenon is more strange than this democratic admiration of a military despot.

Doctor's own article is to go down to posterity in the permanent form of a book."

"Well, sir, I will send it to Mr. B.; but I shall tell him that it was written for a debating club in a rather stormy style, and that, so far as its reflections on Dr. Channing are concerned, it meets my present disapprobation, although I still retain my former opinion of Bonaparte, and rank him among the 'first three' giants of greatness that have towered up above the generality of their race. But there are few of Mr. B's readers, I apprehend, who will thank me for granting your request." And now for the

DEFENCE OF NAPOLEON.

The actions and character of Napoleon Bonaparte are now matter of history. He is dead—he, who, for twenty years, was the master of Europe;—he, who, born in an unknown corner of an insignificant island, to neither wealth nor distinction, in less than thirty years, spread his name a broad and living glory over the world; in less than forty, elevated himself on a throne more magnificent and powerful than that of the Cæsars; in less than fifty, changed the political face of Christendom; and, in less than sixty, effected revolutions and begun operations that all coming time shall continue to wonder at, and admire. *He is dead*; and the sepulchre, that covers his dust, should stand unpolluted alike by the sacrilege of enemies, or the sacrifices of mistaking friends. We would approach it in the spirit of candor; with our hearts free from the passions of partizans; anxious to learn for ourselves, and for our children, the lessons of wisdom which his life may afford.

We believe ourselves moved by this honesty of purpose, when we lift up our voices against that intolerant and unjust spirit, which, as we think, characterises the work now under consideration. We lament that we are called on to censure, in any manner, the sentiments of a writer whose literary and private character are so highly exalted as are those of Dr. Channing; but, considering his opinions in the present case, false, unjust, and likely to attain, by means of his name, undue prevalence, we cannot forbear our censure. The calumny of the Holy Alliance should not, even under the sanction of so great a name, be allowed to gain credence in American hearts. We have the privilege of impartial and unbiassed thought. Let us apply it to the case in hand.

Dr. Channing's remarks on the character of Bonaparte are prefaced by an encomium on the impartiality and fairness of Walter Scott's Life of that great man. Had we never read a sentence beyond this, knowing, as we *now know*, the genuine character of Scott's work, we should have pronounced the opinion of the critic, with regard to Napoleon himself, utterly wrong. Scott's impartiality is justly called, by Mr. Walsh, "an equivocal candor;" it is all cant. He was inspired throughout by the genuine sentiments of an Englishman and a Tory; and his unfairness has been exposed with equal indignation by the fraternal defence of Lucien Bonaparte; and by the (in this instance,) candid Secretary Bourrienne. It was *our* lot to read aloud the work of Scott on its first appearance, to two several individuals, whose memories ran back as far as the Italian campaigns, and who both cried out against

the illiberality and misrepresentation of the author. The haste with which the "Life" was prepared for the press; the anonymous character of the compiler; the unauthentic sources of his information, and his own national prejudice, forbade the possibility of either accuracy or fairness; and the numerous blunders, misstatements, and misrepresentations, with which a careful reader will find it crowded, and still more, the attacks made on it by all succeeding French writers, prove, most fully, that it cannot be considered worthy of confidence. When, therefore, the above sentence in our reviewer met our eye, we were prepared to meet all the peculiarities of opinion,—we will not say unfairness of argument—that follows.

Let us run our eyes over his pages, and notice in succession the principal points of attack. If this make our remarks desultory, it will not, perhaps, lessen their interest. "*The service which secured his command in Italy,*" says Channing, "*was the turning of his artillery on the people, who, however dangerous when acting as a mob, happened, in the present case, to understand their right, and were directing their violence against manifest usurpation.*" This is both unfair and untrue. *Unfair*, because it throws a shade of blame on Napoleon for an obedience to both the Legislature and his superior officer, Barras, which he was obliged to render; and *untrue*, because the mob on the "*day of the Sections,*" as it is called, were directing their efforts against that legislative body whom the people had elected, and whom none but the people, and they only by vote, could displace. It was a mob stirred up by the royalist party, as Scott himself allows;* and its purpose was nothing less than another Revolution, and the restoration of the Bourbon dynasty. "*Understand their rights!*" What rights have a Parisian mob in opposition to the will of the French nation? "*Manifest usurpation!*" Where is the usurpation of a legislature elected by popular suffrages, and submitting their measures to the votes of the people?

Speaking of his Italian campaigns,—those campaigns in which a mere boy defeated the oldest and ablest generals in Europe; overturned the whole former system of military science, and drew the eyes of the world in wonder on the brilliancy of his exploits,—the critic allows that his courage, "*howmuchsoever doubted afterwards,* never faltered then." When was his courage suspected? The utmost malice of his worst enemies, never impeached his personal bravery, except on two occasions; and as every one, who undertakes learned comment on his character, *ought to know*, the impeachment was, in both cases, entirely false. The occasions alluded to, were his retreat from Russia, and the affair of Waterloo; and even his bitterest foes have recanted their accusations. It is now known that his staff officers forced him, by persuasion and entreaty, to hasten his flight from Russia to Paris; and that, during the day of Waterloo, his courage and coolness never wavered. He was seen plunging, at times, into the thick battle, and adding his shout to the war-cry of his brave soldiers; and, at times, calmly surveying the conflict; directing its movements, and ordering up his reserves. But the testimony, which *Bernard* and *Foy* so richly bear to his gallantry on that day, is unnecessary. That

* Life of Bonaparte, vol. I. p. 299. chap. xix. American edition.

the French army should have been able, with inferior numerical force, to sustain, during a whole day, their position against the English;—that they should have been the constant assailants; and that, until twenty thousand Prussians came up to the aid of Wellington, he dared not advance a single foot, is enough to vindicate every Frenchman from the imputation of cowardice.

We are next, notwithstanding our high regard for a truly great and good man, almost impelled to laugh at the manner in which the vanity of the *man of the closet* peeps out through the rents in his tattered robe of argument; at the absurd comparison between the greatness of him who moulds mankind to his will and purpose, and of him who conquers the rules of grammar and the flowers of rhetoric. The Doctor could not deny “*that a mind that takes in a wide country at a glance; which disposes small forces so as to counteract greater ones; which supplies by skill, science, and genius, the want of numbers; which dives into the councils of its enemy, and which gives unity, energy, and success to a vast sphere of operations, in the midst of casualties and obstructions which no wisdom could foresee,*” must indeed be gigantic. But still he would depreciate it. And so he tells us that the chief work of a general is to apply *physical* force; to remove *physical* obstructions; to avail himself of *physical* aids and advantages; to act on matter; to overcome rivers, ramparts, mountains, and human muscles,—as though the character of genius were affected or demonstrated, not by *its results*, but by *its means of operation*, and *the objects on which it operates*; as though the thunderbolt which blazes in mid-heaven, and is gazed on with emotions of sublimity while leaping from cloud to cloud, is no longer the object of awe and admiration when it buries itself in the earth; as though omnipotence were no longer glorious, when stooping to the creation of the material universe; as though the redemption of man from political slavery, were not desirable if it must be accomplished by the toil of *body* as well as *mind*;—if it must have relation to *physical* obstructions! Genius is to be recognized by the greatness of its results; not by the means it uses, any further than this,—that the smaller they are, its results remaining the same, the more splendid is the genius.

But this author considers the greatness of the warrior, the statesman, the man of practical science, as infinitely below that of the author, the play-writer, the reviewer; the genius of him, who, in his closet, may find a fault in the conduct or purposes of earth’s master spirit, as far higher than the genius of that master spirit by which the destiny of half a world may be shaped; the talents of him who solves a problem as more godlike than his who makes that solution tell for centuries upon the condition of nations.

Were this reasoning correct, the data are false, and, accordingly, the writer soon involves himself in contradiction, by what he says respecting the grand passage of St. Bernard, by Bonaparte, in the Italian campaign which followed his return from Egypt. He says, “*it showed a power over the MINDS of his soldiers, the effects of which were not to be calculated; the capacity to inspire the army with that intense force, confidence, resolution, and patience, by which, alone, the work could be accomplished.*” Is this overcoming *physical* obstruction? Or was it by operating on “*mere matter*” that he kept himself for nearly twenty

years the sovereign of the hearts,—the fears, hates, and affections,—of all Europe?

Napoleon is next charged with *professing Mahometanism; claiming inspiration, and insulting God*, during his Egyptian campaigns. We are happy, from the memoirs of Bourrienne, his private secretary, whose object never is to praise Bonaparte, as well as from Las Casas, to deny these charges, and reduce them to their real elements;—the simple facts, that Napoleon availed himself of the belief in fatalism, common to the Mahometans, to make them submit to his power;—that he wisely allowed them freedom of conscience; that he *once*, in his own tent, and to amuse his table companions, put on the dress of a Turk; that he never made a profession of Islamism, and never entered a mosque,—which is always done in such cases.

But we are almost constrained to suspect that our author did not investigate the perfect accuracy of the vulgar reports of the conduct of Bonaparte. Had he done so, he would not, it would seem, on the succeeding page, have heaped upon his shoulders such stern reproach and bitter revilings for the military execution, or, as he calls it, "*slaughter*," at Jaffa. The Turks, who were there shot, were shot, according to Bonaparte's account, in conformity with the laws of warfare, as having violated their own solemn compact, by which, when they had been previously captured at the taking of the fort of El Arish, they had bound themselves to return peaceably to their homes, and never again bear arms against him. Bourrienne gives rather a different account; but there could not be found an abler exposition of the circumstances, by which this act was produced, nor a better vindication of Napoleon. We commend it to the perusal of our readers. The laws of war are bloody;—they are awfully wicked;—and we hope that their barbarity will not remain proof against the spirit of mercy which prevail every where else. But the reproach of this act at Jaffa should be thrown on the law,—not on the French General.

But setting entirely aside the laws of war, and looking only at the circumstances, under the force of which Bonaparte acted, we find nothing in him of cruelty or injustice; nothing to censure or detest; but much to admire and praise, as well as much to pity. And, if the account of Bourrienne be true, and there is no reason to doubt it, Bonaparte could not have done otherwise than as he did, though he obeyed the stern dictate of necessity with reluctance and regret.*

The manner in which Bonaparte, on his return from Egypt, assumed the executive power, is next made the topic of animadversion. He is stigmatized as "*an Usurper*." According to our humble opinion this is an unjust judgement, and the conduct of Napoleon, when measured by the circumstances under the pressure of which he acted, was just what it should have been. The populace and their legislature were at open enmity; all France was in agitation; parties were so divided that the bloodiest civil strifes seemed to be inevitable; there was no individual, save Napoleon Bonaparte, sufficiently prominent to attract the eyes, and attach the hearts of all: *he* was universally popular; and the deep and awful tones of *state necessity*, seconded by the ocean-

* See Bourrienne, I. p. 180—183. American Edition.

roar of the people's voice, called on him to assume the power,—scatter the hated senate,—and become the Ruler of France.

Before such facts, all reasonings on propriety and etiquette fade into nothing;—it is childish to think of giving law to revolutions; and it is vain to deny that, when Bonaparte assumed the reins of government, the great elements of society were broken up, and in commotion; *the heavens lowered, and the earth rocked, and the ocean trembled*;—he came forward as the rider of the whirlwind,—the director of the storm,—and the elemental war was hushed;—France subsided into calm,—union and strength grew up at once, and a whole nation bore witness to the blessing of his decisive measures. It is a common slander against Bonaparte, and one adopted in this article, that Napoleon depended on a faithful army for his elevation. Let us look at facts. The soldiers, over whom he had acquired that influence which able and successful military leaders always exert over their troops,—his “Italians,” as he styled them,—were in the midst of the burning sands of Egypt, where he had just left them. To the armies in France he was almost a stranger. An absence of years had of course driven the recollection of his victories somewhat into the back ground. The troops in Paris had never known him. It is evident, therefore, that something besides military aid sustained him. And if we look at the universal joy of the people, manifested on his return through hundreds of leagues over which he traveled from Frejus to Paris; the acclamations of all France; the flocking to him of all the various parties of that weak directorial government, against which universal hatred and disgust were directed, and their immediate recognition of him as the one who alone possessed sufficient popularity, caution, confidence, and talent, to meet the demands of that great crisis; if we look at all this, we may see on what he depended for his rise;—the firm foundations of his power;—the grand basis of his “*usurpation*.”

And yet he is called “*an usurper*.” He, who, on the day of the Sections, incurred the Doctor's reproaches for *turning his cannon against the mob of Paris*, in obedience to the Legislature, is now branded as an usurper, for obeying the commands of the whole people, and dispersing the Senate. But Bonaparte did not prove a Washington;—he did not establish a Republic; and Dr. Channing calls him “*usurper* :”—he, too, who, thirty pages further on, tells us that France was not “*ripe for liberty* ;” that “*her character forbade her to be free* ;” that it was “*insanity to expect them to gain emancipation and freedom ; that liberty was tainted by their touch, and polluted by their breath*,”—the same author yet brands him “*usurper*,” who assumed his power by force of circumstances, and, to a most unexpected degree, made it a blessing to his country. Is not this inconsistency?

Our author next proceeds to a consideration of the means employed by Bonaparte to strengthen his power, and make it popular. He passes by unnoticed those wonderful Austrian and Prussian campaigns, in which the eagles of France flew from victory to victory with a rapidity and certainty of flight never before known in warfare. He avoids noticing these campaigns;—they are too brilliant for censure:—and he turns to the civil policy of Napoleon with the hope of there finding something less illustrative of mental greatness. Of the *whole*

system the Doctor makes the general complaints that it does not bear the marks of a lofty intellect :—that it is “ *a repetition of old means, when the state of the world was new ;*” or in other words that Bonaparte attempted, by the use of means *whose power was known*, to effect his purposes, when he might have struck out a new path, and chosen *means of unknown efficacy*. The incorrectness of this idea will be fully shown, 1st. By inquiring what were the ends which he desired to accomplish, and the means which he used ? and, 2dly, by the contradiction in the writer’s arguments.

But, before taking up these two points, we would make the general remark that, much praise is due to the writer’s uncommon modesty and diffidence of his own powers, displayed in the freely-chalked outline of what Bonaparte should have done, and the following comment, that “ *it was impossible for such a man as Napoleon to adopt, perhaps to conceive, a system such as has now been traced.*” Behold a greater than *Bonaparte* is here !

We say then that the inconsistency of the complaint will be clearly shown, by inquiring what were the ends which Bonaparte desired to accomplish, and the means which he used for his purposes.

1st. The ends to be accomplished were the safety of his government, and the prosperity and glory of France. The safety of his government was the safety of the people ; and it depended on *their unanimity, and his power and popularity*.

2d. The means he used, so far as we can judge, were wisely chosen and most ably employed.

On assuming the government he gathered around him, for counselors, the wisest and best of every party ; thus uniting, without reference to personal dislike, the talents of France, and reducing to order and quiet the chaos and tumult that had before reigned. Even this the author converts into reproach,—or at best equivocal praise.

Bonaparte found the people of France destitute of religion :—the face of that fair land was defiled with infidelity and scepticism : but he knew that its abominations would be followed by a reaction of sentiment : that religion was essential to government : that it would and must return. He therefore resolved that it should no longer be a source of civil discord, by its having reference to, and dependence on, the Pope, as its head : that France, like England, should be independent of all foreign influence : and that while full freedom of conscience was tolerated, the national religion should produce only national good. Hence the Concordat,*—or compact with the Pope, that France should be no longer a part of the Roman See, but contain in itself a full religious system. And in searching for a reply to cavilings on the policy of this measure, let us remember what Bonaparte said to the philosopher Wieland—“ the people must have a religion—and this religion is for the people, not for philosophers.” He saw in England the happiest

* By the concordat the Pope agreed to the suppression of sixty Bishoprics, and several Archbishoprics—and to the confiscation of nearly \$100,000,000, the property of the clergy, which had been taken from them early in the revolution.

See Bourrienne I. 392. Napoleon said just before the Concordat, “ in reviving a religion which has always prevailed in the country and which still prevails in the hearts of the people, and in giving the liberty of worship to the minority, I shall satisfy every one.” Some of his Generals and others who had lived so long without religion that they could not endure it, opposed this re-establishment of it in France. We are astonished to find an American associated with them in opinion.

results from the renunciation of Papal supremacy, and he hoped that France might share in their benefit.

λ The great public works of Napoleon may be regarded as part of that system, by which he made himself the monarch of the hearts of the people; the emperor, not of France but, of Frenchmen. While time shall spare these magnificent results of his genius, or preserve their recollection, they will be a sufficient answer to the sneering approbation given them by our author. They speak, in a language like that of the visible wonders of the universe, on which is written the power of God,—of *mind*;—mind before which all obstacles vanished away.

λ His *code* of laws is another monument of that intellect whose grasp was universal. Till the day of Bonaparte, France was cut up into provinces, each one of which was governed by its own peculiar and imperfect laws and customs: there was no great system of jurisprudence; no coincidence of laws: all was confusion and insecurity. His wisdom collected the materials of a revolution whose benefits can never be forgotten. Under his patronage, and by the aid of his counsels, a system of laws was formed, of such perfect and universal application, that the rights of persons and property were every where fixed, security was felt, public confidence established, and the whole nation made ready to call him *truly their father*. The gift of this code to the people of France, was as far superior to those *forms* of free government, for not establishing which, he has been so unjustly blamed, as substance is to shadow. Good laws, and their impartial administration, are the essence of liberty;—the people that have them are free, and must be happy. That Bonaparte acted wisely in choosing the compilers of this code himself, instead of leaving it to be formed by a legislature chosen by the people, is shown by the multitude of constitutions and systems, passed and promulgated, with theatrical rapidity, by the short-lived legislatures, which, one after another, arose, lived their ephemeral life, and then perished with all their labors. The nation was not prepared for self-government. But this is probably one of those "*old means*" of which the reviewer complains; *old*,—though France had never before known the blessings of law:—*old*,—though never before was boon so rich given by monarch to his people:—*old*,—though it sprang at once into existence, with all those features of wisdom and perfection, which the English code owes to the gradual improvement of centuries!

For the glory of France, as well as for the security of its domestic government, conquest,—military distinction,—supremacy in the scale of European kingdoms, was to be sought. And surely no human being ever devised an instrument so wisely and perfectly adapted to this object, as that system of national education which Napoleon introduced and made popular. We are not the advocates of war. But we have candor enough honestly to admire and praise that exalted talent, which striking out for itself some grand object, devises a correspondingly grand and efficient plan, by which the object may be accomplished. Granting that the object of Bonaparte was the elevation of France to the head of Europe by the force of war, never was a system of education so perfectly adapted to its end, as that—which included in its operation the whole youth of France, and made the empire one vast military school, while at the same time the arts of peace never declined

or drooped, but continued to flourish as before. Was this overcoming "*physical obstructions*," or "*making use of old means*?"

But 2dly. The incorrectness of the writer's ideas may be read in the inconsistency of his arguments.

Bonaparte is blamed and depreciated on *one page* for that spirit of "*self-exaggeration*" and independence which led him to neglect the "*gilding of the chain*" with which he fettered sovereigns; to neglect those courtesies and flatteries which might have gained their favor: and on *the next page* he is condemned for retaining the pomp of royalty, for desiring to connect himself with royal families: for preferring the good will of sovereigns to that of the people.

At *one moment*, he is reproached for the selection of counsellors, and *at another*, for acting against the advice of those very men who were so badly chosen. *Now*, his impiety and want of religion are condemned:—and *now* his establishment of the ancient religion. He who cannot preserve consistency and clearness of argument through the brief limits of fifty pages, in one train of thought, should not thus censure him whose thoughts and cares were spread over a broad empire;—who was the soul,—the moving principle, of every thing military, political, scientific, in France.

But the unkindest cut of all, and what, more than every other misrepresentation, offends and grieves us, is the attack on his personal character: the impeachment of his heart. Our author asserts that "*he (Bonaparte) wanted the sentiment of a common nature with his fellow beings:*" that "*he had no sympathies with his race:*" that "*his heart, amidst all its wild beatings, never had one thought of disinterested love:*" that "*no domestic attachment, no private friendship, no love of pleasure, no relish for letters or the arts, no human sympathy, no human weakness, divided his mind with the passion for dominion, and for dazzling manifestations of his power.*" And of whom is this affirmed? of what monster are these things said? Is it of some infernal spirit, who, from the black and yawning abyss, has risen in all the horrors of his diabolic form and nature, to blast our eyes, and turn our souls to detestation and loathing? No!—it is of him who melted at the tears of a boy, and gave him back his father's sword; who yielded up his heart to the grace and beauty of a fortuneless widow, when *he* had the path of glory before him; whose letters to her literally burn with passionate love; who granted the prayer of the wife, and spared the traitor; who was ready to sacrifice, as he himself declared, rank, hopes, every thing, rather than find his Josephine unfaithful; who visited the hospital, and breathed the thick air of contagion, to comfort the wounded and dying; who, after battle, was first and last in the care of the wounded, and in the reward of the brave; who, in the day of power and prosperity, never forgot the friends of his youth, and his poverty; whose marshalls were once his fellow privates; whose house-keeper in boyhood was the keeper of his palace in mid-life; whose school-chum was the private secretary of the Emperor; who parted, with embraces and tears, from his officers on the confines of Russia; who loved his son with an intensity beyond expression; who won all hearts around him, whether in his palace, in the camp, on board the ship that bore him to his island prison, or in that desolate spot to which he was banished; whose grave is now knelt upon *with tears* by

every Frenchman that visits it ; whose memory is a heart-quake to all who came within the sphere of his power, and whose name is associated with more of undying recollection than ever yet embalmed the name of man.

Such is the monster of this writer's detestation, and we thank God that we are so fully able to refute the black charges that are brought against him.

We have now finished our reply to the individual attack made on Bonaparte. We turn to that essay on greatness with which the reviewer closes his attack, and by which he reduces his victim far down in the scale of human character. That the principles developed in this essay are unsound and unphilosophical we think can be demonstrated.

He divides greatness into three classes or orders : viz :—1st. Moral greatness. 2d. Intellectual greatness, and, 3d. The greatness of action.

We think that this division is unphilosophical, and that under each portion of it the author has erred. Let us look at the general division of greatness.

The mind of man consists of moral powers, and intellectual faculties ; both of which are exerted in every voluntary action. Man has also physical powers ; the power of sinew and muscle, which may be exerted without the deliberate operation of mind,—as in the case of instinctive movements. But deliberative action involves both intellectual and moral operations, and is an index, or bodying forth, of the mind. What in this treatise the author calls "*greatness of action*," then, ought to be referred either to intellectual or moral greatness, and so we reduce his three divisions to two. This will be seen, more clearly, on examining his definition of "active greatness." "It is the sublime power," says he, "*of conceiving bold and extensive plans ;*"—and is not this *conception*, an intellectual operation ? and if it be sublimely great, does it not manifest intellectual greatness ? "It is," to continue the quotation, "the power of constructing, and bringing to bear on a mighty object, a complicated machinery of means, energies, and arrangements ;" and is not this the triumph of *mind* ? is it not the exercise of *strong judgement*, *far seeing discrimination*, *profound intellectual analysis* ? Is it not intellectual greatness ? We must, then, embody his third division with the other two, as unnecessary.

But, 2dly. Let us look at the other two portions of his division, and inquire whether here be not some error, or inaccuracy.

And 1st. Moral greatness, in his own splendid diction, "is that *sublime energy by which the soul, smitten with the love of virtue, binds itself indissolubly for life and for death to truth and duty ; espouses as its own the interest of human nature ; scorns all meanness and defies all peril ; hears in its own conscience a voice louder than threatenings and thunders : withstands all the powers of the universe which would sever it from the cause of freedom and religion ; reposes an unfaltering trust in God in the darkest hour, and is ever ready to be offered up on the altar of its country or of mankind.*"

That this view of moral greatness, though powerfully set forth, is much too limited, may be made manifest by an examination of what

are called our moral powers and the modes of their operation. Moral greatness is not, in our opinion, what the above definition makes it, mere goodness : it is not identical with elevation of moral character : it is the greatness of any of these mental powers, which, in contradistinction to *intellectual*, are called *moral* ; it embraces *energy of purpose*, without reference to the nature of the thing to be done ; *courage*, without regard to the cause in which it is displayed ; *inflexibility of determination* ; *fortitude* in suffering ; *loftiness of aim and effort*, whether good or bad : in short, strong and sublime manifestations of any of the moral powers of our nature. Moral greatness is not the opposite of moral depravity ;—*that* is moral excellence ;—it is not connected with truth, virtue, and correct moral principle alone ; but may be, and often is, associated with vice, and is displayed in purposes of evil, in the execution of which, man tasks to their uttermost, all the powers of his mind—intellectual and moral.

To illustrate my meaning, I will take an instance or two of moral greatness in its several forms of sublimity, grandeur, and beauty, wherein there appears no moral excellence.

Who, that has read the poetry of Milton, has not felt his bosom glow with strong emotions, called forth by the stern pride, the unconquerable will, and unflinching courage, of that bad angel who led astray one third part of heaven's myriads, and who, when hurled down to the flaming gulf,—still dared to say, in undiminished hate, confronting the Almighty punisher,

“ Better to reign in hell—than serve in Heaven.”

Who admires not the martyr-like fortitude, the proud endurance of the captive savage, who, in the midst of tortures and trials, suffers no muscle to quiver, no moisture to gather in his eye, no tell-tale sign of agony to prove the traitor of his heart ; but, with the smile of indifference and the sneer of scorn, submits himself silently to the ingenious malice of his enemies, or in the firm tones of his pride calls out to them

*“ Proceed, ye tormentors, your threats are in vain ;
The son of Alnomach will never complain !”*

Again, with what powerful emotions do we read of the all-conquering, all-defying, love of that Roman Matron, who, when her husband was commanded by the edict of a savage Emperor to choose between suicide and execution, took, with untrembling hand the dagger, and, slowly burying it in her bosom, exclaimed to him whom she would accompany even in death—“ *'Tis easy, Pretus.*”

Now we inquire whether each of these illustrations be not an exhibition of what has heretofore been understood by moral greatness ?

What has been said must make it manifest, we think, that the author's view of this subject is imperfect.

That his definition of intellectual greatness is also too narrow has been shown by the fact that most of what he calls the “ greatness of action,” should be included under this head. Intellectual greatness is manifested by every high and grand conception ; by every action which is the result of premeditation, and which is beyond the common sphere of performance ; by the institution of wise laws, no less than by the composition of a splendid poem ; by the conception and execution of

grand and useful works, no less than by the power of criticising those works; by the management of a vast empire, with all its countless cares, in times of tempest and peril, no *less*, certainly, than by that keenness of mental vision, which, from the calmness of the closet, looks out upon the toil and tumult of the world, and discovers much to censure and condemn; as much by him, who, for years retains the sway over the destiny and purposes of half the world, as by him, who utters shrewd comments on the weight and power of that influence and on the mind that possesses it.

We have now concluded our notice of Dr. Channing's opinion of Napoleon Bonaparte. We are happy to concur with him in that love of peace and dread of warfare which induced him to strip of false glory, and undeserved reputation, the greatest warrior of modern times; but we cannot allow ourselves to doubt that this great military leader was moved by an intellect more powerful than has for ages been called into action, and that a vast amount of the civil commotion and of the bloodshed which surrounded his path, was not owing to the depravity of his heart, and the blackness of his designs, but to the spirit of liberty, roused from its slumber of ages into fierce conflict with the powers of oppression, and the intolerable abuses of long-established tyranny. B.

AULD LANG SIGN.

THE old tavern-house, near Harvard University, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, has been well known to most visitors to that town from time immemorial. Its present venerable owner has kept it about sixty-five years; is now eighty-seven years of age, and is as healthy and active as most men of seventy. A few days previous to the late commencement at the University, the sign of the Anchor, which hung in front of the above-mentioned establishment, "ERECTED MDCCL," was taken down and laid aside, which gave rise to the following productions:—

ALL ye, who love, in simple rhyme,
To hear of things of olden time,
Deign now to listen, and excuse
The chanting of an artless muse,
Scarce second cousin to the Nine,
About the well-known tavern-sign,
Which near old HARVARD long has hung,
Most highly honored, yet unsung.

By way of preface you must know,
It happened a few days ago,
Mine host, who lately kept the Anchor,
Filled with the hypo or with rancor,
Vowed that this wicked generation
Upon its long-established station
In vain his antique sign should seek,
Before the late Commencement week
Should summon to their pleasing duty
Fashion and science, wit and beauty,
To enjoy a literary treat
At Learning's and the Muses' seat.

The sign, it seems, took this in dudgeon,
And thought its owner a curmudgeon.
For, as, upon my lonely bed,
With out-stretched limbs and dreamy head
In corner next to it I lay,—
Not "poet's corner," by the way,—
The murky clouds horrific scowled,
Hoarse thunder at a distance growled,
The wind in hollow murmurs howled,
The moaning sign began to creak,
And thus, in language quaint and meek,
At length it spoke, or seemed to speak :—

" Dear master, is it true, as neighbors say,
That I, the cheerliest sight in all the town,
Before shall shine one more Commencement day,
Must, by remorseless hands, be taken down ?

" Here, fourscore years and three, I 've proudly swung,
Reckless of summer's heat and winter's cold,
Have been your never-failing friend while young,—
Reject me not now we are both grown old.

" Together you and I from darkness came,
Together we have braved the wind and weather,
Together have attracted wealth and fame,—
Then as we rose, oh ! let us sink together.

" We 've witnessed, since established on this ground,
Fierce French and British wars—and war of Shays,
Tremendous changes, that the world astound,
New-England's darkest and her brightest days.

" Each son of Harvard well remembers me ;
Each *living* son had gazed on me with joy ;
For here I smiled, inspiring mirth and glee,
Even when PAINE WINGATE* was a playful boy.

" 'Tis not from sordid avarice that I plead,—
My aims are all *pro bono publico* :
That you no income from the tavern need,
Bank-stock and lands and tenements will show.

" What though for partial losses you have grieved
From those, who ran in debt and ran away ?
Amplly meanwhile such losses you retrieved,
High-charging those, who willing were to pay.

" Were you to quit life's numerous joys and ills,
And seek a passage o'er the Stygian ferry,
Your wealth condensed in thousand-dollar bills,
Their weight would sink old Charon's crazy wherry.

" I plead for those, ere temperance checked our trade,
Who hither came to gormandize and tope ;
To such in tempting fashion I displayed
On either side an Anchor of their hope.

" To such in every view I 've been most *dear* ;—
How many have reformed 't were hard to tell ;—
Still the reformed will love to linger here,
And quaff cold water from the pure, old well.

* The oldest *living* Graduate of Harvard College.

" I plead for veterans of old seventy-five,
Who knew me well in all my former splendor ;
To these—alas ! how very few survive !—
The loss of me must be a sore heart-render.

" Silent they 'll stand and stare with sad surprise ;
Cold disappointment will their bosoms chill ;
Tears will bedew those once keen-sighted eyes,
Which took dead aim on bloody Bunker-Hill.

" The veterans of Commencement too will miss,
If I and you are banished out of sight,
At least a moiety of their wonted bliss ;—
Their hopes your tender heart will scorn to blight.

" The sight of us will for a while recall
A glad remembrance of their youthful glory ;
Our absence sorely must their hearts appall,
And prove to them a sad *memento mori*.

" Old friends will wish to clasp the same old hand ;
In the same " CABIN " * take their annual peep ;
Let their tired steeds in the same stable stand :
In the same chamber calm themselves to sleep.

" Then, at my post, oh ! let me still appear,
And in the bar-room let your voice be still heard,
Your old, grey-headed customers to cheer ;—
The younger fry may be content with WILLARD.

" But if to oblivion I must be consigned,—
Take admonition from your faithful friend,
And let my frailty bring your own to mind,
That you may be prepared to meet your end.

" When time ere long shall take your body down,
And as a useless fabric lay it by,
May you have hope well-founded for your crown,
And have as little cause to fear as I."

My dear Bignon !

EPITAPH :

ON A LIVING LANDLORD, ON HIS RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

A Landlord, aged eighty-seven,
Fit, as we trust, for earth or heaven,
" Rests from his labors," though alive,—
And many years may he survive !
In *spirit-stirring* no divine
Could his consummate skill outshine ;
As a *Brunonian*, to prescribe,
He distanced all the M. D. tribe ;
Larger than any lawyer far,
Has been his *practice at the bar*.
His character bears overhauling,
Better than most in any calling ;
It stands, like truth, firm, self-protected,
And where best known is most respected.

named Israel Porter

* Name of a room in the Tavern-house, consecrated to festivity and mirth.

REMINISCENCES OF A ROGUE.

PREFATORY remarks are seldom read, and therefore, mine shall be short. It is not my intention to publish all my adventures, but merely to touch on such of them as may be useful to others in the way of warning or example. I have, until the last five years, been a rogue all my life. Let this candid avowal serve for an introduction.

I was born near the town of Weathersfield, in Connecticut, famous for onions and rabbits. My father was, in the main, a worthy man, though, it is said, the world was at times too hard for him. He once stood in the pillory on a charge of sheep-stealing; but, as he has often assured me that the charge was false and the witnesses perjured, I have no doubt that he suffered innocently. I am the more convinced of this, because he was wont to stake his reputation "as an honest man and sincere Christian," on the truth of his assertions. Such were his very words.

I have been informed that I gave evident proofs of the talents, which have distinguished me in after life, in my early infancy. When I cried, which was two-thirds of the time, there was but one way to pacify me. Whistles, rattles, bells, and the like useless toys, I rejected with disdain; but by shaking two coppers in a purse at my ear, my temper was instantly brought to the most placid serenity. The sight of a piece of silver would raise my joy to a hysterical pitch. Afterwards, when I was able to run alone, I used to drop my mother's scissors, thimble, &c. out of the window unperceived, that I might pick them up outside, and secrete them. When the frequency of this my practice led to detection, my father shed tears of joy. He was sure, he said, that I should be worth at least a hundred thousand dollars before I died.

There are almost three years of my life that passed away without leaving any trace upon my memory. One of the earliest adventures that I can remember happened in the parish minister's garden. Mr. Cuffcushion employed me, among a score of other children, to plant beans in his garden, at a cent per head, and furnished each of us with a case-knife for the purpose. He promised to give a small cantelope to the one who should first achieve his task; and I won the prize, by planting six beans in one hole, whereas my comrades obeyed their instructions, and planted but three. Mr. Cuffcushion was highly pleased with my diligence, gave me the promised reward, and went away long before the rest had finished their tasks.

When the work was at last over, I proposed to my fellows to plant their knives in the earth. "We have been planting case-beans," said I, "and why will not case-knives grow as well?" Some of the elder children laughed at me, but the younger ones thought my plan very feasible. I set the example of knife-planting, and about a dozen followed it. When we left the garden, I hid myself behind the fence till they were out of sight, and then returned and dug up the knives, which I carried away. Truly, my knife was favored with the blessing of increase, and that right speedily.

Having heard what agricultural experiment we had been trying, Mr. Cuffcushion sought his knives, and, finding them not, inflicted a

severe castigation upon some of my fellows. My father, who had his particular reasons for suspicion, questioned me ; but obtaining no satisfaction, applied to my skin for further information. I bore the whipping like a martyr, young as I was, and it was only by threatening to deprive me of a pistareen I had saved, that he conquered my courage and came at the truth. You will suppose, perhaps, that he made restitution of my crop of cutlery ;—no such thing. It was wrong, he said, to take the knives ; but it would also be wrong to punish me twice for one offence, as well as contrary to law. My venerated parent had a great respect for the law, and as restitution would probably have occasioned a violation of this main principle, in my person, he declared that he could not, conscientiously, say any thing more about the matter. So he locked the knives up in his desk, and enjoined me and my mother never again to speak of them.

This little adventure has since been useful to me in various ways. It taught me that there is nothing so ridiculous and absurd, that some people cannot be made to believe it. Men and women cannot, indeed, be persuaded that knives will take root and flourish ; but he, who studies their humors, will find them all mere children with regard to many things, on which the evidence of their senses has no bearing. This has been the maxim on which the whole course of my industrious life has been shaped ; and if my endeavors to obtain a competence have not uniformly been blessed with success, my opinion still remains unchanged ; for my misfortunes have been the results of the malice of others, and of accidents which my prudence could not foresee.

When I was about fifteen, I formed an exceeding close intimacy with my fair cousin, Nancy Velvet. She had cheeks like a piony rose, and I admired them hugely. We were very fond of each other ; but an accident soon happened, which put an end to our acquaintance, forever. Her mother, good soul, went to visit a cousin in Boston, as country cousins will do. When she returned, she brought back a pair of glittering gold ear-rings for Nancy, which the delighted girl wore on all occasions. Corn-huskings were not out of fashion then—I do not know that they are now. My father had one in his barn, at which Nancy attended. The next morning early, I saw something shining among the husks, which proved to be an ear-ring. I conceived that it must be worth at least five dollars, and began to weigh in my mind the propriety of selling it. First, I thought that possibly the ring might not be my cousin's, but some other just like it. It next occurred to me, that whoever the owner might be, she might never miss or claim it. What we desire to be true, we easily believe, and I was about to conclude to sell it—when the thought of Nancy's tears at her loss, if the ring was indeed hers, staggered me.

While I was thus cogitating, my father looked through a crack in the barn, and saw what I held in my hand. He pounced upon me like a hawk upon a sparrow, seized the jewel, and was walking away, when I called on him to stop. "What are you going to do with that?" said I.

"To sell it, you fool," he answered. "What should I do with it?"

"But it is not ours," I insisted.

"One has a right to whatever he finds," he rejoined. It must be admitted that my respected progenitor's notions concerning the tenure of property, were rather loose.

"I found it, and not you," I cried.

"Say that again, if you dare," he replied, shaking his great bony fist at me.

"Stop!" I vociferated, now quite desperate; "stop! if you do not give me half the money, I will tell all about it. You may whip me, if you please, but I 'll be hanged if I lose the money."

The matter was settled on this footing; my father sold the ring, and we divided the spoil. My conscience was not quite easy, however, and the first time I saw my cousin, her distress was too much for me. My nerves were not then so firm as they are now. In her despair, the poor girl said that she would give two dollars to know where the lost treasure might be found.

"Will you," said I, thrown quite off my guard. "Give me the money, and I will tell you where it is." Unluckily, she had that sum about her, having just returned from market, where she had sold her mother's butter. She put it into my hand without saying a word, and, while the galvanic shock of the silver thrilled through my frame, I told her where to look for her ring. The words were hardly out of my mouth, though, when reflection came. I was about to assure her that it was all a joke, but bit my tongue half off in my hurry, and was unable to speak. Before I recovered my utterance, she was off.

All came out; the whole neighborhood cried shame on us, and pelted us with mud when we walked abroad. I got a sound horse-whipping from my father, who was soon after compelled to pull up stakes and move to Vermont.

When I heard my papa talk of the *improvement* he had bought in Stony Valley, I thought I was going to as good a home as I left behind. Therefore, I did not much mind driving our team all the way, myself on foot. At last, toward the close of a day, in which we had passed through dismal swamps, over roads almost impassable, up hill and down dale, we came within sight of our dwelling, and my heart sunk within me. There is nothing to be made here, thought I. The house was a mere log hovel, in the midst of about twelve acres of cleared land, on which stone enough was lying to have walled in fifty.

I drove the team up to the door, turned round, and walked off on the road by which we had come. "Where are you going, Elijah?" cried my father. "To Connecticut," said I. "Come back!" said he. "I wo'nt!" shouted I. "We 'll soon see to that," he rejoined, and made after me.

I ran, and he ran, and he ran faster than I. He took me by the collar and dragged me back to the house, though I kicked and resisted with teeth and nails. He then gave me a thrashing, which I shall remember to my dying day. He then ordered me to take my bed into the house and go into it, which, foot-weary and back-sore as I was, I was glad to do. I retired to bed; but not to sleep.

I thought, as I lay, that I was now a stout lad, and that I looked at least five years older than I really was. I believed I could get my own living, if my father would only give me something to set up with; and the obligations of parents to provide for their children struck me with peculiar force. It appeared to me that my father might as well give me my inheritance then as at his death, and, full of these thoughts, I arose and slipped out without awakening any one. The old man's

chest was still on the wagon, before the door, and I soon succeeded in forcing off the lid with an axe. I found a hundred and eighty hard dollars in it. "Consarn the old curmudgeon," thought I; "he has got five times as much, if I only knew where to find it." I afterwards learned that he had been too hard for me. Suspecting some such design in me, he carried his notes about, sewed into the waistband of his breeches.

As half a loaf is better than no bread, I took what I could find and made off with all convenient speed; but I needed not to hurry myself: no one pursued me. On discovering his loss, my father fell into a convulsion, and did not recover the use of his speech for a week.

In due time I reached a town in Rhode-Island, where I exchanged my coin for a cart and horse, and some tin ware, wooden nutmegs, garden seeds, wooden clocks, &c. &c. I got trusted also to the amount of a hundred and fifty dollars; my benefactor saying that I had an honest face. It is certain that he knew little of physiognomy, and that he afterwards found to his cost. However, I gave him as honest a note of hand as ever was signed by a rogue.

I then began my journey southward, and prospered every where. I was much reviled; but that I did not mind. If any man called me a rascal, I took it kindly; for I began partly to suspect I was one, and there is no harm in telling the truth. I even, on some occasions, endured blows, and was so successful in turning away wrath with soft words, that those who abused me usually ended by buying my goods. My general rule was not to leave a house till I had, by downright importunity, prevailed on some of the inmates to buy something. I always addressed myself to the women in preference. Before entering a township, I would, usually, by questioning some of the negroes, discover who among the ladies were friends and who were enemies. Then, by informing one of the ladies that Mistress Such-a-One had bought so and so, I seldom failed to persuade her to purchase to twice the amount. Flattery I did not spare, and I found that I could not lay it on too thick. Nothing was too gross to be swallowed.

I shall not trouble you with an account of my sales of nutmegs, sham jewelry, &c. It would not become me to boast. This, however, I may say—I am he who sold the wooden clocks twice on the same route. Some, who read these pages, may not, perhaps, have heard how I effected this grand achievement, though it is now an old story. Thus it was. I sold my clocks along the road, promising to change them on my return, if they should not perform well. I sold them all but one, which I kept for my return. When I came back to the dwelling of the last of my customers, I found, as I had expected, that his time-piece stood still. I took it, gave him the spare clock, and proceeded to the next house. There I found the same complaint. I set the first returned clock in motion, and took back the second. Thus I proceeded, changing the clocks, as I had promised, like a man of honor. But, happening to get a beating toward the end of my journey, and narrowly escaping a prosecution, I never after traveled twice on the same route.

One of my adventures in this line must be related. Coming back from one of my southern journeys, I saw, in Pennsylvania, a very large shaggy black ram, standing before the door of a farm-house. I was

on foot, having sold my cart and horse, as usual, when my stock in trade was exhausted. I stepped into the house and asked the price of the brute. The owner said, that as the ram was a very vicious one, I might have him for three dollars. I paid the money, and the man was so pleased with his bargain that he gave me a dinner before I left the house. I should not wonder if he afterwards missed two silver spoons.

I threw a rope over my ram's horns, and dragged him along after me about two miles. He gave me much trouble; but patience and perseverance will do wonders. It was the time when the merino sheep mania raged, and just ahead was a rich gentleman who had caught the infection. As I passed his door he saw me, and called to know whither I was taking the perverse brute. "I am taking him to Connecticut," was my reply.

"You will have a great deal of trouble," said he.

"If I can get him where I want to," I rejoined, "I shall be well paid for it."

The gentleman then asked if it was a merino.

"Merino or not," says I, "if I could once get him to Connecticut, I should sell him for eight hundred dollars."

The gentleman now asked the animal's price, and, after some bargaining, I, with some reluctance, agreed to take two hundred dollars. I say, with some reluctance, because I had expected to get more; but he stuck fast at that price. He paid me cash in hand, and I went on my way rejoicing. At the next town I fell in with a Scotchman, to whom I sold a twenty-dollar watch, as a great bargain. A great bargain it would have been to me if he had not paid me in counterfeit money. I have always since been shy of dealing with a Scot.

At last I made an unlucky journey westward. Imprudently I remained two days in one town,—a thing I had never done before. Toward night, on the second day, I overheard some conversation, which inspired me with a misgiving that it would not benefit my health to remain any longer. So, as soon as it was dark, I tackled my horse and proceeded.

I had gotten a mile from the place, and was in a road among thick woods, when three white men and six negroes stopped, stripped me naked, and bound me. They called me, "d—d Yankee rascal," and many other hard names. So far all was well—hard words break no bones—but the game soon became more serious. They tied me to a beech-tree and wore out six bunches of hickory rods on my back and shoulders. This was not the worst of it. They presently led a horse almost dead of the poll-evil out of the bushes. I could not at first guess their intentions, but I was not long at a loss.

One of the blacks knocked the animal down with an axe. The others cut off his head and disembowelled him. They then laid me in the orifice of his stomach, with my head sticking out where his head should have been, and sewed me up. By this time the brute's limbs had stiffened. They set him upright on his legs, which remained firm in their places. These proceedings met with some opposition from one of the white men, whom the others addressed by the title of Deacon. He felt "as savage," he swore, "as a meat-axe," and was with difficulty restrained from trying the edge of a huge knife, which he pulled from his bosom upon my nose and ears. With difficulty he

was persuaded by the others that such want of mercy would be discreditable to a man of his cloth. While all these pleasant operations were going on, the other two wags incessantly assured me that they meant no offence. What they did, they said, was for the good of my soul, and they hoped I would not think hard of it. Then, wishing me a good night and pleasant dreams, they left me to my reflections.

Notwithstanding my situation, my thoughts were, at first, consolatory. I reflected with joy upon the damages which, in my profound ignorance of law and lawyers, I thought I might obtain. But the night was cold, and I was naked and unable to move a limb. Toward daylight a deadly torpor stole over me, and I am persuaded, that, had I remained in my dismal plight an hour longer than I did, I should have perished.

About sunrise, the music of a drum, fife, and fiddle announced that deliverance was at hand. A cavalcade broke upon my view. It was headed by three black musicians, playing, "Hail, Columbia, happy land!" They were followed by a gang of slaves, chained two and two, and intended for a southern market. The stripes and stars waved in the centre, and the procession was closed by two white horsemen, armed with prodigiously long whips.

When the first couples came in sight of me, they stood aghast for a moment, and then fled as fast as their shanks could carry them. The panic spread, the front recoiled upon the rear. The drivers, as soon as they saw me, fled faster than the bondsmen. The chains increased the difficulty—husband and wife were more anxious to get apart than they had ever been to be put together. Terrible were the tumbles. At last the rout was total, and my supposed liberators all disappeared.

In about an hour more I heard loud shouts, and presently a multitude came toward me. At first sight of me they halted, and a tall, brawny man, in a hunting-shirt and racoon-skin cap, advanced alone, swearing that, if it should turn out to be the Devil, he would whip him out of his skin and pick his teeth with his horns. He came within ten feet of me and demanded, "in the name of Nackitoash and Notchee," who I was. Receiving no answer, (for cold had deprived me of the use of my tongue) he "set his triggers" and took deliberate aim at my forehead. In the desperation of my terror I found speech, and implored him to desist, for the love of Old Kentuck. "Aint you the Devil, then, stranger?" said he, doubtfully. "If I was the Devil," returned I, "do you think I'd be such a fool as to stand still before the best rifle in three counties?" This compliment softened the hunter's heart; the muzzle of his formidable weapon dropped, and his knife soon released me from durance. He even gave me the hunting-shirt off his back to hide my nakedness.

I represented myself as a poor stranger, who had been robbed and almost murdered, by three of the inhabitants of the next town, and implored them, for the honor of their native state, to enable me to get redress. To be brief, their indignation broke forth in my behalf; they fed me, clothed me, and put money in my pocket.

A lawyer is soon found to do any thing—for a fee. I found one who undertook for me, and discovered my castigators. An action was laid, and, in due time, they were brought to trial for assault and battery on me committed. As the persons concerned could not testify

against one another, the result rested on the evidence of the prosecutor and the persons who had found him almost expiring. "Chitty says," began my limb of the law, "that in a case where ——" "Chitty!" shouted the opposite counsel; "who's Chitty? Can you find Chitty in the statute book? If you can, let's see him there. It's an insult to the court and the country to pretend to govern free Americans by laws that are made for slavish Englishmen. I pray your honor's judgment." His honor, a good, formerly-looking man, decided that Chitty was no authority, and reprimanded my lawyer for naming him.

When judgement was about to be awarded, the counsel for the defendants informed the court that, as soon as the trial was over, he intended to enter complaints against the prosecutor for vexatious imprisonment; for defaming the character of Deacon R——, one of the most eminently pious men in the country; for cheating the said deacon's wife, by selling her a pair of plated ear-rings for gold, and for committing a hundred other frauds, to which half the inhabitants of the town were ready to testify.

His honor said he thought there was no need to *explaterate* about the matter. It was as plain, he said, as the sun in a clearing, that the prosecutor was a rogue, and he thought that instead of detaining him in the country by a prosecution, it was best to get rid of him as soon as possible. If, therefore, it was agreeable to Deacon R——, he would give such a sentence as would heal his wounded feelings, and, at the same time, agree with the principles of justice. The deacon having signified his acquiescence, his honor adjudged me to be "a d—d liar and notorious rascal," and sentenced me to be rode to the river side on a rail, and there set adrift on a raft. A crowd rushed to execute the sentence. The judge admonished them "not to behave in a riatotious manner, nor to kick up a row," and the sentence was executed.

For a year after this I behaved in a strictly honest manner. But nature proved too strong for me. After a great many adventures, I found myself in a town, in another part of Kentucky, in the clothes and character of a Methodist clergyman, with letters in my pocket purporting to be signed by some of the most eminent of that persuasion in the land. A society agreed to take me on trial. My first sermon was on the joys of the just in heaven. I raved, I ranted, I stormed; I talked about grace, divine love, the beauty of holiness; and I made horrid gestures. My jargon was such, that if any body else understood it, the preacher did not. In short, it was a most finished and successful piece of oratory. Floods of tears were shed; all the old women groaned. One fellow hobbled up to the pulpit on his knees, in search, as he proclaimed, of salvation. Another got upon the pulpit, and reached after heaven, with both hands, with all his might. Crowds of young ladies came forward to receive the kiss of brotherly love, and to be prayed for. At the close, I condescended to be understood. "Heaven," said I, "my dear brethren, is a fine place, a glorious place. Eye hath not seen nor ear heard what things are in it. In short, my brethren and dear sisters, it is *almost* equal to Kentuck." This was enough—I was engaged for as long as I chose to stay. As I went home I heard the way-goers saying to each other, "Was n't that an earthquake of a discourse?"—"Did you hear how he whaled it into

divine love?"—"He's the fellow to knock the dust out of a doctrine," and the like testimonies of approbation.

My popularity went on increasing about six months—when it received a check. I was to baptize a number of persons, and, as the *whole hog* style of doing every thing is most popular in those parts, I considered immersion much better than sprinkling. I began by thrusting two brethren into the edge of an eddy of the Ohio, then in a freshet. A fat sister next presented herself and went into the water with me. Encouraged by my previous success, I advanced farther into the stream. The strong current took strong hold on her. I tried to pull her to land, but found that she was much more likely to pull me into the river. Finding that I must either let go my hold or go with her, I let go, and down stream she went, as fast as a five-knot current could carry her. Her husband assuring the bystanders that she could swim like a duck, no one offered any assistance. However, she went but a few yards before she sank, and was never seen more. All stood motionless—some wept. "Weep not, dear brethren," said I, "she is gone where she will be better off. Let another come forward." But no one was so inclined, and the proceedings of the day closed.

People spoke much of this accident, and the bereaved husband talked about a prosecution. An event occurred, however, that rendered such a step needless on his part.

One evening one of the brethren came to my lodgings and invited me to his house to see a stranger who had just arrived. He had heard of my preaching, and had come more than two hundred miles to judge of the soundness of my doctrine. This stranger was my old friend Deacon R——. As soon as I heard the name I was seized by a violent head-ache, and excused myself for the evening. As soon as the visiter had gone, I borrowed a horse from another of my flock, and, need I say? neither horse nor rider was ever again seen in Bubbledwell.

I next found myself in a town in my native state, practising the same calling. Here I assumed the garb of humility, and spoke constantly of the precariousness of wealth and the vanity of earthly possessions. My appearance corresponded with my principles. I was ever shabbily clad, and lived in the meanest possible style. The preacher took; many were the gifts, considerable were the sums, that were sent to so worthy a pastor, from known and unknown hands. As my garb was no whit improved thereby, it was currently believed that I gave all I received to the poor, and I added to this faith by bestowing as largely as ten dollars on several public charities. Thus my name became proverbial for charity, and when the brethren collected a very large amount for the erection of a new temple, no one was thought so proper a custodier as I. About this time I thought it would benefit my health to visit Montreal; but I was arrested near the border, by certain discourteous officers, and carried back whence I came. Mark the uncharitableness of the world! It was pretended that I intended to steal the filthy lucre that was found upon me; and some went so far as to say they had known me, many years before, in the character of a dishonest pedlar. The court believed these slanderous imputations. All I could say, availed nothing; and, on a hot summer day, I was invited to cool myself at the bottom of Simsbury mines, where a huge sledge-

hammer was put into my hand, and I was told that nothing would be so good for me as to break up certain stones supposed to contain ore. I liked this pastime so well that I continued at it ten years.

When I relinquished the mining business I began to practise physic in one of our large cities, where I set up a hospital, and gained money, hand over hand, as well by my practice as by taking pupils, whom I also boarded and lodged. I shall give a brief sketch of the principles of my system, the fame of which is now extended to the four quarters of the world, and to another world also, if I am not greatly mistaken.

I did not take with the educated classes of society; but the ignorant flocked to me in crowds. I gained their affection and confidence by coming to the level of their capacities. I told them that the world had been grossly deluded by the medical faculty for the last thousand years. "They," said I, "have pretended that the human bowels are difficult to be understood, and that it is only by long and painful study that the remedies of diseases can be known. They tell you that mineral medicines are the best. I assert that they are all slow poisons. If they do by chance cure one disease, they bring on twenty worse. All this they do to deceive and perplex the ignorant in order to wire-draw their money from their pockets. Trust no longer to these unprincipled and pompous quacks, but put your faith in vegetables. Avoid minerals, and especially mercury, as you would poison. With this simple root, which is called *ram-cats*, I will undertake to cure the most inveterate cancer. With these leaves, which the learned call *well-my-gristle*, a patient in the last stages of consumption can be cured, even though half his lungs should be gone. Five drops of this precious elixir, which I myself invented, will relieve a man instantly from the deadliest cholera. All this I will undertake to do, if no other doctor is permitted to interfere. There is no sickness under heaven which I will not cure by vegetable medicines alone."

If my patient perished under my hands, I boldly asserted that he had disobeyed my instructions, or had tampered with some other practitioner. Wonderful was my success. The regular physicians lost all credit among large classes of the community. In cholera times, every man found drunk in the streets, was brought to me as a patient. An emetic speedily relieved him, and the whole circle of his friends and acquaintance, cried Miracle! I boasted in the papers, that not one patient had died under my hands, and threatened those, who disputed the fact with prosecution. I challenged the regular faculty to compare the list of their killed and wounded with mine. In all cases, I trusted to bold assertions, and was always believed.

Barks did I administer on the point of a penknife, and lobelia in cups-full. Sometimes I deviated from my usual course. For example, I had once seen a man blistered on the back of the neck, for an inflammation of the brain, and it struck me that what was good for one disease might also be good for another. Accordingly, when a man was brought to me with the gout, I blistered him on his nape. I served two more, one of whom had taken a surfeit, and the other had an asthma, in like manner. The men recovered in due time, and extolled my skill to the heavens.

If any one who had employed me, distrusting my ability, sent for another physician, I laid all the blame of any evil that might happen

to my rival, and arrogated any good effect to my own previous prescriptions. Thus, a man came to me with the scrofula, and I put him into a bath, which I heated with hot stones almost to the boiling point. The disease immediately fell into his knee, and all that I could do did not in the least relieve his agonies. After working upon him about three months, he sent for a regular physician, who called others, and a consultation was held. The man's leg was amputated. Whenever this affair was mentioned before me, I used to shake my head, and say, "Ah, poor man! Well, he knew best whom to employ; but who ever knew me to cut off a man's leg?"

The women all but adored me, and charmingly I mystified them. One evening, being at a tea-party, I was desired to explain the cause of consumption. "Ladies," said I, "your diploma, fine college doctors would tell you that a consumption comes from inflammation of the didactic organs, or some other such hard words; but I am a plain man, and will tell you nothing that is not intelligible. The fact is, the air we breathe is full of little animals which we cannot see; but, with a proper cupping-glass, you might see that they are terrible creatures, with claws to scratch, and teeth to devour. Now, when people sleep with their mouths wide open, these dragons go down their throats with their breath, and feed upon their bowels; and this causes consumptiveness."

"Bless me!" cried one. "Oh dear!" said another. "How can this be prevented?" exclaimed a half a dozen. "With one tablespoonful of this *gallyfoist*," said I, "taken every three days, I'll be bound that no one will be troubled with them." They all bespoke some of the dragon-destroyer, on the spot, and their husbands' pockets bled well for it.

I will be bound, that any practitioner who will approve all the advice offered by all the women he may find in his sick chambers, and who will allow them to administer their own prescriptions, will have the sex on his side. Their good report is worth a million, as I have a good right to know.

I never had but one woman quarrel with me. She had flaxen hair, and applied to me for something to turn it auburn. I gave her what made it bright, lasting scarlet. I said she had applied too much, and was believed.

I should not develop so much of my history and mystery, if it could now injure my interest. But I have made an ample fortune, and being now an aged man, intend soon to retire from practice and enjoy the fruits of my honest industry. As for my pupils, I owe them no regard, for they have all set up in opposition to me, and I am willing the world should know that they have never been admitted to half my secrets, and are not fit to be trusted. At some future time, I may let the world into more of my story; for if Stephen Burroughs and George Barrington are immortal, why should not I be?

A LEGEND OF THE INDIANS.

BY I. M'LELLAN, JR.

This little Poem is founded upon a superstition formerly prevalent in certain sections of the country, that the spots most frequented by the tribes of Indians, and especially their burial-places, are still visited by the spirits of the departed.

I.

With what a glory breaks the crimson day
On the white mists that hang around these hills !
Wreaths, snowy wreaths, in trembling billows play,
Then fade and melt as heaven with radiance fills.
From yon sharp peak which glitters high in air,
Slow drifts its cloudy banner down the gale,
And leaves the splintered precipices bare !
O'er yon low woods floats many a vapory sail,
While seas of silvery mist still hide the sleeping vale.

II.

The breeze that sweeps these mountains, hath a roar
Like the wild sea when storms have lashed it long,
And the wild billows rave along the shore ;
Yet, there be times, when, like the reedy song
Hymned by the dim cathedral's tuneful choir,
It makes a lute-like music in the shades,
And lulls the savage forests with its lyre.
Then thrill the leaves through all the bosky glades,
And nature rests entranced within her green arcades.

III.

Sweet is this spot upon the mountain's side,
A lonely grot, with many a tree o'er head ;
Down its smooth slope a rivulet's bubbling tide,
O'er mossy stone and golden sand is led.
And here it pours its cool, transparent wave
In a rude fount, by Nature hollowed out ;
The white-birch loves its tresses here to lave,
And larch and willows o'er it gaily flout,
And cast their glimmering leaves to cheat the watchful trout.

IV.

Here sings the red-bird at day's mellow close ;
The cuckoo here his gentle mate doth woo ;
The rabbit comes at eve to seek repose ;
From tree to tree resounds the wood-dove's coo ;
The partridge hither leads her hungry brood ;
The oriole builds her hanging dwelling near ;
The quail's shrill whistle startles the deep wood.
Boon Nature keeps an endless sabbath here,
And hath no lawless foot of human foe to fear.

V.

Tradition hath full many a wizard tale
Of spirits flitting in this mountain grot.
Oft, when at night the dreary winter gale
Piles the deep snows around the shepherd's cot,
The crone repeats her legends of this spot,
To listening childhood, round the blazing fire,
Tells of dim forms, seen by the moonbeam pale,
What time the glow-worm lights its little pyre,
And silence waves her wand o'er all the woodland choir.

VI.

There's not a fountain, or a darkling dell,
 Green, silent grot, or rock with weeds o'ergrown,
 Clear-flowing brook, or lonely mountain well,
 Vine-tangled thicket, wood-path dim and lone,
 Or grove, along these unfrequented hills,
 But hath some ancient legend round it wove;
 Which with deep awe the peasant's bosom fills,
 As home he hies, beside the darkling grove,—
 Or threads with hurried step some forest's dim alcove.

VII.

Here once the Indian pitched his simple tent,
 Or raised his cabin on the toppling crag,—
 Here watched with levelled shaft, and war-bow bent,
 The shaggy bison, and the antlered stag,
 Chased the fleet deer along the dizzy rock;
 Or to his den pursued the growling bear,
 Or followed close the roe-buck's nimble flock;
 Roused the gaunt wolf within his savage lair,
 Or slew the barking fox, or limping mountain hare.

VIII.

Here, when the sun his setting glories shed,
 And the long shadows slowly fell around,
 And up the sky the moon of harvest led,
 Her train of stars, on their bright journey bound,
 Curled the blue smoke from many a wigwam's hearth;
 Then all the air with childish laughter rung,
 While the grave chiefs enjoyed the noisy mirth,
 And lit the pipe, or peaceful measures sung,
 Remembering the gay years when they themselves were young.

IX.

Then loud the warrior's hollow drum was smote,
 And all their instruments of various sound,
 The bead-strung conch, and horn of startling sound,
 And jingling bells to youthful ankles bound.
 Forth stepped the Indian damsel on the turf,
 With forehead graced with many a wilding flower,
 And snow-white shells plucked from the chafing surf;
 And the blithe dance prolonged the festal hour,
 Till the red dawning tinged the forest's dewy bower.

X.

That scene hath changed! the Indian's reign is o'er,—
 His gay crown trampled in the desert's dust!
 No more is seen the flashing of his oar,
 And his bright spear is all o'erspread with rust,
 No more his hearth sends up its curling smoke,
 No more he sings his songs of ancient pride,
 But his proud neck hath worn the servile yoke!
 Tribe after tribe hath vanished in Time's tide,
 And old Oblivion o'er them waves his pinions wide!

XI.

I turn toward the ocean's curving shore,
 And cast a glance along its heaving breast,
 But nought I hear except the billow's roar,
 Or witness, save the blue wave's snowy crest,
 The savage there skims not his birch canoe,
 Or spears the porpoise, or the trembling seal,
 In the white sand that skirts the ocean's blue,
 His big war-bark the ebbing tides reveal,
 Its stem, weed-grown, and sands piled high above its keel.

XII.

Their council-fires have long since ceased to burn,
Quenched in the blood of many a ruthless fight !
Their very dust the harrow's teeth upturn,
And o'er the soil their bones lie bleached and white.
No more the chief upon the beetling crag,
At midnight lies in ambush for the deer,
Or with his yelping pack pursues the stag ;—
No more by torch-light doth his balanced spear,
Check the bright salmon in his swift and far career.

XIII.

The Pequot from his favorite stream hath fled ;
The Narraganset slumbers in his grave ;
The Mohawk lies with his forefathers dead ;
The brave Mohegan sleeps by Mystic's wave ;
Stern Massasoit now takes his long repose,
With all his warlike Wampanaog race ;
Uncas and Philip slumber with their foes ;
Tecumseh, Logan, have no further place
At royal feast, or council, battle-field, or chase !

XIV.

The brindled wolf, grey moose, and mountain cat,
Have fled in fear before the white-man's face :
E'en the old woods, 'neath which the great tribes sat,
Fail from the soil, as failed the savage race :
Yet, this wild hill, the pale-face visits not ;
But the rude hind, with awe, regards its gloom,
And deems those tribes still haunt their favorite grot,—
Still hold their revels o'er their mountain tomb,
Until they snuff the breeze that brings the morn's perfume.

XV.

Men say that oft beside the forest edge,
By the white moon, those Indian tribes are seen !
Some muse in sadness on the mountain ledge ;
Or, lost in thought, rest on the grass's green.
Here a tall warrior leans upon his spear,
Or damsels move in silent dances round ;
Some raise their bows as if the foe were near ;
In all their ranks reigns silence most profound,—
All voiceless as the dead, that slumber in the ground !

AUTUMN.

Now cometh Autumn, lovelier than Spring,
 Serious she is, but oh, how beautiful !
 Gladness is round her footsteps, and a spell
 Of silvery music on the frosty air,
 Making the sunny and transparent leaves
 Quiver with joy e'en in their quiet dreams.
 Oh ! true is the philosophy which says
 Her pleasures are exhaustless.

R. W.

Upon a leaf-strewn walk,
 I wander on amid the sparkling dews ;
 Where Autumn hangs, upon each frost-gemmed stalk,
 Her gold and purple hues ;—

Where the tall fox-gloves shake
 Their loose bells to the wind, and each sweet flower
 Bows down its perfumed blossoms to partake
 The influence of the hour ;—

Where the cloud-shadows pass
 With noiseless speed by lonely lake and rill,
 Chasing each other o'er the low crisped grass
 And up the distant hill ;—

Where the clear stream steals on
 Upon its silent path, as it were sad
 To find each downward-gazing flower has gone
 That made it once so glad.

I number it in days,
 Since last I roamed through this secluded dell ;
 Seeking a shelter from the summer rays,
 Where flowers and wild-birds dwell.

While gemmed with pearl-drops bright,
 Green leaves and silken buds were dancing there,
 I moved my lips in murmurs of delight,
 “ And blessed them, unaware.”

How changed each sylvan scene !
 Where is the warbling bird ? the sun's clear ray ?
 The waving brier-rose ? and foliage green,
 That canopied my way ?

Where is the balmy breeze
 That fanned so late my brow ? the sweet south-west,
 That whispering music to the listening trees,
 My raptured spirit blest ?

Where are the notes of spring ?
 Yet the brown bee still hums his quiet tune,
 And the low shiver of the insect's wing,
 Disturbs the hush of noon.

The thin transparent leaves,
 Like flakes of amber, quiver in the light ;
 While Autumn round her silver fret-work weaves
 In glittering hoar-frost white.

Oh, Autumn, thou art blest !
 My bosom heaves with breathless rapture here,
 I love thee well, season of mournful rest !
 Sweet Sabbath of the year !

W.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Poems and Prose Writings. By Richard H. Dana.

Mr. Dana belongs to that class of poets, whom we should choose to criticise with profound humility. Whatever may be said of the uniform and eternal principles of taste, running through all hearts and binding all ages and nations in a consenting attraction to similar forms of the sublime and beautiful, we must believe, that, excepting in a few general principles, mankind can never agree as to what they relish and admire. They are divided into sections; they have parted the field of the imagination into different inclosures; and often what is a precious flower in one man's garden, beautiful for its color, medicinal in its fragrance, is, in another's, a worthless weed, to be rooted from the soil, and thrown, in detestation, away. In plain English, we are very inadequate judges of each other's mental pleasures; there is certainly great meaning in the proverb, that *there is no disputing about tastes*; and we have often thought, that when a reviewer or critic has been laying down general rules, as he supposed, he has only been giving us the peculiar impressions of his own mind. Should it be granted that the elements of taste are the same in all minds, yet they are modified so much in each individual by accidental causes—grief, joy, prosperity, adversity, education, morals—that it is impossible to reason on them as if they were alike. We have heard some modest musicians say, that they could sing well enough to do their own singing; and perhaps it would be well if every critic would say that he can criticise enough to do his own criticism. There is something of presumption in imputing our own impressions to all mankind.

Dr. Johnson was a great critic; and the *Lives of the Poets* is one of the most attractive books that we ever read. But there are some decisions in that book, laid down with all the oracular importance of general rules, which, we suspect, never had a wider circle of influence than the very singular mind, that produced them. Thus, blank verse must always be inflated prose; a pastoral must always be a poor vulgar thing; religion must be a subject wholly unfit for poetry; and an epitaph, with whatever pathos and discrimination written, is good for nothing unless it contains all the vowels and consonants of the dead man's name. But pray, from what ocean of universal feeling and experience did this profound adventurer fish up these important principles? Why, from the pool and puddle of his own mind? Happening to be a tory, he hated Milton; and, hating Milton, he hated blank verse; and, hating blank verse, he hated all who wrote in blank verse; and hence comes the great critical law. He was near-sighted; and hence rural descriptions were all hollow, and of course Pastorals. As he was an enormous eater, he had the *crapula*; and hence was gloomy; and hence irritable; hence could not bear to think of religion; and hence he disliked all religious poetry. Why an epitaph, without

a name, must be worthless to all readers, it may be difficult to conjecture; it doubtless arises from some capricious feeling; perhaps some incident, by which he was mortified, which no one has recorded, and he himself could never trace.* But it is easy to see how the most fickle passions of the individual pass from the fancy to the judgement, and become general laws. Such are the depths of human wisdom! Such are the foundations of the authorities we adore!

Mr. Dana belongs to a peculiar school of poets; and to that school we belong not; and hence we say that, in reviewing his poetry, we wish to speak with profound humility. In the departments of genius there is a kind of intellectual freemasonry, which none but the entered craftsmen can understand, and which we fully believe no literary Capt. Morgan will ever reveal. For example, will any apostate brother ever be buried at low water mark, for putting the secrets of the following lines into intelligible prose?

The light
Shed in by God, shall open to thy sight
Vast powers of being; regions long untrod
Shall stretch before thee filled with life and God;
And faculties come forth; and put to shame
Thy vain and curious reasonings. Whence they came
Thou shalt not ask; for they shall breathe an air
From upper worlds, around, that shall declare
Them sons of God, immortal ones; and thou,
Self-awed, in their mysterious presence bow;
And while thou listenest, with thy inward ear
The ocean of eternity shalt hear
Along its coming waves; and thou shalt see
Its spiritual waters, as they roll through thee.

Factitious Life, p. 81.

The lines are not quoted for the purpose of vituperation; we freely accord to them the praise of being as good as many of Byron's and half of Coleridge's. But they never can be relished by mankind, for they are spoken to the initiated few.

Πολλά μοι ὑπ' ἀγκῶ—
νος ὠκέα Βέλη
Ἐνδον ἐντὶ φαρέτρας
Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν· ἐς
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν, ἐρμηνέων
Χατίζει.

Pindar, 2d Olympic.

But something must be said; and, though we should esteem it presumption to speak for all the world, we proceed, with modest caution, to deliver our own impressions; and first impressions, too; for we have another impression that our first impressions may be reversed by the impressions of a later perusal. We begin with his faults as they strike us; to point out which, for a reviewer, is both occupation and joy.

First, then, we begin with a fault which lies on the surface. Mr. Dana's poetry, as it strikes us, is like a great green water-melon, brought in from the gardens of Roxbury or Brookline, with a pumpkin-vine twisted around it; you must clear away the incumbrance, and cut through the cold hard skin, before you can find the red slices and black seeds, which make your very mouth water to see them. In plain

* Perhaps somebody read to him a nameless epitaph, and asked him to guess, like a Yankee, who it was for, and, like a Yankee, he guessed wrong; and never got over the pangs of his pride.

words, his diction is harsh; his lines are too much broken; and an idle reader (and such are all readers of poetry) is tempted to throw away the book before he has tasted one of its beauties. Our author dislikes the school of Pope so much, that he avoids the structure of making the sense close with the couplet, with almost the same uniformity, that Pope's imitators have copied it. Hence we have continually central closes and broken lines, which may be introduced, with advantage, for variety's sake; but, when constantly used, make the lines roll like truck-wheels over the pavements. Besides, there is some little affectation in this constant structure; it is not only error but labored error. This repulsive harshness is a misfortune; for a poet wishes to strike at once. He must reach the heart through the ear. Mr. Dana's poetry is a garden, surrounded by a thorny fence, and there is no graveled walk or gate to enter it; you must hazard some scratches to enjoy its shady walks and recondite streams. A lawyer, perhaps, in teaching his science, has a right to say that his pupil "will be disappointed if he looks for entertainment without the expense of attention;" but it would be hazardous for a poet to say this. His readers are willing to be put to very little expense. In short, the difference between poetry and the more lucrative walks of learning is like the difference, with which we pursue the more precious ores and a flower; we are willing to go down into the mine for the one, in defiance of all its damps and dangers; but the other must bloom on the surface.

Connected with this fault is another, not less embarrassing to the lackadaisical reader, who loves to run over the pages of a new poet, in a few hours, reclining on a sofa; we allude to the very rapid manner in which the stream of the narrative generally flows. If the reader takes a nap or a nod in any of Mr. Dana's tales, in prose or verse, it is like a nap in a steam-boat, you have passed over unsounded depths, and have reached new scenes before you awake. He claims an agonizing attention from all his readers, for every moment of the time. He is certainly one of the worst authors to amplify and develop an idea that we have ever perused. This, perhaps, it will be said, is a part of his power. It is so. But it is rather provoking to be called to watch, with minute attention, the little links of his slender chain, as if you were studying Euclid; and to find the whole thread of the story broken, because you have slumbered over half a line. It was not until the second perusal of the *Buccaneer*, that we discovered what the Spectre-Horse had to do with the horrid visions of Matthew Lee; nor should we have *ever* discovered that the Spanish lady, who was murdered, fled from Spain in the time of Wellington's wars, by the following lines:—

A sound is in the Pyrenees!
Whirling and dark, comes roaring down
A tide, as of a thousand seas,
Sweeping both cowl and crown.
On field and vineyard, thick and red it stood.
Spain's streets and palaces are wet with blood.

And wrath and terror shake the land;
The peaks shine clear in watchfire lights;
Soon comes the tread of that stout band—
Bold Arthur and his knights.
Awake ye, Merlin! Hear the shout from Spain!
The spell is broke! Arthur is come again!—

So in the story of Tom Thornton, we have some important incidents despatched in a few words, which Richardson would have spread out over as many chapters. "The morning came and he thought of taking an eternal farewell, and the like. He lingered, and Mrs. Henley's carriage drove by. There was a familiar nod, and a smile, and his resolutions were again gone with the wind. That night he played, and lost, and grew angry almost to madness. *Then came a duel. He was wounded, and called a man of honor.*" We must say that Mr. Dana is the only writer of fictitious narratives who moves too fast for us. His speed is worse than that of the cars on the Liverpool rail-way.

But his greatest fault arises from his always writing to his *own ideal*; he seems to impute his own musings and meditations to all mankind; and writes not only *from* his own genius but *to* his own taste. Shakspeare dipped his pen in the hearts of all the characters, which the world ever exhibited; but Dana dips his pen always in his own; and his mind moves not in unison with our whole species, but with a section of our race. It is the misfortune of a peculiar man that he is never conscious of his own *idiosyncrasies*; but he thinks all mankind are, or ought to be, just like himself. Now, we can assure this author, that, in the octave of notes, through which his heart and imagination move, half of them, at least, the majority of men will not respond to; and his semi-tones very few will understand. His mind is sensitive, imaginative; prone to the indefinite and mystical; fond of the deeper tones and terrible graces; and loving the ideal images of its own creation with a rapture, in which the sons of labor and business cannot and *ought* not to join. His imagination delights to prowl in wildernesses; descend into tombs; ride on the waves, when lashed into foam; hear unearthly sounds, and see unearthly objects; and to sup full of those banquets of horror, from which unexercised minds turn away in fear, or behold with a shuddering at least equal to the delight. For such scenes, and the deep dark passions that befit them, he has such a fond partiality that he copies them too much. He has but one model, and that not a very healthful one. Mr. Dana is not the man after Shakspeare's own heart. It is remarkable of Shakspeare, that though he can rouse us with all the horrors of troubled description, yet he reserves these terrible graces for great occasions. Lady Macbeth walks in her sleep; but it is from crimes which might disturb the most obdurate mind. But Dana's characters are of that quickened sensibility that every joy is rapture; every trouble, agony; every house, a paradise; and every cavern, a tomb.

The morality which he teaches,—the secret lesson which runs through every page of his verse and prose, is, that men ought to have a keener sensibility than what now belongs to common mortals. We doubt, however, whether peopling the world with these delicate souls, these men of feeling, would promote the substantial felicity of this world beneath the moon. Though there may be truth in what he has said,

To flee from sorrow and alone to keep
The eye on happiness leaves nothing deep
E'en in our joys. To put aside in haste
The cup of grief, makes vapid to the taste.
The cup of pleasure. Think not, then, to spare
Thyself all sorrow, yet in joy to share. *Fictitious Life, p. 71.*

Yet there are so many evils in an over-cultivated imagination, that, we believe, those writers should be cautious, whose profession and whose duty should alike prompt them to lead our sensibilities from fiction to truth, and from earth to heaven.

His figures and descriptions, too, like the tenor of his tales, have the defect of being selected from too narrow a circle, and formed on one pattern. He is amazingly fond of the apostrophe; indeed, this figure seems to be to Dana what personification is to Collins; and both of them use the figure well, but they push it beyond all endurable bounds. For example, what poet but Collins would ever have thought of personifying Danger (not Fear, a quality of the heart, but a remoter quality, which produces Fear) as we find in the following lines?

Danger, whose limbs of giant mould,
What mortal eye can fixed behold?
Who stalks his round, a hideous form!
Howling amidst the midnight storm,
Or throws him on the ridgy steep
Of some loose hanging rock to sleep.

Though, by the way, the actions, which the poet has here attributed to Danger, have always to us seemed more suitable for *Courage*; and what poet but Dana would think of apostrophizing the moon when describing an outlaw in his moody hours of sadness and reflection?

Thou mild, sad mother—waning moon,
Thy last, low, melancholy ray
Shines towards him. Quit him not so soon!
Mother, in mercy, stay!
Despair and death are with him; and canst thou,
With that kind, earthward look, go leave him now?

It was once our lot to enter a clergyman's study, and pick up a loose paper of broken sentences, on which were written these words—*Beware of the sea!* and, on asking him what it could mean, he laughed heartily, and said—"I found myself too often going to the ocean for illustrations; it had become a kind of chorus to my sermons: my hearers had remarked it; and I put down this hint among others as a memento of the fault; 'Beware of the sea!'" It would be well, perhaps, if some fortunate wind had blown this paper into the study of our poet.

Yet, after all, Dana has the soul of a poet; and his verse and prose are both written with great power. He is an original; and this, in an age of imitation, and when there are so many patterns that one can scarcely write without resembling some of them, is saying a great deal. Though he has a cast of thought somewhat like Coleridge and Wordsworth, he is not an imitator of either of them; he has none of Wordsworth's puerilities, nor is he so deep in the fogs of mystification as Coleridge; he writes from a pattern, found in his own mind. He particularly excels in description. What can be more excellent than the description of a night-scene in *Tom Thornton*? it is true poetry every word of it.

He passed along the race-way. The water had left it; and the grass was growing here and there in little clumps in its gravelly bottom. Its planks and timbers, forced up, forked out like a wreck, and the huge wheel, which had parted from its axle, lay broken and aslant the chasm. He looked towards the building. The moon, which was just rising behind it, and shining through its windows, made it appear like some monster with a thousand eyes. Its door-path had grown

up, and nothing was heard but the wind passing through its empty length, and here and there the flapping of a window. He went round it, and saw at a little distance, four or five long, low buildings standing, without order, upon little hillocks, without fence or tree, or any thing near them but short withered grass.

The following, too, is very fine, though taken from our author's favorite source, the sea :—

And where the far-off sand-bars lift
 Their backs in long and narrow line,
 The breakers shout, and leap, and shift,
 And send the sparkling brine
 Into the air ; then rush to mimic strife :—
 Glad creatures of the sea, and full of life !—

The description of the blacksmith's shop, an object which most poets could make nothing of, is very graphic.

We reached a shop. No lettered sign displayed
 The owner's name, or told the world his trade.
 But on its door cracked, rusty hinges swung ;
 And there a hook or well worn horseshoe hung.
 The trough was dry ; the bellows gave no blast ;
 The hearth was cold ; no sparks flew red and fast.

Poetry often obtains its power by bringing up some simple incident, which all can recognise, and which touches, with a flash, all hearts. Every one remembers the touching incident, which Thomson has brought up, in his affecting lines on Mrs. Stanley :—

With tender art, to save a mother's groan,
 No more thy bosom presses down its own.

The incident in the last line, which all must recognize and none but Dana would have thought of, perhaps, is equally pleasing.

To pass the doors where I had welcomed been,
 And none but unknown voices hear within ;
 Strange, wondering faces at those windows see,
 Once lightly tapped, and then a nod for me !

Of the several poems, *The Changes of Home* pleases us best. It contains sentiments which must find an echo in every heart ; and has less of that strain of sentimental exaggeration, which, in the other pieces, prevails. *Factitious Life*, in our opinion, contains some false philosophy, though it shows that the author's theories accord with his practice. The whole book will always be powerful and pleasing to congenial souls. As he speaks from peculiar feelings, and sings to a peculiar section of the human race, he must be content without general applause. He is a hierophant, who speaks, and means to speak, only to the initiated few.

Life of Howard, by Mrs. J. Farrar—*Sunday Library*, vol. ii.

The writer, who furnishes us with a good life of John Howard, does to mankind a service similar in kind, though, of course, inferior in degree, to those of the great philanthropist himself. We are such creatures of imitation and made of such flexible stuff, that our characters are almost invariably moulded after some model which caught our fancy in early life. Such books as the life of Vidocq and Stephen

Burroughs, are to the philosophic observers of human life, manufactories of rogues, putting it into boys' heads to steal, lie, and cheat, and giving the charm of heroic adventure to the life of a cowardly swindler. How many apprentices have been induced to run away and go to sea, by Robinson Crusoe and Cook's Voyages! Happily, it is not to evil alone, that mankind are prone, though it is vastly easier to be bad than good. In how many young men has the spirit of religious enterprise and devoted self-sacrifice been created and sustained, by reading the lives of such men as Brainard and Henry Martyn! There is something peculiarly inspiring in the example of a great philanthropist. His vocation requires no extraordinary gifts of genius or advantages of circumstance. All men can be philanthropists if they wish to be so. The will and the power are simultaneous and nearly identical. Hence arises the almost magic influence of such men as Howard, Oberlin and Pestalozzi. Their own zeal and benevolence are transmitted with electric impulse from breast to breast, and thousands catch a glow from the divine flame that warmed and animated them.

John Howard was born about the year 1727, at Clapton, in the parish of Hackney, near London. He was born to a competent fortune, and might have lived the life of an English country gentleman, with great satisfaction to himself, and very little use to other people—shooting partridges, setting swan-traps and spring-guns for poachers, hunting foxes, riding to the assizes, and developing the beauties of the poor laws.

But Mr. Howard was a man of finer mould. His tastes were pure and simple, his habits unostentatious, and his principles strictly moral and religious. He loved books, domestic life, and rural employments. His first marriage was a striking proof of the romantic disinterestedness of his character. The lady was double his age, and he married her, by way of gratitude for her kind and motherly attentions to him during a severe illness. She died in two years afterwards. To his second wife he was fondly attached, and, during the fifteen years of their marriage, he enjoyed that perfect happiness arising from the exertions of benevolence and the best affections, cheered and supported by one who entirely sympathized with him in every taste and feeling. He was an excellent and kind landlord and master, and much beloved by his tenants and dependants. He traveled much in England and on the Continent, from motives of curiosity and the desire of improvement. He was fond of science, and was a member of the Royal Society.

The life of that Howard, whom the world has so long venerated, does not begin till he was over forty years old. He was at that time chosen Sheriff of the county of Bedford. The duty of inspecting prisons, commonly undertaken by a deputy, Mr. Howard performed in person; and the terrible condition of those under his charge, filled him with deep sensibility, and awakened in him a strong desire to remedy the evil. For this purpose, he made a tour of inspection of the prisons throughout England. Their condition at that time was as Mrs. Farrar thus describes:—

The English prisons were, for the most part, too small for the numbers they contained; they were therefore crowded; and as the windows were very few and

very small, the prisoners wanted air as well as room. They were not made secure by being well built, or by having proper walls around them, or proper guards; and therefore the prisoners were loaded with irons, to prevent their making their escape. Damp, unwholesome dungeons, many feet under ground, were used as sleeping apartments, and in many places no bedstead or bedding of any kind was allowed; not even straw was furnished; the damp earth was all the poor creatures had to lie on. Very often the prisons and yards were without any drains or sewers to carry off their moisture and filth, and without any wells or pumps within the walls; and so offensive were the cells, dungeons, and even upper apartments of such buildings, that the bad air produced a fever peculiar to prisons, and known by the name of the gaol-fever. This frequently carried off more prisoners in a year than were condemned to death by the law. It spread as rapidly as the yellow fever, and was often as fatal. Such was the terror it produced, that when it made its appearance among the wretched inhabitants of a prison, their condition was rendered worse, if possible, than ever, from the fear that was felt of approaching the infected rooms. Instead of allowing them more air and better attendance, instead of removing those evils which produced the fever, and thus giving them a chance of recovery, they were shut up still closer, and left to perish in their misery. Even the medical attendants, hired to take care of the health of the prisoners, were sometimes allowed to stipulate, that if the gaol-fever appeared among them, they (the medical men) should be excused from attending in the infected wards! It makes the heart sick to think of such a shocking state of things among beings that call themselves civilized.

If the safety of society requires that the hardened sinner, who cannot be kept in any other way from crime, should be deprived of his liberty, he ought to be securely confined; but even then he should be allowed to breathe a pure air, to eat wholesome food, to take necessary exercise; he should be comfortably lodged and clothed, and treated as a being capable of amendment.

But what shall we say when we learn that this ill usage of prisoners, at the time we are speaking of, was not confined to convicted felons; persons waiting to take their trial, and perhaps entirely innocent of the offence laid to their charge, were but too often exposed to the shocking treatment we have described, and sometimes died of the gaol-fever before they could be brought to trial.

Another class of unfortunate beings, who, in the opinion of many, ought not to be imprisoned at all, those who are unable to pay their debts, were at that time frequently shut up with the most abandoned criminals, and subjected to the miseries already described, where the gaols were not large enough to allow of their being lodged separately, or where the regulations were such, that unless the poor debtor could pay for better accommodations, he was obliged to share the felon's apartment.

It appears to have been the intention of the government that all prisoners, even condemned criminals, should have clean straw to lie upon, and good bread and water in sufficient quantity to support life; but owing to the avarice and inhumanity of those concerned in supplying them with these necessities, they were often very scantily furnished, and sometimes the bread was of a very bad quality. Those who were able to pay the gaoler an extravagant price for better food, could obtain it; but where the gaols were small and ill-constructed, money could not save a man before trial from being shut up at night, in a damp, unwholesome dungeon, with condemned criminals for his companions.

The hardships of such an imprisonment, must have been severely felt by those who were put in gaol to await their trial for offences, of which they were afterwards proved to be innocent; but what must be the feelings of a poor, penniless creature, who has thus suffered, and on being acquitted in court, thinks himself once more a free man, when he is told, that unless he can pay a heavy fee to the gaoler, and another to the turnkey, he must return to his loathsome dungeon! What indignation must he feel at such injustice and oppression! in what dreadful despair, must many have returned to their prison-house! This was the great, the crying evil of gaols, which first stirred up the benevolent spirit of Howard. He first began with thinking it peculiar to the gaol under his care, but, to his surprise and concern, he found it a very general custom.

This unjust and cruel demand, on the part of gaolers, had been so long allowed them, that they considered it as a right; and in many places it was a source of so much gain to them, that they received no salary from the county, but made their living by such extortions practised on the prisoners.

Mr. Howard now was fairly engaged in his philanthropic enterprise to which he devoted the remainder of his life. He made several tours through England and the Continent, visiting, at various times, nearly all the gaols, prisons, houses of correction, &c. in the civilized world. Though of delicate health, his strict temperance in eating and drinking enabled him to go through a great amount of labor, and preserved him unharmed in the midst of infection and death. He published in 1777 a quarto volume, entitled, "The State of the Prisons in England and Wales, with Preliminary Observations, and an account of some Foreign Prisons." In 1780 and 1784 he published a first and second appendix to the above, containing the information which he had acquired in the mean time. In the latter part of his life, his attention was called to the subject of the plague, and the management of lazarettos; and with characteristic self-devotion, he sailed from Smyrna to Venice, with a foul bill of health, in order that he might be subjected to all the regulations of the quarantine in the lazaretto, and learn them by personal observation. In 1789, he published an "Account of the principal Lazarettos in Europe, with various papers relative to the plague, together with further observations on some foreign prisons and hospitals, with additional remarks on the present state of those of Great-Britain, and Ireland."

Throughout the whole of his philanthropic labors and journeys he appears equally engaging and admirable. His character never acquired any thing of wildness or austerity. His devotion to great objects, never blunted his sensibility to individual suffering. He never omitted any opportunity to do a kindness to a human being. He never forgot, neglected, or overlooked any body. His modesty was not the least remarkable of his traits. He shunned notoriety, and when it was proposed, by his friends and admirers to raise a statue to him, he resisted it with such strong sincerity, that the design was at once abandoned. His moral courage, too, was of the highest order; and a striking instance of it may be found displayed in his interview with Joseph II. of Austria, thus related by Mrs. Farrar:—

The Emperor, Joseph II. had shown a laudable zeal in the improvement of such establishments, and Howard saw with great delight the good effects of his personal attention to these matters. On the eve of his departure from Vienna, he received an intimation that the Emperor wished for an interview with him. Knowing that the etiquette of the court required that persons presented to the sovereign should kneel before him, and having a great repugnance to such a servile act, he excused himself, on the score of leaving the city early the next morning. The Emperor disappointed him, however, by offering to receive him at the earliest hour he chose to name, and he could not escape the interview. The objectionable ceremony of kneeling was not required of this privileged philanthropist, and he had a very satisfactory conversation of two hours with the Emperor, in which he opened his mind to him on the subject of hospitals, prison discipline, &c. with the utmost freedom. He told the monarch that he had seen in his prisons many things that filled him with grief and astonishment. "The torture has been said to be abolished in your Majesty's dominions," said Howard, "but it is only so in appearance; for what is now practised is in reality worse than any other torture. Poor wretches are confined twenty feet below ground, in places just fitted to receive their bodies, and some of them are kept there for eighteen months. Others are in dungeons, chained so closely to the wall that they can scarcely move. All of them are deprived of proper consolation and religious support." Here the Emperor seemed to feel some uneasiness, and abruptly said, "Sir, in your country they hang for the slightest offences." "I grant," replied Mr. Howard, "that the multiplicity of her capital punishments is

a disgrace to England ; but as one fault does not excuse another, so neither in this case is the parallel just ; for I declare I would rather be hanged, if it were possible, ten times over, than undergo such a continuance of sufferings as the unhappy beings endure who are confined in your Majesty's prisons."

When speaking of work-houses, Mr. Howard did not forget to give the Emperor a hint of the great mischief he had done by changing the discipline of that at Ghent ; and on being asked where he had ever seen a good institution of this kind, he emphatically replied, " There *was* one at Ghent ; but not now, not now !" At this speech the monarch started, and seemed a good deal shocked, but not at all displeased with his bold reprover. On the contrary, he shook him cordially by the hand at parting, and said he had given him much pleasure. The Emperor afterwards told his minister that he was greatly pleased with Mr. Howard's visit, —that he was a man without ceremony or compliment, and that he liked him the better for it.

Mr. Howard died in his vocation. He had taken up his residence at Cherson, a Russian settlement on the Black sea, where a war with Turkey had occasioned the assembling of a large military force. Here he devoted himself to the patients in the naval and military hospitals, and mitigated, as much as possible, the horrors of war. Although it is a long quotation, we trust that our readers will not object to Mrs. Farrar's account of his sickness and death :—

After the Russians had taken Bender, the winter was so far advanced that hostile operations were suspended, and the commander of the Russian army at Bender gave permission to several of his officers to visit their friends at Cherson. The inhabitants of that place testified their joy at the success of the Russian arms, by balls and masquerades, which were attended by the officers from Bender, and the neighboring gentry. These festivities had continued but a short time when several persons were attacked with a fever which was believed to be of an infectious kind, and brought by the military from Bender. Among the number thus affected was a young lady, who resided twenty miles from the town, but who had participated in the gayeties of Cherson. The disorder soon assumed an alarming appearance ; as Mr. Howard had acquired the reputation of a skillful physician by his successful treatment of patients in the hospitals, he was earnestly requested to visit her. This he at first refused to do, alleging that he was a doctor only to the poor ; but hearing that she was in great danger, he was finally prevailed upon to attend her, and made her two visits in the latter end of December, 1789. Having prescribed what he thought proper, he returned to Cherson, leaving directions with the family, to send for him again if she grew better, of which however he had little hope. A letter informing him that his patient was improving in her health, and urging him to visit her again without loss of time, was despatched to Howard, but miscarried, and did not reach him till eight days after it was written. As soon as he received it, he resolved to go immediately. The weather was cold and tempestuous, and the rain fell in torrents. No carriage could be readily obtained, and rather than delay his visit, he mounted an old dray-horse, and proceeded as fast as he could to the residence of the lady, whom he found in a dying state. He gave her something to produce perspiration, and watched its effect by her bed-side. The malignancy of her disorder rendered the atmosphere of her room very offensive, and it was the belief of Mr. Howard that he took the fever of her, when he felt her pulse under the bed-clothes, which he did, to avoid checking her perspiration. Tired and exhausted as he must have been by his cold, wet ride of twenty miles, he was less able than usual to resist infection. The young lady died the next day, and her medical friend returned to Cherson. Two days afterwards, he was able to dine with Admiral Mordrinof, who lived a mile and a half from his lodgings. He stayed later than usual, and walked home in a cold night. He soon found himself unwell, supposed he had the gout flying about him, and prescribed for himself accordingly. The next day, however, he felt the symptoms of fever, and had recourse to an emetic, and then to his favorite remedy of James's powders. Prince Potemkin sent his physician to attend him, but his own prescriptions were never interfered with. Howard soon considered his case as hopeless of cure, and believed himself to have the same malignant disorder of which his female patient had died. The few memorandums which he made during his illness show his resignation to the will of God,

and the perfect calmness with which he looked on death. This state of mind was also strongly exhibited in his conversation with his friend Admiral Priestman, who, missing Mr. Howard's daily calls, came to inquire after his health. The sick man told him his end was approaching very fast, and, as he had many things to say to him, he was glad he had called. The Admiral supposed from this, that his friend was in a melancholy mood, and tried to turn the course of his thoughts. But Mr. Howard said, in a very impressive, yet cheerful, manner, "Priestman, you style this a dull conversation, and endeavor to divert my mind from dwelling upon *death*; but I entertain very different sentiments. Death has no terrors for me; it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure, and be assured the subject is more grateful to me than any other. I am well aware that I have but a short time to live: my mode of life has rendered it impossible that I should get rid of this fever. If I had lived as you do, eating heartily of animal food and drinking wine, I might perhaps, by altering my diet, be able to subdue it. But how can such a man as I am lower his diet, who has been accustomed for years to live on vegetables and water, a little bread and a little tea? I have no method of lowering my nourishment, and therefore I must die. It is such jolly fellows as you, Priestman, who get over these fevers." He next spoke of his funeral, and of the place where he wished to be interred. "There is a spot," said he, "near the village of Dauphigny; this would suit me nicely; you know it well, for I have often said that I should like to be buried there; and let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral; nor any monument, nor no monumental inscription whatsoever to mark where I am laid; but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten."

The spot thus selected for the grave of the philanthropist was situated in the grounds of a French gentleman who had shown him much friendship, during his residence in Cherson, and he now pressed the Admiral to hasten and secure it for him. This he at last reluctantly did. During his absence, Mr. Howard received a letter from a friend in England, who had lately seen his son, and thought his health improved. Thomasson read it to him, for he was too ill to read it himself: it affected him deeply, and he repeatedly charged Thomasson to tell his son,* if ever he were restored to reason, how much and how fervently he had prayed for his happiness, during this last illness. When Admiral Priestman returned to tell him he had executed his commission, his countenance brightened, and he testified his satisfaction and gratitude. He then handed the Admiral the letter from England; and when his friend had finished reading it, he turned his languid head on his pillow, and said, "Is not this comfort for a dying father?" He then expressed a repugnance to being buried according to the rites of the Greek church, and begged the Admiral not only to prevent all interference from the Russian priests, but himself to read the burial-service of the church of England over his body. This was his last request, and nearly the last words he spoke. He died on the morning of the 20th of January, 1790, verifying the Scripture testimony, that "the end of the good man is peace."

His funeral was not suffered to be so private as he had wished. A long train of carriages and of horsemen followed his body to the spot, which he had chosen for his interment, and between two and three thousand persons accompanied it on foot. A small brick pyramid, instead of a sun-dial, was erected over the grave, and is still pointed out to travelers as a memorial, of which even the rude inhabitants of Tartary are proud.

We have heretofore spoken of Mr. Howard[†]: It remains for us only to do justice to his biographer. It is a beautifully written and most attractive work; such as no one, we think, who had read the first page, would lay down till he had finished it. The style is easy, simple, and flowing—the sentiments and reflections always excellent and frequently beautiful. It is full of admiration of Howard's remarkable qualities, but free from extravagance. It is a valuable addition to our literature, and we hope that Mrs. Farrar will often employ her pen in thus making virtue lovely, and religion beautiful.

* He never recovered his senses, but died in the Asylum at Leicester, in 1799.

The Martyr's Triumph: Buried Valley: and other Poems. By Grenville Mellen.

"Gentle reader," can you tell us "what is poetry,"—or, more intelligibly speaking, what poetry is? Read the book whose title is our text, and then tell us whether what we are about to say is true.

We say, then, that *fine sentiment*, or wise maxims, or the utterance of important truth, does not constitute poetry. The most prosaic man that ever felt his gorge rise at the idea of poetry, on whose birth the Muses frowned and Apollo scowled, can utter "wise saws and modern instances," laud virtue to the skies, and be the very priest of truth. On the mere ground of his moral precepts and Christian principles, Mr. Mellen cannot, therefore, be considered a poet. He may be, and we think he shows himself to be, an excellent man,—and for this we respect him; but to prove him any thing more, these facts are inadmissible.

We say that *verse* is not poetry: that a man may write volumes of metrical composition, quartos of rhyme, and folios of blank verse, and be no more like a poet than Vulcan was like Phœbus. The puerile

"Ener, mener, moner, mite,
Barce-lona, bona, strike,"

is both *rhythm* and *rhyme*, as some writers would call it; but who calls it poetry?

One of the pages of Mr. Mellen's book says—

"We dedicate a holier shrine
Than temples years have made divine;
In them the heathen knees did bow,
But hearts are bent before Thee now."

But who calls that verse poetry? If versification and the jingle of rhyme were poetry, however, we might deny the poetical character of the book, which we are noticing, on the ground of its countless sins against harmony, both in the measure and in the rhymes.

In the first stanza "on" and "warn" are brought into unnatural union as brother sounds. Then we find "shapes" and "breaks;" "charm" and "calm;" "palm" and "warm;" "ye" and "sky;" "steps" and "depths;" and countless others, which offend the ear most unpardonably.

In stanza 25th, occurs this couplet, of which the last verse should be an Alexandrine of twelve feet:—

"And horrid spectres flit about his head,
Turning night's very darkness *hideously red!*"

On pages 67—8—9, are found the following monosyllabic violations of the laws of measure:—

"My eye could not but look, and my ear hear."
"Wealth that once made some poor vain heart grow light."
"And they did seem to lie there like two gems."
"One hope—one kiss,—and that not yet quite cold."
"I stood—I shrieked—and laugh'd—and yet no voice
"That I could hear, came in my, &c."

"As I have felt on earth, in my sick hours."

"To those who know the wo of a scath'd brain."

All these occur in the "Dream of the Sea," within the compass of three pages. The author makes his hero say,—

— "my soul grew mad with visions!"

—but he ought to have said—"my soul grew mad with monosyllables;" at all events, every reader will say so.

We deem it our duty to say further, that *bad grammar* is not poetry; but that, if it were, the "Poems" would rank exceedingly high. Faults of this description, whether they betray haste, intentional error in order to accommodate the making of a stanza, or ignorance, are, in our days, unpardonable. Let Shakspeare be forgiven for such things; but let not modern poets imitate his errors, unless they can compare with him in every other particular. Poetic license is not allowed to overleap all law.

To show the merit of the "Poems" in this respect, we will bring forward some passages.

"Sat with his Master when he *break* the bread." p. 19.

"Lo! the *same* voice _____
"As marks _____ &c. —" p. 20.

"*Same*" and "*as*" are not co-relatives.

_____ the altar side

"Was shook, &c." p. 23.

"_____ in uplifting song.
The angels' old *rejoice*!" p. 36.

This use of the verb "*rejoice*" as a noun, seems to be as great a favorite with our author, as it is a breach of grammar. On page 289, we are told of a "*terrible rejoice*" which broke, not the heart of Lindley Murray, but the White Hills.

The adjective "*blue*," is, in various instances, used, or rather, abused, as a noun synonymous with sky.

"They" [the stars] "*bury* all their glories in *the blue*;" p. 112.

"As though a red sun-set blush'd over *the blue*." p. 124.

"And they gladly soar to *the blue* away." p. 127.

On page 114, we are told of the "*gauntlet* hand of iron Time." The author speaks of friends as "*sweet messengers which* &c." as though in poetry the matter of gender were wholly beneath consideration.

We were once prosaic enough to believe that, even in verse, active verbs ought to be coupled with objective cases, and that neuter verbs had no government over substantives. But, alas for our ignorance! behold how wofully we were mistaken. Apostrophizing the White Hills, the Poet says,—

"Oh mountain land! &c. _____

How deeply now _____
_____, would I rejoice
To see thee *lifting* on my waken'd eye!" p. 269.

. Lifting what? We sought in vain to discover what.

So again, on page 272,—

“ But ye, ye mountains *lifting* to the stars, ”

and the third time, on page 272,—

“ With its immortal voice *uplifts* aloud.”

We also find another verb equally misapplied:—

“ And first the clear-eyed moon *unbars*
From yonder peak, &c.— ” p. 280.

On page 286, we find a specimen of the verb neuter, dragged from its usual unpretending and solitary sphere into the proper place and office of the verb active, and stationed at the head and front of a whole stanza of dependent substantives, like an orderly sergeant at the head of a band of militia:—thus

“ I stood — *as on* the summit of the world —
The gray rocks of the sky, &c.”

It passes our dull powers of conception, to form an idea of such an operation, or of those strange “ sky rocks.” But the most wonderful of these perversions of language, is found in the subjoined couplet.

“ And, Stranger, not yon hallowed *ground*
That heaves that lowly cottage round ! &c.”

from which it appears that New-Hampshire ground plays the very deuce with the cottages that stand upon it. Compared with this *heaving* operation, the great slide of the White Hills was a mere joke.

So much for grammatical claims to poetry.

We proceed to remark, that poetry does not consist in obscurity of ideas, inflated language, or extraordinary modes of expressing ordinary ideas. And before adducing passages from Mr. Mellen's poems to illustrate these faults, we will utter one sober protest against the prevailing sin of American versifiers,—turgid style,—“ loud swelling words of vanity,” used as the drapery of ideas, which are so insignificant as to be absolutely crushed beneath the wordy burden imposed upon them. In this one book there are more instances of this error than ought to exist in the whole circle of our country's literature.

We quote the very first stanza in the volume, as an illustration. It is an apostrophe to conscience.

“ Voice of the viewless spirit ! that hast rung
Through the still chambers of the human heart
Since our first parents in sweet Eden sung
Their low lament in tears,—thou voice, that art
Around us, and above us, sounding on
With a perpetual echo—'t is on thee,
The ministry sublime to wake and warn !—
Full of that high and wondrous Deity
That called existence out from chaos' lonely sea !”

If this be not “ *Vox et præterea nihil*,” what is it ?

In the 10th stanza of the same poem, are the following singular lines:—

“ ————— deep sabbath of the noon,
When from the heated hills there wavering goes
A summer incense up, and the bowed bloom
Recoils beneath the withering repose.”

When we read on the 13th page

“ ——— above, he hears
‘ In reason’s ear’ the *Constellations* call
Each to her bright-eyed sister, ——— ”

we could not restrain our laughter at the ludicrous idea of *Miss Ursa Major* (the great she bear) calling out “to her bright-eyed sister,” little *Miss Ursa Minor*!

And how, think you, gentle reader, does the poet describe the hanging of Judas? Why, thus,

“ To launch the unsilenced spirit to the wandering air ! ”

At the crucifixion, it is said,

“ And through the world the trampling earthquake went,
Telling the tidings to the universe ! ”

On the conversion of St. Alban, we are informed that he saw heavenly visions, which

“ Came through the vista of archangels’ wings.”

But the apostrophe, that most difficult of all rhetorical figures, seems to be our poet’s favorite bantling. Hear how he, after due congée to his vapory friends, apostrophizes the clouds :—

“ Ye posters of the wakeless air ! ”

“ Is not he,” says the *North-American Review* of January, 1832, “ who thus apostrophizes the clouds, quite as extravagant as the Spanish poet who calls a star ‘ burning doubloon of the Celestial Bank ? ’ *Doblon ardiente del celeste banco !* ”

In a dialogue of lovers, we are told that

———— “ whispered words,
Come noiseless as our pulses: ——— ”

But the *voice of Silence* beats lovers’ voices, as Jack Downing says, “ all to rags.” Page 287 informs us that there rose a chorus, and that

“ It was the *voice of silence—at its ocean chime !* ”

The author, lest this beautifully lucid idea should be lost to some dull prosy dog of a reviewer, has appended to his poem the following luminous note :—

“ The ‘ silent candidate,’ as some one [?] has *admirably* expressed it, that may be identified with what is called ‘ *wringing* [query, ringing] *in the ears,*’ which every one will remember to have experienced as the consequence of intense silence.”

Truly, we learn something new daily. In our school-boy experience we have found “ intense silence ” frequently *follow* “ wringing the ears ; ” but we now make the novel discovery that silence produces the “ wringing.”

We forbear the copying of additional passages, and will relieve our dull remarks by a criticism of Professor Longfellow, from the *Review* referred to.

“ Instead of ideas, they (our poet’s) give us merely the signs of ideas. They erect a great bridge of words, pompous and imposing, where there is hardly a drop of thought to trickle beneath.”

Mr. Mellen certainly has ideas, and good ideas, and, what is of more value, good moral sentiments, and we respect him as a man of talent and virtue; but, with due humility, we cannot consider him a poet, nor allow the error of his appearing as such in print to go unrebuked. We fear that, in his own language,

" His ear *grew mad* with harmony,
And his soul *ran wildering* to a strain,"
We hope it ne'er will try again !

His book exhibits none of the three characteristics of the divine art ;—neither invention, charm of manner, nor inspiration. It does not seem to have fulfilled either of the great objects of composition,—the display of truth newly discovered, or the presentation of truths already known, in a novel form. It will throw no light upon any ordinary mind, nor excite in any bosom that thrill of feeling which is always a safe test of poetic power. We commend it, therefore, to its Lethean and inevitable destiny.

A Memoir of Zerah Colburn; written by himself. Containing an Account of the first Discovery of his remarkable Powers; his Travels in America and Residence in Europe; a History of the various Plans devised for his Patronage; his Return to this Country, and the Causes which led him to his present Profession; with his peculiar Methods of Calculation.

We consider this one of the most *extraordinary* works which has ever emanated from the American press. Possessed in extreme youth of great mathematical powers, Zerah Colburn excited, from his really wonderful calculations, a great degree of interest. Twenty years ago, he was considered the most remarkable phenomenon of the age—an eighth wonder of the world. Carried round the country by his father for exhibition, he received a great deal of attention; men of worth and character were desirous that his talents, improved by education, should be of some use to the world. But he left this country for a number of years, and was forgotten. Unmindful that he is not still the wonderful boy that he was twenty years ago—that many of those, who then were willing to assist him, have left this world for another—puffed up with overmuch vanity, from the notice then taken of him, he has *written his life*. He seems to have imagined that the public were actually in a state of excitement on his account; and though he frankly acknowledges, at the end of his book, that a desire of making money prompted him to write his life, yet he talks all the way through the work, as if he did it only to confer an obligation on others, and to relieve the anxiety, which, in his opinion, they have felt. We must confess that we think he has made a mistake in saying that he does not " imagine himself to be the first of the manifestations of the power of the Deity;" after reading his *Life*, we should never have imagined that he had any doubt of it.

Zerah Colburn was born in the town of Cabot, Vermont, on the 1st day of September, 1804. When about six years of age, his remarkable faculty first began to develope itself. As he was playing among the chips in the shop of his father, (who was a joiner,) he was suddenly

heard to say to himself—5 times 7 are 35—6 times 8 are 48, &c. Upon this, his father wisely “concluded that something unusual had actually taken place;” and, as appears from the facts, thence resolved that this faculty of multiplication should be of some use to him. He immediately carried Zerah round for exhibition and patronage. After going to different places in Vermont and New-Hampshire, he proceeded to Boston, where the boy soon attracted much notice. Mr. Colburn appears to have been always trying to make the best bargain for himself. Many persons offered to bring up and educate his son free of expense, but this did not suit his purposes. “The friends of science, connected with Dartmouth College, desired to retain the boy and educate him. Dr. Wheelock, President of that Institution, made a very generous offer, intending to take upon himself the care and expense of his studies; and,” continues our author, “it may be no more than a reasonable supposition that, if Mr. Colburn had acceded to these kind overtures, his wishes would have been eventually fulfilled.” If we may judge from his actions, what his wishes were, we do not believe that, by taking such a course, they would have been fulfilled. A foolish desire of displaying his really wonderful son,—as if it were by any merit of his, that he was so,—and a wish to make money, were evidently his ruling motives. He was possessed of an idea that it was the absolute duty of others to support the boy, because he had a genius;—not that talents were given him for the good of mankind, but to increase their burdens. If we knew nothing about him except from his son’s account, we should judge him to have been, in plain terms, the most impudent beggar of whom we have ever heard;—that is, if *he* may be called a beggar who makes a demand and not a request. Several liberal gentlemen, in Boston, thinking that the boy’s mathematical talent might, if properly cultivated, become of great benefit, and understanding the disposition of the father “to feather his own nest,” offered to raise \$5,000, either by exhibition or subscription;—\$2,500 to be given to the father, if he would relinquish all claim to the boy, and \$2,500 to be applied to the education of the latter, under their own direction.* This offer was, most unaccountably, not acceded to; and after neglecting similar ones from other quarters, thus exciting much anger at his impudence and foolishness, he embarked for England;—not forgetting, before he went, to *demand* assistance again, from those very gentlemen, whose liberality he had once refused. They landed at Liverpool May 11, 1812, and proceeded immediately to London. The fame of the boy, though not the character of the father, had preceded them; and they found here,—as they did every where else before they became known,—friends exceedingly liberal. Many projects were started by men, by no means of little note, such as Davy, Mackintosh, &c.—and as promptly rejected, for no assignable cause. We will here remark, that there is an evident desire, on the part of the author, to throw the blame of all his father’s foolish conduct on his advisers and friends—preferring to have

* For the information of our readers, we must state that the story, as here told, though bad enough, is much more favorable to Mr. Colburn than any which we have before heard. We do not suppose the Autobiographer to be guilty of an intentional misrepresentation;—he probably tells it as it was told to him;—but common report at the time, 1811, attributed conduct to his father with reference to this transaction, for which he would find it much more difficult to make an excuse.

him stupid by other people's advice, rather than his own will—a species of ingratitude which we cannot sufficiently blame; and a statement which we do not believe. Expensive rooms were hired, and an exhibition opened in London. Not succeeding according to his wish, he went to Dublin, Edinburgh, &c.; but without any better success. We find him continually complaining of those, who interested themselves for him, because they did not accomplish more. A portrait of the boy was taken, and many copies sold at a guinea each. He acknowledges that money was made by this; and it is the only occasion, on which he does not complain of ill success and poverty; though continually boasting of such visiters as would not be likely to see him want. Encouraged by the success of this enterprise, a committee was appointed to obtain subscriptions for a memoir; though, as the author wisely and modestly remarks, “it must take a genius indeed to write a memoir of three years of a boy's life, which should be worth eight dollars, *even if that boy was Zerah Colburn.*” “Concluding, after this unavailing attempt, that no efficient patronage was to be expected,” they left London for Paris, in the month of July, 1814. Here, after exhibition, the like proposals were made for publishing his life, with like encouragement. The failure of it is attributed, by the author, only to the frivolity of the French people, as gravely as if any one ever weighed the matter a moment before refusing. Mr. Colburn, with his characteristic want of judgement, engaged a dwelling at the rent of 2,000 francs per annum, and purchased furniture to the amount of 1600 more. With the author, we are at a loss to discover the meaning of this expenditure. After being examined before the Institute, through the interest of Washington Irving, he was placed, at the expense of the government, at the Royal College, founded by Napoleon, and formerly called after him. “The prospect was now more flattering than it had ever been before, for Zerah Colburn to receive such an education as would qualify him, if education could do it, to be useful in the scientific world.” Yet, after staying here less than a year, his father removed him again to England, where he *expected* to have a more advantageous offer. In this, however, he was mistaken. He repeated, therefore, the *begging* course, and obtained patronage from the Earl of Bristol, who, at his own expense, placed Zerah at the Westminster School. The son being thus provided for, the father began to look out for himself; and we have an evidence how soon an honest man may become degraded to a knave, by following a degrading profession. Being in pecuniary difficulty, Mr. Colburn scrupled not to inform the old subscribers to the memoir of his son, that it was already in press, when not a line of it was yet in manuscript. Failing of obtaining, by this means, the support in idleness which he wished, he withdrew his son, as a *whole boarder*, from Westminster, and was thus able to appropriate a part of the money to his own use. The Earl of Bristol having done every thing, which a father could have done for a child, for the support of Zerah, even to providing a place for his residence during the vacations, had left the country for Germany. Dreading, probably, the influence of Mr. Colburn over his son, and not well pleased at the distribution made of his bounty, he wrote over to England to have Zerah taken from Westminster and placed under a private instructor, offering to Mr. Colburn, who

complained of this new arrangement, £50 a year for his own support. This, however, he would not accept, but removed his son from Westminster, and was thrown upon the world again. Imagining that his son had a taste for the stage, though there is no evidence that he had ever displayed any talent for such a pursuit, he engaged a tutor for him in this profession. As might have been expected, he had no success. The son then turned author, and began to write dramatic pieces;—of five, which he composed, none were ever either acted or printed. After lingering in extreme poverty for two years, “the boy,”—as he continues to call himself through the work,—began to be a schoolmaster. In the course of these two years, Zerah was sent on some message,—he does not tell what, but probably some impudent demand,—to Basil Montague, Esq. who had assisted them with money to a great extent. Whatever it may have been, “it was evidently displeasing to his former friend,” who, to use the phrase of the author, “formally ejected him from his tenement;” or, in other words, as may be supposed, “kicked him out.” We can only wonder that the same exemplary punishment was not bestowed on both father and son, in numberless other instances. In December, 1822, Mr. Colburn died; and it would have been a happy circumstance for the son, if this had happened many years before. The son soon returned to America, where he has since remained,—*teaching and preaching*.

We should have some compunction at expressing ourselves as we feel, after having read this Life, had it been written by any one but the hero of it. As it is, we consider ourselves perfectly authorized to say what we please, and to signify our indignation. From his own account, Zerah Colburn has lost all the talent which he ever had. He shows himself to be ungrateful for the efforts of his friends, by the complaints which he is continually urging upon them for not doing more. He seems to have followed his father's practice; and, after receiving money several times from the Earl of Bristol, complains of not having had answers to two or three letters to him, which, we think ourselves authorized in concluding, were applications of the same sort. He is now a Methodist minister, and if his sermons are written in no better style than his book, we pity his *parishioners*. His father, in order to make a fortune by the exhibition of one son, left a wife and five other children, for ten years, without contributing in the least to their support. He was, therefore, by his own son's account, a bad husband and a bad father. The circumstances related of him, show him to have been a beggar of the most impudent character—wanting in judgment—always a fool—and, finally, a knave. And all these terms—except the last, of which we cannot accuse him—apply equally well to the son.

At the close of the volume, the author explains the mode of mental operation, by which he answered the questions in mathematics, when a child. The process is simple, but the disclosure will not, probably, enable others to carry on the operations in the same manner and with like facility. The power of calculation with such rapidity is a peculiar gift, or talent, which has been rarely bestowed; we should more properly say the power in question was a gift—for it seems that even Zerah Colburn has lost the possession, or, at least, the capacity to apply it to any useful purpose. There are, also, at the end of the

book, "a few pieces in rhyme," but they will not gain immortality for their author.

On the whole, we are sorry that Zerah Colburn has published his *Life*. For him, we feel less respect than before we read it, and for his father, unutterable contempt.

Introductory Discourse, delivered before the American Institute of Instruction, at Boston, August 22, 1833. By William Sullivan, one of the Officers of the Institution.

Mr. Sullivan states, in the first paragraph of his Discourse, its subject, which is an inquiry into the means, by which intelligence and happiness may be promoted. The consideration of this subject, involves an answer to the question, "In what manner should an American youth be educated?" The proper education of an American youth may comprise, 1st. Whatsoever pertains to his person as an animal being; 2d. Whatsoever belongs to the development and use of his understanding; 3d. Whatsoever belongs to the motives, and to the object of all the acts, which he may justly do; 4th. Whatsoever is involved in the duties of a citizen, in a free popular government. These subjects are then dwelt upon at considerable length and with much ability. Many evils are pointed out in our present system of education. Among these are the neglect of moral and religious principles, and an inordinate respect for wealth, rank, and station. The future prospects of our own country are touched upon, our duties with regard to slavery and the stand which young men are taking in society. A variety of other topics is introduced, and many valuable reflections made. The discourse is the work of a man who observes and thinks much; is liberal and patriotic in its spirit; and highly moral and religious in its tone. The following paragraphs are striking and just:—

By what means national perils, and sufferings can be averted, met, or remedied, and by what means the highest degree of security, and happiness may be had in a nation, must depend on human agency to some extent. But the wisest agents, in the space of time in which they can exercise power, can rarely foresee all the consequences of the measures, which they may order, or accomplish.* It might be an instructive inquiry to Americans, who have far more power to order and accomplish, for their own good, than any people have ever had, to study the course of social action, and to learn how this has been over-ruled, by the power that can order, and accomplish, throughout the long series of ages. An example may be found in the question, what the fanatical warfare, which begun with the thirteenth century, had to do with the rational liberty and equality, which are now practically known to the people of the United States? The military genius, the powers of sovereignty, the physical force, and the riches of Europe were then suddenly devoted to the remote and impracticable purpose of expelling the Saracens from the Holy Land. This was a surprising change from the desolating feudal warfare, mingled with barbarous magnificence, and abject vassalage, which had constituted, for ages, the principal elements of society. The human purpose, in this case, arose from a perverted and absurd sense of religious duty. The Divine purpose seems to have been, to change the condition of society, by giving new and better objects of desire to the human mind. Among the unforeseen consequences of the Holy Wars, as they are called, were more expanded views arising from the collisions of able minds, the enlightening and refining influences of commerce, the accidental discovery of the long-forgotten, and still admirable code

* It is somewhere said, that civil government is only a course of expedients; each day bringing its own evils, which, in each day, must be remedied, if they can be; and that a statesman must content himself with doing this, if he can. But this ought not to be considered so, in this country.

of Roman Law, and an ardent devotion to improving the human understanding. The paralyzing reign of the Roman Hierarchy was soon felt to be wrong and oppressive. In this state of feeling, some men, and eminently so *Luther*, secured to themselves an enduring fame by showing the way to break from their allegiance to the Roman Church. Here the human purpose seems to have been no more, than to escape from one sort of creed and worship, to establish others, hardly preferable, and still under a despotism not less severe than that which was repelled. The Divine purpose seems to have been, however, unperceived by the agents of that day, still further to advance the knowledge of human power, duty, and welfare; and that out of the afflictive tyranny of these days, should arise, the satisfying conception, that men can govern themselves, in their own right; and that hereditary right to rule, is unnatural and absurd. Who they were who first so conceived, and by what wonderful patience, exertion, and perseverance, this truth has become the fundamental law of our country, is the honorable distinction of American history. It may be hoped that the Divine, and the human purpose, have in our case united, and that we shall be able to prove ourselves worthy of the trust which has been thus reposed in us.

It may be said, that the Divine, and the human purpose, can never accord, since the one runs through all duration of time, while the latter must be limited to a generation, or even to a day. Looking back through historical periods, this may seem to be so. Thus it may be asked, what human prescience could have given the intimation, that the present state of Europe might be, what it is now known to be; and if its liability to be what it is, could have been discerned, what human wisdom could have made it otherwise? Could any one have foreseen, that what are called the triumphs of genius in glorious war, in science, in commerce, in manufacturing industry; or the proud honors of royalty, renowned ancestry, religious devotion, ecclesiastical dignity, and national grandeur, might, in any lapse of time, bring any nation to the verge of social dissolution, threatening to reduce all that ages have been cementing, to first elements, in a single convulsion? What a state of society must that be, in which hereditary claims, long accustomed habits, the interests and prejudices of priesthood, pride, character, craving want, accumulated riches, the sense of intolerable oppression, and brutal notions of liberty, are liable to mingle at any moment, in desolating conflict! Such condition may be consistent with the Divine purpose, as some better condition may come from what seems to be appalling evil; and yet, who can doubt, that if human wisdom, and just regard for the future, had been, heretofore, applied, that such would not have been the state of any European people.

Address delivered before the Horticultural Society of Maryland, at its First Annual Exhibition, June 12, 1833, by John P. Kennedy.

This is a neatly, prettily written discourse, with but one striking fault, and that is the want of a general subject. The author's purpose seems not to have been to discuss any individual topic, but to write a gentlemanly address, which should contain something flattering to the taste of each class of his hearers. This whole discourse is what the prince of orators said the exordium of every discourse ought to be,—a *captatio benevolentiae*. He judiciously commences by complimenting those who decorated the hall,—now “a wilderness of sweets,”—“a charmed grotto.” In this *wilderness* or *grotto* are assembled many of his “fair towns-women, of whom it is no flattery to say, that their far-renowned beauty is the least of their attractions;” and a courtly page of smooth words is dutifully dealt out to *them*. The author then proceeds in the following recondite terms to state the fact, of which his hearers, probably, were not previously aware, that they had assembled early in June.

“Spring has just fallen into the arms of summer: the freshest green is on the fields: the deepest shade is in the grove: the balmy air breathes of rural enjoyment: fruits and flowers are found united in the gardens; and all that spring can furnish of the beautiful, is mingled with much that summer can supply of

the delicious. The physical frame of man is yet unexhausted by prolonged heats: the timely and frequent shower yet refreshes the face of earth, and no parching drought, at this season, deforms the landscape: Vertumnus has successively discarded his various disguises, and has won the prudish Pomona, and Flora is close in the train of the wedded pair."

From the fact that this is the first public exhibition of the Society, Mr. Kennedy next takes occasion to speculate on the principle of *association*. He next compliments the Baltimore gardeners on their natural advantages, their industry and their success. The Maryland Agricultural Society next receives a doubtless well-deserved panegyric; which is followed by a flattering recognition of the public spirit which prompted the formation of the Society, which he addresses. Having thus filled up just half of the address, he occupies the greater part of the remaining half in discussing the "design of every well-regulated Horticultural Society," which he states to be "two-fold,—first, to explore and develop the useful properties of plants; and, secondly, to supply the means of procuring and multiplying the rare and beautiful vegetable productions of nature." On these subjects, he makes many interesting remarks, in a lively, pure, and fascinating style. The occasion required him to magnify the dignity and importance of the horticulturist's office, which he does, in a strain so fulsome as to become occasionally rather ridiculous. This is the case with the following passage, the conclusion of which is no mean specimen of the *mock sublime*.

"It has been said, by some impassioned epicure, that that man is entitled to the thanks of his country, who invents a new dish. If such should be his glory, how much more signal should be the fame of the man, who, by discovering a new and savory material, should lay the foundation of twenty dishes!—who, instead of spending his genius upon another mode of combining and concocting the already known elements of good living, carries his research into the field of unexplored aliment, and brings into the kitchen some unheard-of, rich, flavorful, and healthful nutriment. What renown would await the gardener or the herbalist, who should succeed in transplanting to our soil, or who should discover, in the mould of our forests, that most boasted of all European condiments—that matchless and priceless flavorer of soups, pasties, and ragouts—that most catachrestical dainty, of which it glorifies a man to be able even to speak in our country,—since it shows that he has had the benefit of the Trans-Atlantic tour—I mean the famous truffle! Truly, that man's name should be well remembered! I can imagine with what sincere affection it would be lauded by the hungry man who sate himself down, for the first time, to a repast where this rare seasoner lent its flavor to the viands: how acute and pleasant would be the recognition of the man of nicely adjusted palate at the same banquet: how thankfully the invalid, with sickly and sated taste, would express his sense of the benefaction, when he found it reviving, stimulating and charming his jaded and capricious palate. These, I repeat, although they concern our sensual enjoyments, and furnish appliances to our baser desires, are, nevertheless, no mean glories. They contribute innocent allurements to beguile man from the knowledge of the weariness of his earthly pilgrimage; and they corroborate and fortify his body, by giving him health, and strength, and cheerfulness, and content—the better to enable him to discharge those higher and more noble offices which belong to his condition as a thinking, aspiring, and accountable being."

There is nothing in the style or sentiments of this address, which demands further notice. It has many merits; but a hundred orations of equal merit, are, doubtless, issued every year from the American press.

POLITICS AND STATISTICS.

MAINE.

Bowdoin College. The commencement at Bowdoin College took place on Wednesday, September 4. The graduating class consisted of twenty-seven. President Allen officiated, and delivered the oration before the Phi Beta Kappa Society on the following day. On the day preceding Commencement, an oration was delivered before a Literary Society by Dr. S. G. Howe, of Boston.

Elections. The state elections were held the first week in September, and resulted in the election of Robert P. Dunlap, for Governor. The members of Congress elect and a majority of the members of the Legislature are of the administration party in politics.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

Dartmouth College. The Commencement exercises of Dartmouth College took place August 21, when the degree of A. B. was conferred on twenty-six young gentlemen. An oration was delivered before the Alumni of the College in the evening, by the Rev. Dr. Dana, of Newburyport, which is represented as being of a superior character.

VERMONT.

The general election of state officers in Vermont was held the first week in September. William A. Palmer, the Antimasonic candidate for governor was re-elected, and the entire Antimasonic ticket for counsellors, and a large portion of that of representatives to the Legislature also succeeded by a considerable majority.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Harvard University. The commencement at this ancient literary institution took place on the 28th of August. The degree of A. B. was conferred on about fifty graduates—that of A. M. on nineteen, in course. The degree of M. D. was accorded to eleven graduates of the Medical School, and that of Bachelor of Laws to four of the students of the Law School. None of the higher honorary degrees were conferred.

The annual meeting of the Phi Beta Kappa was held on the 29th of August.

The Poem was delivered by Professor Longfellow, of Bowdoin College, and was distinguished by a judicious union of the lively and serious. After giving a rapid and brilliant sketch of the intellectual characteristics of what are called the dark ages, he entered into a still more interesting one of the peculiarities of our own. The prevailing modes of education afforded him opportunities for satire, which were not lost; and he concluded with a fine poetical display of the great moral objects, which all intellectual education is intended to subserve. The performance was, throughout, calculated to raise the reputation which had been previously acquired by its author. The Oration was by the Hon. Edward Everett. A considerable portion of his address was extemporaneous. The effects of education upon the social condition and the mind were illustrated with singular felicity; and the concluding passages, in which he dwelt upon the situation of Greece, from the period of her highest glory to her present regenerated state, were equally eloquent and beautiful. The audience followed the orator with admiration, and evidently shared his own enthusiasm.

Williams College Commencement was held on the 21st of August. The degree of A. B. was conferred on twenty-five young gentlemen, and the honorary degree of D. D. upon Rev. William Cogswell, Secretary of the American Education Society. Rev. John Whiton, of Salem, N. Y., and Rev. Emerson Davis, of Westfield, were elected members of the board of trustees. The prospects of the Institution, it is said, were never better—twenty were admitted at the commencement, which number will be at least doubled at the beginning of the term.

Amherst College. The Commencement Exercises at Amherst College, on the same day, were very interesting, and were witnessed by an unusually large company. The Oration by Hon. A. H. Everett, is represented as a very learned discussion of the question of the extent and perfectibility of social improvement, occupying one hour and a

half in the delivery. Thirty-seven graduates received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. The admissions to the next Freshmen Class indicate a highly prosperous state of the Institution. Forty-five have been admitted, which number it was calculated would be increased to nearly one hundred at the commencement of the next term.

Dedication. The Seamen's Bethel, recently erected in Boston by the Boston Port Society, was dedicated on the 4th of September. The usual religious services were performed, on the occasion. The following original Hymn, by the Rev. Mr. Pierpont, formed a part of them:—

Thou, who on the whirlwind ridest,
At whose word the thunder roars,
Who, in majesty, presidest
O'er the oceans and their shores;
From those shores, and from the oceans,
We, the children of the sea,
Come to pay thee our devotions,
And to give this house to thee.

When, for business on great waters,
We go down to sea in ships,
And our weeping wives and daughters
Hang, at parting, on our lips,
This, our Bethel, shall remind us
That there 's One who heareth prayer,
And that those we leave behind us
Are a faithful pastor's care.

Visions of our native highlands,
In our wave-rocked dreams embalmed,
Winds that come from spicy islands
When we long have lain becalmed,
Are not to our souls so pleasant
As the offerings we shall bring
Hither, to the Omnipresent
For the shadow of his wing.

When in port, each day that 's holy,
To this house we 'll press in throngs;
When at sea, with spirit lowly,
We 'll repeat its sacred songs.
Outward bound, shall we, in sadness,
Lose its flag behind the seas;
Homeward bound, we 'll greet, with gladness,
Its first floating on the breeze.

Homeward bound!—with deep emotion,
We remember, Lord, that life
Is a voyage upon an ocean,
Heaved by many a tempest's strife.
Be thy statues so engraven
On our hearts and minds, that we,
Anchoring in Death's quiet haven,
All may make our home with thee.

Ship Building at Medford. The vessels built here are all of superior quality, and always hold the first rank in the market. The first vessel launched in Medford, was built, we believe, by T. Magoun, Esq. in the year 1803. The first ship was launched July 20th, of the following year, and called the "Medford." Since that period, the number has been continually increasing, with the increase of commerce, varying somewhat in particular years according

to the demand. The whole number of vessels built at Medford since 1803, is about two hundred, one half of which were first-rate ships. The remainder were brigs and schooners. During the past three years, the number of vessels built has been much greater than for the same space of time at any former period. There are now five yards in operation, presenting a scene of stirring industry highly gratifying to all who take an interest in the prosperity of this branch of "domestic manufactures." One gentleman, Mr. Magoun, (the same mentioned above, as having built the first vessel) builds under cover of a ship-house sufficiently large to contain two ships, which is generally full—one being no sooner launched than another is commenced.

Boston Post Office. It appears from a statement made by the Assistant Post Master, showing the necessity of enlarging the Post Office, that, for the quarter ending June 30, 1830, a profit was paid to the General Post Office of \$12,398 17, and for the quarter ending June 30, 1833, a profit of \$19,350 88; being an increase of \$6,952 71.

Athenæum Gallery. The whole number of season tickets sold for this popular exhibition was 4901—and single tickets 4581—making the total of 9483 holders of tickets, who have visited the gallery during the present season—and the cash receipts, exclusive of catalogues, \$3596. This amount considerably exceeds the receipts of any previous exhibition.

Jackson Convention. The Jackson Convention assembled in Worcester September 4, was attended by about two hundred delegates, Marcus Morton was nominated as a candidate for Governor, and James Fowler, of Westfield, for Lieutenant-Governor. Jonathan Allen, of Pittsfield, presided at the meeting: Gayton P. Osgood and John K. Simpson, were Vice-Presidents, and Jubal Harrington and John B. Eldridge, Secretaries.

Antimasonic Convention. The Antimasonic State Convention assembled at the State House in Boston, September 10, and was organized by the choice of Hon. John Bailey as President, Benjamin Hallett, of Barnstable, Thomas Chamberlain, of Worcester, M. H. Rugles, of Troy, and Alpheus Bigelow, of Weston, as Vice-Presidents, and Benjamin F. Hallett, of Boston, and Heman Atwell, of Concord, Secretaries. More than three hundred members were present. The Convention nominated John

Quincy Adams as a candidate for the office of Governor, who accepted the nomination. The present Lieutenant-Governor, Samuel T. Armstrong was nominated for re-election; but his reply not being satisfactory to the Convention, the vote was re-considered. William Reed of Marblehead was then nominated, and the Convention adjourned. Mr. Reed has since declined.

Temperance Convention. On the 18th of September, about five hundred delegates from Temperance Societies in various towns of Massachusetts assembled at Worcester, and was organized by the election of Levi Lincoln as President; Samuel Lathrop, of West-Springfield, and William Reed, of Marblehead, as Vice-Presidents; and Emory Washburn, of Worcester, J. W. Yeomans, of Pittsfield, T. A. Greene, of New-Bedford, and Luther S. Cushing, of Cambridge, as Secretaries. A committee of one member from each county represented, was appointed to report a more complete and efficient temperance organization throughout the Commonwealth. This committee consisted of J. Tappan, of Boston, G. B. Perry, of Bradford, Wm. Jackson, of Newton, A. D. Foster, of Worcester, Mark Doolittle, of Belchertown, Z. C. Newcomb, of Bernardstown, J. W. Yeomans, of Pittsfield, Eb. Alden, of Randolph, Jas. Arnold, of New-Bedford, Z. D. Basset, of Barnstable, and Seth Sprague, of Duxbury. At a subsequent period, Mr. Tappan, from the committee, reported a plan substantially for changing the Massachusetts Society for the Suppression of Intemperance, into the Massachusetts Temperance Society, and establishing auxiliaries to the latter, in the different counties of the Commonwealth, as extensively as may be. The committee recommended the following resolutions:

1st. That there be a Massachusetts State Temperance Society—with Auxiliaries in every county.

2d. The officers of all Temperance Societies, founded on the principle of the State Society, shall be, *ex officio*, members of the State Society.

3d. The officers of all County Societies in the state shall be, *ex officio*, members of the Executive Committee, or Board of Counsel of the State Society.

4th. Each County Society shall have liberty to send Delegates to the State Society at its annual meetings, not exceeding ten in number from each auxiliary.

The Committee further Report—

That the ancient and venerable Massachusetts Society for the Suppression

of Intemperance, having recently altered their constitution and title, and taken that of the Massachusetts Temperance Society, on the principle recommended in this Report, and embracing men of high character and well-known influence,—it is recommended that this be the State Temperance Society, and that all enlist under their banners, and help them and ourselves to carry forward the great and good work in which *every man, of every denomination and party*, should engage—that of making this an entire Temperance state.

RHODE-ISLAND.

Brown University. The Commencement at this University, took place on the 4th of September, when the degree of A. B. was conferred on twenty young gentlemen, and that of A. M. on five. The honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on Rev. William B. Johnson, of Edgefield, South-Carolina, and that of Doctor of Laws on Governor Marcy, of New-York, and Professor Farrar, of Harvard University. A discourse was delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, by Virgil Maxcy, of Washington, the literary portion of which is commended, while the attempt of the orator to inculcate the Anti-Tariff doctrine, is sharply censured in the Providence papers.

The Orations, on the day preceding the commencement, before the Franklin and Philermenian Societies, by H. G. Otis Colby and Samuel Ames, were said to be of a high order. Mr. Colby set forth the duties which men of education owe the world, and the importance of an active interest in finding out those duties: he pointed out the errors of former ages, and referred us to the advantages of the present day: he delineated, with great distinctness, the chart over which the obligations of learned men extend, and exhibited, as far as practicable, the illimitable field of usefulness. The oration of Mr. Ames, couched in a most melodious dialect, and delivered in a style of too rapid, but still captivating oratory, chained the eager attention of his audience for about an hour. He discoursed upon the advantages which literature enjoyed in governments regulated by the popular will, and the thralldom which it suffers under the dictation of nobility and kings. He enlarged upon the beneficial manner in which popular freedom operates on the efforts of the mind, and demonstrated the superiority of that influence, which the support of a reading public exerts upon genius, over the pat-

ronage of a vain and selfish despotism. The Poem of Mr. W. G. Clark, was the neat and tasteful offspring of a neat and tasteful mind. Though it has uniformly been spoken of as a production of merit, we believe, if it could be published, many beauties would be seen which were undiscovered when it was hastily delivered from the pulpit.

Elections. At the election for members of Congress, Mr. Burges was re-elected. The scattering votes for another member, defeated a choice.

Freemasonry. Six hundred Masons of Rhode-Island have published a "Declaration," in defence of the Masonic Institution. This document appeared in the Providence Journal, a few days since, and occupied, with the signatures, over two columns in small type. The signers most cordially unite with their brethren of Massachusetts and Connecticut, in the declaration and hope, that, "should the people of this country become so infatuated as to deprive Masons of their civil rights in violation of their written Constitutions, and the wholesome spirit of just laws and free governments, a vast majority of the fraternity will still remain firm, confiding in God and the rectitude of their intentions for consolation, under the trials to which they may be exposed."

CONNECTICUT.

Yale College. The annual commencement of Yale College was celebrated on the 21st of August. Number of graduates, eighty-seven. The degree of A. M. was conferred on thirty-four alumni of the College;—eighty-six students were admitted to the Freshman class, and a few to the other classes; a larger number than was ever before added at commencement. The Religious Intelligencer states that the Kent Professorship of Law having been endowed with a portion of the funds recently raised for the University,—on Tuesday evening the Hon. Judge Daggett, Professor of Law, delivered an address on the occasion. It was stated by the Treasurer that the recent subscriptions to the University amounted to \$107,000. This sum has been contributed by six hundred and eighteen individuals, from fourteen States and Territories, and two from Lower Canada. The sum of \$41,000 has been paid on these subscriptions, (though only one fourth was required at this period,) and \$37,000 received in accepted drafts; leaving only \$29,000 yet to be collected.

PENNSYLVANIA.

A convention, of which Mr. George Kremer was President, has been held at Harrisburg. Their object was to point out the changes which may be advantageously made in the Constitution of the state. They agreed to recommend a diminution of the power of the Executive in relation to appointments, a limitation of the tenure of all offices, an extension of the right of suffrage, a curtailment of the term of office of Senators, and a provision for the mode in which future amendments shall be made. Some other alterations were proposed, which are to be submitted to a convention to be held during the winter,—of which the most important are, restrictions of the power of the legislature as respects the granting of charters, and the borrowing of money for the use of the state.

MARYLAND.

Odometer, or Road Measurer. There is now daily running between Baltimore and the city of Washington a stage coach, furnished with an Odometer, or Road Measurer, which attracts much attention, not because this instrument is entirely novel in this country, but owing to the new principles in mechanics employed in its construction, and its simplicity and very great accuracy in determining the distance over which the carriage has traveled. This is shown to the passengers by means of an index, affixed to the front of the coach, inside, the figures of the index regularly increasing in value with the increasing distance. This is not only shown in whole miles, but in fractional parts of miles, until the complement of a mile is manifested by an additional number to the index of whole miles. The traveler, at the setting out of the coach, has only to take note of the number and parts of miles which the index indicates, and compare them with those shown on his arrival at any particular place,—the difference will be the distance gone over. The index is calculated for one thousand miles, after which it is all blank, till the fraction one-eighth begins to fill it up anew. The coach here spoken of has very nearly filled up its measure of numbers, and ample opportunities have been had to verify its great accuracy, both on smooth and rough roads, of well-determined measurement. Thus the traveler will have an additional pleasure, whether in public or private land conveyances; for, as is affirmed by the patentee, Mr. W. A. Turner, of North-Carolina, the cost of affixing

them to all kinds of wheel-carriages will be but a trifling sum, there can be no doubt of their being very generally put into use.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Georgetown College. The editor of the National Gazette, who has recently visited this institution, gives the following account of it :—No institution of the kind in our country has a more eligible and commanding site. The lofty eminence on which it is placed overlooks the river Potomac, the beautiful island, and the adjacent picturesque region to a great extent. This magnificent prospect is the more gratifying as it is known that the grounds of the college have been always healthy ; no malaria has ever been experienced there ; when the cholera prevailed in the town proper and in Washington, no case occurred on the college hill. Additions have been made to the college edifices, which enable the faculty to accommodate double the number of students of last year. At the western end of the old college, a stately building, ninety and more feet by forty-six, has been erected. It contains, over a spacious cellar, a dining-hall eighty feet by forty-six, ornamented with paintings from Europe, and capable of receiving tables for four hundred persons. Above this refectory is the College Chapel of like dimensions, decorated with stucco-work, and hung round with suitable ornaments which give it a very rich appearance, while its double row of pillars that support the roof, admit of the fullest display of church garniture. Above the chapel is the *aula maximu*, the great saloon, which served as the hall of exercises at the late commencement, and afforded room for two thousand and more spectators. It is furnished with neat desks and chairs, for the convenience of the pupils of the institution, who are called to study there together twice a day under the supervision of a Prefect, so stationed that he surveys every individual. The view from the southern windows of this grand and airy hall would quicken any eye and imagination. Here hangs the excellent large map of Virginia, presented to the college by the legislature of that state, as

an acknowledgement for the value of the education given to several of her distinguished sons, who were among its alumni. Behind the new structure is the College Hospital, a spacious edifice, too, which may be said to be romantically situated. It commands so fine a prospect, is so well ventilated, wears an appearance of so much comfort and purity, that it might tempt health to feign sickness, to enjoy the luxury of the scene. The College Library embraces upwards of thirteen thousand volumes, and produces a grand effect as it is located and arranged. There are some choice specimens of typography, ancient and modern. The three illuminated manuscripts are, perhaps, unique in this country. The higher classes have access to the library without any extra expense.

SOUTH-CAROLINA.

A great sensation was lately created in Columbia, by a sermon delivered in that place by Rev. Mr. Pinney, who is described as a missionary of the Colonization Society. A meeting of the citizens was held, at which testimony was submitted respecting the character of the discourse, and, after an animated debate, resolutions were adopted, denouncing Mr. Pinney, Colonization, and the North, in very indignant terms, and declaring, that the attempt to teach the negroes to read and write, ought to be immediately put an end to by the civil authorities. On the following day, another meeting was held, before which a letter from Mr. Pinney, in vindication of his discourse, was laid ; but the communication proved to be so unsatisfactory, that a new series of resolutions was adopted, in which the conduct of that gentleman is described as reprehensible to the last degree, and "official notice" was given to him, that he must immediately leave the town. The Columbia Times comments at considerable length upon Mr. Pinney's conduct, in a tone of much exasperation. He is described in the resolutions, as "filling the ears of negroes with the falsehoods and delusions of a hypocritical society, that Jesuitically passes itself for one thing in the South, and the very opposite, in New-England and the North."

SPIRIT OF THE PUBLIC JOURNALS.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

From Susquehanna's utmost springs,
Where savage tribes pursue their game,
His blanket tied with yellow strings,
A shepherd of the forest came. FRENEAU.

ON Sunday evening last, we were, fortuitously, witnesses of an incident equally interesting and painful. Many people have denounced Shakspeare's Othello, as too unnatural for probability. It can hardly be credited that such a fair, beautiful, and accomplished woman, as Desdemona is represented to have been, could have deliberately wedded such a black-a-moor as Othello. But if we ever entertained any incredulity upon the subject, it has all been dissipated by the occurrence of which we are to speak.

About two years ago, an Indian of the Chippewa nation—formerly said to have been a man of some rank in his tribe, but now a Missionary of the Methodist Church among his red brethren—was sent to England, to obtain pecuniary aid for the Indian mission cause in Upper Canada. What was his native cognomen,—whether it was the “Red Lightning,” or the “Storm King,” or “Walk-in-the-Water,”—we know not; but in plain English he is known as Peter Jones. An Indian is a rare spectacle in England. Poets and romancers have alike invested the primitive sons of the American forest, with noble and exalted characteristics, which are seldom discernible to the duller perceptions of plain matter-of-fact people; and which English eyes could alone discover in the hero of the present story. But no matter: Mr. Peter Jones was not only a Missionary from the wilderness,—and, as we doubt not, a pious and useful man amongst his own people,—but he was a *bona fide* Indian—and he was of course made a *lion* of in London. He was feasted by the rich and the great. Carriages, and servants in livery, awaited his pleasure, and bright eyes sparkled when he was named. He was looked upon as a great chief—a prince—an Indian king; and many romantic young ladies, who had never passed beyond the sound of Bow bell, dreamed of the

charms of solitude amid the great wilds —“the antres vast and deserts idle,”—of the great west;—of the roaring of mighty cataracts, and the bounding of buffaloes over the illimitable prairies;—of noble chieftains, leading armies of plumed and lofty warriors—dusky as the proud forms of giants in twilight;—of forays and stag-hunts—and bows and arrows—and the wild notes of the piercing warwhoop, in those halcyon days, when, unsophisticated by contact with the pale-faces—

“Wild in woods the noble savage ran,”

and all that sort of thing, as Matthews would most unpoetically have wound off such a flourishing sentence. But it was so:—

“In crowds the ladies to his levees ran—
All wished to gaze upon the tawny man—
Happy were those who saw his stately pride—
Thrice happy those who tripped it at his side.”

Among others who perchance may have thought of “Kings barbaric, pearls and gold,” was the charming daughter of a gentleman of Lambeth, of wealth and respectability. But she thought not of wedding an Indian, even though he were a great chief—or half a king—not she! But Peter Jones saw, or thought he saw—for the Indian cupids are not blind—that the young lady had a susceptible heart. Availing himself, therefore, of a ride with the fair creature, he said something to her, which she chose not to understand but told it to her mother. Peter Jones sought other opportunities of saying similar things, which the damsel could not comprehend—*before him*—but she continued to repeat them to her mother. He sought an interview with her. It was refused. He repeated the request. It was still refused, but in a less positive manner. Finally an interview was granted him with the mother—and the result was, that before Peter Jones embarked on his return to his native woods, it was agreed that they might breathe their thoughts to each other on paper, across the great waters. Thus was another point gained. And, in the end, to make a long story short, a meeting was agreed upon, to

take place the present season in this city, with a view of marriage. The idea is very unpleasant, with us, of such ill-sorted mixtures of colors. But prejudices against red and dusky skins are not so strong in Europe, as they are here. They do not believe in England that

Those brown tribes who snuff the desert air,
Are cousins-german to the wolf and bear.

The proud Britons, moreover, were red men, when conquered by Julius Cæsar. What harm in their becoming so again! But we must hasten our story.

On Tuesday morning of last week, a beautiful young lady, with fairy form—"grace in her step, and heaven in her eye"—stept on shore from the elegant packet ship *United States*. She was attended by two clerical friends of high respectability—who, by the way, were no friends of her romantic enterprise. She waited with impatience for her princely lover to the end of the week—but he came not. Still she doubted not his faith, and, as the result proved, she had no need to doubt. For, on Sunday morning, Peter Jones arrived, and presented himself at the side of his mistress! The meeting was affectionate, though becoming. The day was spent by them together, in the interchange of conversation, thoughts and emotions, which we will leave it to those better skilled in the Romance of Love than ourselves, to imagine.

Though a Chippewa, Peter Jones is nevertheless a man of business, and has a just notion of the value and importance of time. He may also have heard of the adage "there's many a slip," &c.—or, perchance of the other—"a bird in the hand," &c. But no matter. He took part, with much propriety, in the religious exercises of the John-street church, where we happened to be present—which services were ended at nine o'clock, by an impressive recitation of the Lord's Prayer in the Chippewa dialect. Stepping into the house of a friend near by, we remarked an unusual ingathering of clergymen, and divers ladies and gentlemen. We asked a reverend friend if there was to be another religious meeting? "No," he replied; "but a wedding!" "A wedding!" we exclaimed with surprise. "Pray who are the happy couple?" "Peter Jones, the Indian Missionary," he replied, "and a sweet girl from England."

It was then evident to our previously unsuspecting eyes, that an unwonted degree of anxious and curious interest pervaded the countenances of the as-

sembling group. In a short time chairs were placed in a suspicious position at the head of the drawing-room, their backs to the pier table. A movement was next perceptible at the door, which instantly drew all eyes to the spot, and who should enter but the same tall Indian whom we had so recently seen in the pulpit, bearing upon his arm the light, fragile, and delicate form of the young lady before mentioned—her eyes drooping modestly upon the carpet, and her face fair as the lily. Thereupon up rose a distinguished clergyman, and the parties were addressed upon the subject of the divine institution of marriage—its propriety, convenience, and necessity, to the welfare of society and human happiness. This brief and pertinent address being ended, the reverend gentleman stated the purpose for which the couple had presented themselves, and demanded if any person or persons present could show cause why the proposed union should not take place? If so, they were requested to make their objections then, or forever after hold their peace. A solemn pause ensued. Nothing could be heard but a few smothered sighs.

There they stood—objects of deep and universal interest—we may add—of commiseration. Our emotions were tumultuous and painful. A stronger contrast was never seen. She all in white, and adorned with the sweetest simplicity. Her face as white as the gloves and dress she wore—rendering her ebon tresses, placed *a la Madonna* on her fair forehead, still darker. He, in rather common attire, a tall, dark, high-boned, muscular Indian. She, a little delicate European lady—he a hardy iron-framed son of the forest. She, accustomed to every luxury and indulgence—well educated, accomplished, and well beloved at home—possessing a handsome income—leaving her comforts, the charms of civilized and cultivated society, and sacrificing them all to the cause she had espoused—here she stood, about to make a self-immolation; and, far away from country and kindred, and all the endearments of a fond father's house, resign herself into the arms of a man of the woods, who could not appreciate the sacrifice! A sweeter bride we never saw. We almost grew wild. We thought of Othello—of Hyperion and the satyr—of the bright-eyed Hindoo and the funeral pile! She looked like a drooping flower by the side of a rugged hemlock! We longed to interpose and rescue her. But it was none of our business. She was in that situation by choice—and she was among

her friends. The ceremonies went on—she promised to “love, honor, and obey” the Chippewa—and, all tremulous as she stood, we heard the Indian and herself pronounced “man and wife!” It was the first time we ever heard the words “man and wife” sound hatefully. All, however, knelt down and united with the clergyman in prayers for a blessing, and when the minister lifted his voice in supplication for blessings on *her*—that she might be sustained in her undertaking, and have health and strength to endure her destined hardships and privations—the room resounded with the deep-toned, and heartfelt, and tearful response—Amen! The audience then rose, and after attempting, with moistened eyes, to extend their congratulations to the “happy pair,” slowly and pensively retired. The sweet creature is now on her way to the wild of Upper Canada—the Indian’s Bride.

Such is the history of a case of manifest and palpable delusion. Peter Jones cannot say with Othello, that “she loved him for the *dangers* he had passed.” The young lady was not blinded by the trappings of military costume, or the glare of martial glory; but she is a very pious girl—whose whole heart and soul has been devoted to the cause of heathen missions, and she has thrown herself into the cause, and resolved to love the Indian for the work in which he is engaged. For our own part, we must say, that we wish he had never crossed the Niagara. But the die is cast, and the late comely and accomplished Miss F****, of London, is now the wife of Mr. Peter Jones, of the Chippewas. But that she is deluded, and knows nothing of the life she is to encounter, there can be no doubt. As evidence of this, she has brought out the furniture of an elegant household establishment—rich china vases for an Indian lodge, and Turkey carpets, to spread upon the morasses of the Canadian forests! Instead of a mansion, she will find a wigwam, and the manufacture of brooms and baskets, instead of embroidery.

In justice to the spectators of the scene, however, it is proper to state, that a few of her real friends in this city—those into whose immediate society she was cast—labored diligently to open her eyes to the real state of the case, and the life of hardship and trial which she is inevitably destined to lead. Poor girl! We wish she was beside her father’s ingle in Lambeth, and Peter Jones preaching to the Chippewas, with the prettiest squaw among them for his wife!

[N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.]

THE NEWEST NEWS.

ONE would think, from the toil, the eagerness, and the extravagantly expensive competition exhibited in most of our large cities, and aped in some places of less importance, by those who undertake to satisfy the supposed public cravings after the latest advices, that the article of news is valued altogether according to its freshness; and that its other qualities, however calculated to affect the interests, or engage the attention of a community, are never taken into the estimate of its worth. It would seem that those break-neck purveyors for the body politic are fully and seriously of the belief that a very trivial scrap of intelligence, if but instantaneously communicated, is far more acceptable to the hearer, than the most momentous piece of information conveyed without such extraordinary celerity. They appear to entertain an opinion that news, like a venison collop, should be bolted before it cools,—or, like some descriptions of fish, is sweetest when swallowed as soon as caught.

Last week an old sheep died upon the commons some miles from town. While it lay ill, divers travelers, pedestrian and equestrian, passed in different directions, some of whom tarried to look at the prostrate animal, and then went their way. Towards evening, there came along a party of excursionists in a wagon, and among them three inveterate news-mongers, whose sole object in life is to pick up the newest news, and to be the first to rehearse it. They paused, and these three sprang from the vehicle, in order to ascertain by the ear-marks what unlucky sheep-owner was about to lose a member of his flock, and to enjoy the gratification of giving the earliest notice in the premises.

It belongs to cousin Bijah, said David Doolittle.

It’s got a crop under the left, and a ha’penny on the right—and that’s neighbor Barns’s mark, said Luke Lockram.

I vow it must be aunt Dida’s, said Joshua Jorum.

But they all said it to themselves.

So turning hastily for the wagon, they beheld it afar off, going like Jehu the son of Jehoshaphat, king Joram’s general, who slew Jezebel in the city of Jezreel.

Whereupon, they incontinently cut dirt, every one to his own way, west, north, and east—according to their several impressions touching the point at which their presence, with the freshest news, would be most welcome.

Your—your—old sh--sheep is een-a-most gone—gasped the almost breathless David.

I've come to tell you the news—you've lost another wether, shouted Luke.

Have you heard what's happened? Your fattest merino is about done for, exclaimed Joshua.

Each considered himself the fortunate herald of the very first tidings of the catastrophe.

It is n't mine, said cousin Bijah. I had heard of the case an hour ago. It is Jo Tompkins's sheep; he knows all about it.

Neighbor Barns told Luke he did 'nt own a wether in the world—so it was none of his.

Why, law me! says aunt Dida—do tell something new when you set out for it. It is n't more than two minutes since I heard all the particulars. You'd better stand on your head!

David Doolittle ate no supper that night.

Luke Lockram got a crust of bread, and went straightway to bed, halfchoked with chagrin.

But Joshua was resolved on maintaining his character. He immediately retraced his steps by moonlight, out with his jackknife, and slashed the animal's gullet from ear to ear. I'll at least have the satisfaction, thought he, of being the first to proclaim its demise. And so he was; but Tompkins, the owner, had observed his operations; and next day master Joshua had to walk into Bow-street, and pay forty shillings for being found guilty of *ovicide*.

[Nantucket Inquirer.]

NEWS-MAKING.

CAN any thing, dead or alive, more pitifully unhappy be conceived, than a jaded scribbler for the public press—sitting down to his task at the last moment, with an aching head and an empty stomach—or *vice versa*, which is exactly the same in effect? Imagine the forlorn drudge's sensations, as he doggedly lifts the quill-stump, and moves it instinctively towards that fountain of good and evil—the ink-pot, surcharged with both the gall of bitterness and the honey of adulation. He is destitute of a topic—his overwrought brain has exhausted its stock of images—and he can fancy nothing but the ghosts of ideas already hackneyed through all the changes of the alphabet—no subject that has not been hacked to death by the hungry scissors of borrowers and imitators. Yet must he continue to feed

the iron jaws of the press! There is no release from the undertaking. He is in for it—and, sterile or fertile, feasting or starving, his imagination must be wrung daily, yea hourly, for the where-withal to meet the merciless demands of the devil at his elbow!

Other men may eat, drink, and sleep—may live, move, and have a being like decent creatures: the merchant may relax in time of sickness, or retire at seasons of enjoyment: the mechanic may forego a job when he breaks a limb, or chooses to go a-fishing: the farmer may work, or let it alone—and the mariner hath frequent intermission amidst the toils and the storms of his career; and the world wags without confusion, nevertheless; they only, comparatively, feel the consequences. Not so with the slave of types. For him there shines no holiday—no repose, no retreat awaits his tired powers—when he skulks, the world comes to an end, and chaos riots!

Nor is it merely indispensable that he shall labor at brief and stated intervals—the most irksome sort of employment, from its very constancy, and regularity, and unceasing recurrence:—he must also put forth his efforts at something new. The reading public has become a spoiled child, with a depraved appetite, perpetually hankering after novelties, monstrosities, and impossibilities. In the fabrication of these crudities for quidnuncs, a renewal of intellect, once a year at least, should be provided for. There is an end, even to "the spider's most attenuated thread,"—and what maker of long yarns can be required, in reason, not only to spin out, like the spider, the substance of his bowels—but that of his brains into the bargain!—Truly this is a cruel world—and the man that meddles with paragraphs a miserable piece of carneous machinery.

[Ibid.]

NEWSPAPERS.

It is an astonishing fact, that, in a country free as ours is, and where every voter once or twice a year is called upon to discharge a duty at the ballot-box, there are many, very many persons, who never read a newspaper, and who know but little more of what is going on in their own country than in the dominions of the Grand Mogul. What they learn of their own political affairs, they learn from verbal communication, subject as it is to various perversions, colorings, and misconceptions—and, acting upon such and such communications only, they venture to attempt to

discharge the high and holy, and of course responsible, duty of a judge over other men's actions and principles.—They venture upon attempting to settle the affairs of a great nation, extending through various degrees of latitude, and embodying an immense variety of interests and prejudices,—and this without the study or qualifications demanded even of a teacher of a common country school, extending not over twenty feet square! What a judge!

Newspapers are, in this country, one of the necessities of life, second only to food and clothing, and as imperiously demanding the attention and forethought of men as fire or habitations. Think of living in this world and of knowing nothing of what is going on within it! Think of a revolution here, and an earthquake there—of a grand discovery here, a sublime invention there—of movements and agitations in one place, influencing the destinies of nations and of the world for years, and of improvements and advances in another place, elevating and ennobling the condition of man,—and yet a FREEMAN, in a free country, standing amidst all, affected by all, and yet IGNORANT of all! What a blank, a cypher, such a man! how little above the mere animal, who eats as he eats, breathes as he breathes, and above whom he is, only in the faculty of speech! For what is intellect without facts, information, direction, calculation? what but a mere slumbering, raked up, smothered ember, needing the fanning of a breeze to quicken its life—and that *fanning*, what is going on in the world, what the world does as inspired by what it knows,—and that *breeze*, the news of the day, the hurry, the bustle, and excitement of the times in which we live, move, and think? Talk of *past* knowledge! It is a good foundation on which to build. But the superstructure is to be reared now. This moment's knowledge is worth all past knowledge, as time *present* is worth more than time past. And he who would benefit mankind, or do honor to himself, must come forth into the world, and know what the world is doing, and shape and embody its energies.

History is important, every body grants. Science is important in all estimation. Politics are government,—and as a government is good or bad, so is a people prosperous or wretched, generally speaking. But here in a newspaper is the history of the very day, all spread before you, with a vitality and freshness no historian can equal. The very things themselves, not their im-

ages, not their shadowy ghosts, flit before you. The substance out of which history is to be woven is upon the table. Men talk for themselves,—and no historian talks for them. You are living among all, and are interested in all,—and will you refuse to buy, to read, aye, to study what you are so much interested in? But newspapers are more than historians. They parade before you all the inventions and discoveries of the times;—they trifle with you, sport with you, amuse you, and condole with you, as well as instruct you. By your own fireside, far from the scenes of interest, no matter whether you are in the crowded city or in a remote country house, yet they bring all before you, and to the very life:—and you are as well and often better informed by them than he who has seen and participated in all. You need not stir from your farm, or your own chair, from your own bed even,—and yet these little messengers, silent and speechless as they are, will take you into the wide world, and show forth all that is going on.

Who can live without a newspaper? What man will content himself with such ignorance? Better, far better, live on one meal a day, or live on the cheapest and homeliest of food. Talk of expense! What expense is it? It is the cheapest book you can buy—for there is in it more reading matter than can be purchased in any book for double the sum. A father of a family who does not give his children a newspaper, is guilty of a sin toward them—for he keeps them in ignorance. He takes away the stimulus that will create an appetite for reading, for study—a stimulus that will make them better scholars and better men. Select, then, a newspaper for your children, if not for yourself. Remember the duty you owe them. [Portland Courier.]

There is nothing very new, and perhaps nothing remarkably poetical, in the following verses from the Lynchburg Virginian; but we like this off-hand sort of treating with a subject, which some people think an excuse for many pages of dull sentiment, and even an apology for the use of rope and pistol.

LOVE.

Love—what a curious, comical thing it is,
Pleasing and teasing and vexing us so,
Just like a bee, with its honey and sting, it is
Here, and 't is there, and wherever we go.

Now it is courting, transporting and thrilling us,
Nothing in nature can equal our bliss;
Now it is frowning, and chilling and killing us,
Plunging us down to the lowest abyss.

Then of a night, how it sets us a dreaming, O!
 Misses and kisses flit over the brain,
 Gay dresses, bright tresses, caresses, all seeming
 so
 Real and true that we waken with pain.

Sometimes pathetic, jocose, metaphysical,
 Various aspects and manners it wears,
 The pretty and witty, the solemn and quizzical,
 All have their part of its pleasures and cares.

{ When a mere boy,—say some five or six years
 ago,
 One roguish girl played the mischief with me;
 What with her smiling, beguiling and tears, you
 know,
 } Soon was I pitiful object to see.

O how delightful and frightful! to walk with
 her
 Down to the church that stood towering hard
 by;
 And then while I tarried, unable to talk to her,
 Eyeing and sighing and dying was I.

Then what a quarrel, I tremble to think of it;
 Little was left me of life and of hope,
 If not in despair, I was just on the brink of it,
 Often I thought of a razor or rope.

Ghost-like, I wandered, for weeks, by a lonely
 brook,
 Shaded by woods, from society free;
 Then, first on earth, my glazed eyeballs would
 only look
 Up, when my head struck the limb of a tree.

Parents and kindred cried, What is the matter,
 dear?

Duly and truly your feelings impart.
 Ah me! I replied, with a groan, such a clatter
 here!

Putting my hand where I once had a heart!
 Well, sure enough, it was tough, but I bore it
 all;

Years of adventures have since passed away,
 But yet, in good truth, I have hardly got o'er it
 all;

Queer I appear, as the most of folks say.

Pardon my folly, kind gentlemen editors,
 Thus to be whining and rhyming about
 What (publish it; then, you'll be greatly my
 creditors,)
 Scarcely we live *with*, and can't live *without*.

Politics and Poetry have few attri-
 butes in common, and few are the minds
 which can worship sincerely at the
 altars of both; but the writer of the
 following is the editor of a political
 journal in Kentucky.

MORNING IN SPRING.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

How sweet the landscape! Morning twines
 Her tresses round the brow of Day,
 And bright mists o'er the forest pines,
 Like happy Spirits, float away
 To revel on the mountain's crown,
 Whence the glad stream comes shouting down,
 Through woods and rocks, that hang on high,
 Like clouds against the deep blue sky.

The woven sounds of bird and stream,
 Are falling beautiful and deep
 Upon the spirit, like a dream
 Of music on the hour of sleep—
 And gently from the dewy bowers
 Soft murmurs, like the breath of flowers,
 Are winding through the purple grove,
 And blending with the notes of Love.

The streams in veins of silver flow—
 The sunrise gale o'er flower and tree
 So lightly breathes, it scarce would blow
 A fairy bark upon the sea;—
 It comes so fresh, so calm, so sweet,
 It draws the heart from its retreat,
 To mingle in the glories, born
 In the first holy light of morn.

A cloud is on the sky above—
 And calmly, o'er the young year blue,
 'T is coming like a thing of Love
 To gladden in the rising dew—
 Its white waves with the sunlight blend,
 And gentle spirits seem to bend,
 From its unrolling folds, to hear
 The glad sounds of our joyous sphere.

The lake, unruffled by the breeze,
 Smiles in its deep, unbroken rest,
 As it were dreaming of the trees
 And blossoms pictured on its breast;—
 Its depths are glowing, bright and fair,
 And the far skies seem hollowed there,
 Soft trembling as they felt the thrill
 Of music echoed from the hill.

The living soul of beauty fills
 The air with glorious visions—bright
 They linger round the sunny hills
 And wander in the clear blue light—
 Off to the breathing heavens they go,
 Along the earth they live and glow,
 Shed o'er the lake their happy smiles,
 And beckon to its glittering isles.

Oh, at this hour, when air and earth
 Are gushing love, and joy, and light,
 And songs of gladness at the birth
 Of all that's beautiful and bright—
 Each heart beats high—each thought is blown
 To flame—the spirit drinks the tone
 Of brighter worlds, and melts away
 In visions of eternal day.

[The following touching and beauti-
 ful stanzas are a just tribute of Poetry
 and Affection to a lovely and beloved
 child, recently called from scenes and
 associations hallowed by every tie of
 love and fondness, to a "closer walk
 with God." *Albany Argus*.]

THE EARLY DEAD.

Too bright, too beautiful for earth,
 Was she who gladdened every heart!
 The blessed sunbeam of each hearth,
 Her light seemed of our life a part!
 Weep—for her voice will greet no more!
 Weep—for her brow of love is dim!
 Where heaven's eternal fountains pour,
 Her spirit breathes its glorious hymn.

Mother of her, our loved and dead,
 Though many a fair plant round thee bloom;
 Long will thy bitter tears be shed
 Where the pale roses shade her tomb;
 Yet, as thou mourn'st, remember, too,
 She hath been spared the toil and strife,
 The wasting griefs, the dreams untrue,
 The thousand ills of human life.

Remember, when, mid your sweet band,
 Thou art offering up thy soul in prayer,
 That she who treads the "better land,"
 Her vow with thine is mingling there!
 Thou hast the memory of her worth,
 Thy future's shadowy veil to cheer;
 Though brief her pilgrimage on earth,
 'T was marked by virtues rare and dear.

Father! rejoice that *once* thou 'st called
 So rich a treasure all thine own—
 Rejoice, e'en though by cares enthralled,
 That o'er thy path her love once shone;
 Speak of her oft to those who still
 Around thee shed hope's blissful ray;
 And, as with joy their young hearts thrill,
 Bless *Him*, who thus hath strewn thy way.

Sisters, at noon and eve who 'lt miss,
 As wearied from yon halls ye come,
 Her bounding step, her playful kiss,
 Her laughing glance to greet you home,—
 New pleasures in your path will spring,
 New ties, perchance, will round you twine,
 Yet think not Time's o'erladen wing
 Hath aught more fair than her we shrine.

Brothers! it seemed a darkened hour
 When from this world your playmate passed;
 When on each tree and bursting flower
 Your idol sister gazed her last:
 The turf is on her! and for you
 Love's harp its sweetest chord hath lost—
 Brothers! prove to her memory true,
 As on life's wave your barks are tossed.

The turf is on her! Weep not now—
 All blessings crown the early dead!
 She was called home, ere from her brow
 One trace of radiant mirth had fled.
 Knowing but Love's unclouded sun,
 Her dream of earth was bright as brief,—
 Rejoice, that when the goal she won,
 Her crown had not a withered leaf!

DEATHS,

AND OBITUARY NOTICES OF PERSONS LATELY DECEASED.

In Lowell, Ms. Sept. 15, WARREN COLBURN, aged 40. Mr. Colburn graduated at Harvard College in 1820, and scrupulously fulfilled, through life, all the duties incumbent on him as a man and as a Christian; and his death will be severely felt, not only by his family, but by a numerous circle, to whom he was endeared by the ties of friendship and affection. It may truly be said of him, that his mind was, intellectually and morally, of the highest grade. His labors, to advance the cause of education, are well known to the world,—and his admirable treatises on Arithmetic and Algebra, are acknowledged as standard works, and introduced into almost all our schools and academies. Many important improvements in the machinery of our manufacturing establishments, are the fruits of his scientific researches and ingenuity. Indeed, he was always devising plans to improve his fellow-citizens in knowledge and virtue. His heart was full of philanthropy—and his study through life seemed to be to do good. Mr. Colburn had been a resident of Lowell for nearly ten years, and always identified himself with the interests of the inhabitants. The loss of such a man makes a chasm in society—and years may elapse before it will be closed.

In Nashville, Ten. August 13, WILLIAM GIBBES HUNT, Esq. editor of the National Banner, formerly of Boston. In the death of this gentleman, in the meridian of life, and in the ardent pursuit of an honorable career, Tennessee has sustained a heavy loss. He was a man of learning, of genius, of sound, discriminating judgement, and extensive acquirements. As the conductor of a public press, he had no superior in the West, and was well known in this state as the editor of the Western Monitor, and the Western Review. A strong and vigorous political writer, he was firm, yet courteous, in the expression of his opinions; and although frequently engaged in controversy, his good temper and discretion never permitted him to descend to the low and debasing scurrility which degrade too many political journals. In 1825 he removed from Lexington, Ky. to Nashville, and soon after commenced the publication of the

Nashville Banner, which soon acquired so high a reputation, that, at the present time, it is probably the most extensively circulated newspaper west of the mountains. In him the editorial corps has lost one of its most distinguished members.

In Pawtuxet, R. I. Aug. 29, Capt. THOMAS HOLLIS CONDY, aged 77. This gentleman was a native of Boston, entered the American army at the age of 19, a subaltern officer in the regiment commanded by Col. Henry Jackson, called the Boston regiment, as a large proportion of the officers were young gentlemen from that town and its vicinity. This regiment acquired a large share of honor in the battle on Rhode-Island, in which the British were repulsed in 1778, and it was again engaged in the battle at Springfield, in the Jerseys, in June, 1780. While many of his companions, worn down and discouraged by privations and sufferings, were induced to retire from the service of their country, the subject of this notice continued faithful to the glorious cause till the termination of the mighty struggle in 1783. He was a vigilant and brave officer, and a disciplinarian of the Steuben school. His facetiousness of disposition and his fund of good humor rendered him a pleasant companion, even under circumstances the most dark and trying. In his latter days he was comforted by a measure of compensation for past sufferings by the bounty of the government. Having for half a century witnessed the consummation of his country's glory, procured by unparalleled efforts in which he participated, he has departed to receive his eternal reward.

In Missouri, Hon. ALEXANDER BUCKNER. Mr. Buckner emigrated from Indiana to Missouri, in 1818. In 1829 he was elected a member of the Convention which formed the Constitution of Missouri; subsequently he was elected to the State Senate; and in 1830 to the House of Representatives. While in that body he was elected to the Senate of the United States; in which capacity he had served two sessions. During his residence in Missouri, he was invariably elected to every office for which he was offered.

THE
NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1833.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

RECENT TRAVELERS IN AMERICA.

THE most recent works on America have been written by a couple of Scotchmen, Mr. Stuart and Colonel Hamilton. Nativity, however, is the only point of resemblance between them. In every thing else they are antipodes. As these gentlemen were in the United States at about the same time, and have published their speculations at a short interval, it is a matter of curiosity to compare the two, and their books, together; for, if unconnected by the association of similarity, they most surely are intimately linked by the association of contrast.

Mr. STUART left his native land, on account of his implication in an affair of honor, which terminated disagreeably, and induced him to seek retirement in the United States. His visit resulted in a three years' residence, passed in industrious observations, which, on his return to Europe, he thought fit to communicate to the world. From the volumes, in which this communication was made, we gather all that we know of Mr. Stuart; and in them his character is mirrored as faithfully, as was that of Hamlet's mother in the glass, which the crazy prince held up to her. We know him from crown to shoe-tie, and can imagine, with a fancy too vivid to be inaccurate, the cut of his coat and the color of his hair. Unquestionably, his quantum of the latter article was decently trimmed and smoothly adjusted, for he could get it cut for nine pence, and have it combed without what appears to have been his greatest aversion—an extra charge. His hat was well brushed, and his whole exterior was that of a gentleman, fond of decency and yet partial to economy. He wore his clothes well, we have no doubt, and they were well made, considering that he employed an inferior artist. But of all this, though as fully convinced as of our own existence and identity, we are not quite prepared to make oath; and we will commence another paragraph with what our traveler admires beyond all things—a fact.

We never knew, till we became acquainted with Mr. Stuart, the meaning of the term a matter-of-fact man. He lives in an element of fact. It is his meat and drink, and apparently board and lodging into the bargain. Sir Richard Phillips published a book, which he some-

what ostentatiously called "A Million of Facts;" without bragging of it, Mr. Stuart has given us double the number. No matter what it is, provided it be a fact; however trifling, vain, or useless, as long as it is entitled to that saving epithet, it is the article for the Scotchman's money. "The fact is," he observes, "that in this country people are generally in bed before ten." This is very like what, in courts of justice, we have sometimes heard very innocently called a "false fact." The extensive induction, by which he arrived at this conclusion, is found in the circumstance, that his landlord, in a country village, apologized for previous non-appearance, by the remark that on the preceding night he had been kept up till twelve o'clock by company. Still that was sufficient basis for a fact; and we have it advanced with all the solemnity it deserves.

Another fact, which troubles Mr. Stuart, is the want of an unmentionable accommodation, which he alleges is no where to be found in the states. To tell the truth, for our traveler seems to be a very amiable man, this is the most serious ground for complaint that he finds through the whole country. Our institutions of government, in his eyes, are good; our inns are good; our prisons are good; but our Cloacinian conveniences are very detestable. The circumstance seems to have made a deep impression on our traveler; and we sincerely hope, that, if he ever visits this country again, he may find the cause of his disquiet and displeasure entirely removed. His theory on the subject, we had almost forgotten to mention, is the Neptunian, and he attributes our deficiencies in this respect to the want of water.

Another partiality of Mr. Stuart is for statistics, though they do not always come up to the level of facts. He is eminently figurative. Nothing escapes him, that will form an item for calculation, from the value of a farm, to the price of a mutton-chop; from the contents of the great lakes, to the amount of liquor taken by a couple of his friends in the shape of ante-meridian nippers. When he attends a camp-meeting, he not only gives us the number of auditors and the number of clergymen, but the chapter and verse from which they take their text; which, on one occasion, as if with particular reference to Mr. Stuart's propensity, was selected from the Book of Numbers. In visiting an orchard, he entertains us with the length of the cider-mill, the cubic contents of a barrel, the price of each barrel according to the quality, with the additional and somewhat irrelevant fact of the rent of an acre of pasture-grass. Here his astonishment is excited, and he ventures a remark on the inconsistency of letting pasture grass at four or five dollars an acre, when a horse is grazed at a dollar and a half. On his return from the orchard excursion, Mr. Stuart so far relaxed from his accustomed temperance, as to treat himself to a glass of Malaga and water. This fact is certainly worthy of record; but with the Scotchman it is something more—a nest-egg for statistics. His landlord told him that the Malaga cost him eight shillings a gallon.

One item leads quite naturally to another; and, in the next breath, we are informed that the whole charge, on the ensuing morning, "for lodging, supper, and breakfast, for my wife and myself," was five shillings and nine pence, sterling. The dishes of the breakfast table are so many peculiar facts, worthy of individual notice: they consisted of the very unusual articles of coffee, eggs, beef-steak, toast, and butter.

There was a wonder worth crossing the Atlantic to learn, and recrossing it to promulgate! On another occasion he dined with a friend, at a country hotel, on the rare and recondite preparations of fish, roast lamb, broiled ham and chicken, peas, sweet Indian corn boiled, (not raw,) potatoes, and apple-pie, with a bottle of very tolerable claret; and, strange to relate, all this without any previous warning, and all for a dollar and a half for two persons! The days of Aladdin's lamp we verily believe to have been restored; and Sinbad the Sailor, in the marvel of his adventures, must yield the palm to Stuart the Traveler.

But, notwithstanding all Mr. Stuart's fondness for fact, and reverence for statistics, we are constrained to admit that he is sometimes hasty in forming conclusions from very uncertain premises. One striking instance of this is to be found when he tells us that the female servants of an inn, which he visited, were uniformly obliging, "although they would not have accepted a shilling had it been offered." We think Mr. Stuart has made this assertion rashly, and that the observation was not conducted with a due regard to the rules of experimental philosophy. A matter so important, and so easily to be tested, should never have been left to mere vague speculation. Bacon would have recommended differently; but, on points of this kind, Mr. Stuart is a follower of Aristotle. Why did not our traveler "tip 'em the siller?" He might then have substituted his favorite, palpable fact, for a doubtful, unsubstantial theory. The contest would have been between an affectation of pride, and a reality of prudence; and ten to one on Mammon we should have considered fair odds. Mr. Stuart was too much of a Lowlander to run the risk.

With the propensities thus exhibited by Mr. Stuart, one can hardly be astonished that he thinks it important to tell us, that he once ordered a chop, and was furnished with an extra canvass-back, without extra charge; or that he attended a course of lectures on astronomy, on account of the smallness of the expense,—only one shilling sterling a head. Once, too, he dined at a planter's in the Southern States, and had nothing to pay; but, as an offset, in New-Orleans, he was obliged to give a dollar a dozen for his washing—without distinction of shirt or pocket-handkerchief—and he might have added, with his characteristic love of detail, without reference to the length of time that one had been worn, or the other used.

Apropos of this love of detail, and tact of minute observation: it is a subject on which we had nearly omitted to do Mr. Stuart justice. How delicately and patiently must he have pursued his investigations, on both sides of the Atlantic, to become convinced that it is much less usual in the United States than in Scotland for the men to wear night-caps! From his silence on the subject we are led to the inference, that the women in the one country indulge in this luxury about as much as in the other. In our mind's eye we can see Mr. Stuart, in slippers and shirt, that very shirt for whose cleansing he gave six pence in New-Orleans, pursuing his nocturnal wanderings, in order to ascertain the truth of this assertion by the inductive process. With candle in hand, and handkerchief on head, he sallies forth at midnight, the very picture of Mr. Finn in Paul Schaick, and prosecutes his demi-phrenological studies through the bed-chambers of his hotel. He collects statis-

tics ; so many night-capped heads, so many un-night-capped, and dis-crowned. Next comes the documentary and remembered evidence of the night-caps he had noticed in Scotland ; then the comparison ; then the conclusion ; which he persuades himself to be a fact—the object, sole and singular, of all his wanderings and all his speculations.

But Mr. Stuart did not confine his inquiries to the relative wearing of night-caps, or his fondness for statistics to the returns of the census, the prices of his meals, the enormity of washing expenses, or the absence of extra charges. He establishes a domestic census of his own, not under the authority of government, but carried on under his personal observation. He passed a night at a plantation, the mistress of which had been twice married, and, what was well worthy of record, had borne twins to both of her husbands. In Rome, she would have received a bounty from the state, as a woman who had deserved well of it. On this visit, our traveler slept in the only spare chamber, which contained three beds, all of which were occupied. A circumstance so singular naturally leads him to reflection, and reflection as surely terminates in philosophical observation ; “ I do not know,” he says, “ what would have happened if a greater number of strangers had arrived.” Any one, even without a knowledge of the *locus in quo*, could suggest the only probable alternative. It is as plain as the nose on Mr. Stuart’s face, which, we have no doubt, is prominent if not protuberant, for he always goes ahead as if he were following it.

We have not yet observed on Mr. Stuart’s style. Its chief defects are frequent improprieties of expression, gross inaccuracies in grammar, harsh collocation of words, and an utter contempt of arrangement in his ideas. Juxta-position is with him no sign of similarity of subject, or even the most distant relationship. His facts are heaped together like the articles in a Yankee baggage-wagon ; nothing for show, but all for stowage. He has no regard for antecedent and consequent, and we have before hinted at his inattention to premiss and conclusion. When he states two facts in a distinct paragraph, he couples them thus : “ We have not been accosted by a beggar in New-York. The streets seem to be well watered.” How these fellow-passengers happened to be slung in the same hammock is more than we can easily divine.

Mr. Stuart is very favorably disposed towards this country, and willing to represent all her institutions in the most favorable point of view. Notwithstanding the great rudeness to which he sometimes confesses, we believe him to have a tolerable share of civilization. But, through the whole of his two volumes, we did not meet with a single sentiment, which warmed us with a generous feeling or an affectionate impulse towards the writer, who was so full of soft words, and found so much among us to admire. On one occasion only did we approximate to any emotion of the kind. He was describing a hospitable and joyous reception of his party, at a Virginian hotel, which was called “ The Merry Oaks ;” he appeared to feel kindly and warmly, when he expressed the pleasure they enjoyed, and the regret with which they left their merry and open-hearted host. But mark the conclusion of the paragraph, and the cold-water dash it administered to our easy sensibilities — “ The charge against each person was half a dollar—little more than two shillings !”

We are suspicious of Mr. Stuart's praise, and cannot but think he had his eye on an equivalent while he was in the act of bestowing it. His volumes contain, among masses of trash, patches of valuable information. In England they may be read to advantage; and few Americans will skim over them without learning something of their own country, of which they had till then been ignorant. We dislike, however, the spirit of the man, and, following him in his travels without sympathy, part from him without regret. His soul may be immaterial, but the limit of its range is within the circumference of a six pence.

Colonel HAMILTON is a very different man. Already favorably known as the author of one of the best novels of the age, his literary pretensions place him far above any other English traveler who has made the tour of the United States. A tory by habit and education, a soldier by profession, and a gentleman by nature, his speculations are always tinged by prejudices, though given with a freedom of expression and elegance of style, that disarm even prejudices of much that is offensive. He is not blessed with that fondness of detail which characterizes Mr. Stuart; his views are large and comprehensive. We are not favored with the mysteries of his memorandum-book; nor a daily compend of his landlord's bill of fare; nor with items of the liquor drank by his friends; nor with the minutiae of mine host's bill. Colonel Hamilton's mode of doing things is quite the opposite. His disbursements are made by a servant, who carries his spending money and his lending money. In general terms, we are given to understand that he frequented the best houses, saw the best society, drank the best wine, and ate the best dinners, that were to be had in the United States—but his vouchers have been kept for his private perusal, and the entertainment of particular friends. The absence or presence of extra charges does not appear to trouble him in the least; and, what is very singular, considering the importance of the subject, he has not once aspired to the circumstance of night-caps.

Colonel Hamilton speculates, generalizes, philosophizes. His style is singularly felicitous, combining, in a very rare degree, strength with beauty of expression, and richness of humor with spirited wit and vigorous eloquence. His description of the Falls of Niagara is a fine composition, and the reflections, with which it is interspersed, spring naturally from the grandeur he is contemplating. The account of the Shaker village, at Niskayuma, is happily drawn; but the air of lightness about it savors a little too much of the man of the world. We never could smile at the saltatory exhibitions of a Shaker congregation. The meagre frames of the women, with the narrow shoulders and spare chests, the sallow and corpse-like complexions, please us, if possible, still less than the hypocritical visages of the men, overshadowed by the long sleek hair, and wearing an aspect of low cunning and assumed humility. Never have we been able to contemplate their performances with any higher emotions than those of disgust, or to listen to the absurd harangues of their elders without a sigh for the weakness of humanity, and pity for the deluded ignorance, which was thus receiving the rant of folly for the inspiration of religion. Still their absurdities are, perhaps, harmless, as they can never become general: the eccentric and unnatural will always find a few crazy proselytes, but never a numerous body of sane disciples.

We are disposed to grant Colonel Hamilton much more praise, than that which attaches to merely superior excellence and attractiveness of style. From a very thorough perusal and review of his book, and a degree of reflection upon its most important topics, we are persuaded that he is an "honest chronicler," and circulates nothing but the results of his conviction. That he is prejudiced sometimes, we are not disposed to deny; and that we differ from him in many of his political views, as a follower of Jeffersonian republicanism, untainted by the later heresies with which it has been infused, we are ready to admit. When he admires the principles of primogeniture, and approves the odious system of *fagging* as current in the English schools, we cannot help wishing that these lurking predilections of John Bull were corrected in so clever a fellow. When he refuses, from spite, to visit the water-works at Philadelphia, it strikes us that he is himself the only loser, and we do not believe that this very respectable monument of ingenuity experienced the least mortification. On this subject, however, he is not the only traveler who has been most unconscionably bored; the Philadelphians should let the water-works speak for themselves. These are trifling matters, however, in an octavo of four hundred pages. How any one could expect to find fewer gross prejudices, in so large a space, we cannot imagine.

Colonel Hamilton complains that there is an indecent haste at our hotels in performing the functions of mastication. He is indignant that meals are furnished only at stated hours, and that if a man is not fortunately in the possession of a chronometer, and disposed to conform himself to the despotic regulations of Boniface, he runs great risk of entirely losing his breakfast and dinner, or of getting them in a condition unmeet for a tolerably well educated palate. Servants, too, he finds generally inattentive; and, in a strange inn, he does not like to be shipped off alone to explore a passage to an unknown point, with nothing in the shape of a pilot, or even a compass to direct him. In all this, we think the Colonel is perfectly right; and we have strenuously resisted every proposition to burn him in effigy, that has been based on any one of these several speculations. It is our deliberate opinion, founded not on a very extensive, though not a very limited observation, that at most of our public houses, people may be said to bolt, rather than to eat. They swallow their food whole, without going through a process, which foreign physicians assert to be a very useful prelude to digestion. The stomach is not treated fairly, when called upon to discharge the additional duties of the teeth. We do not wonder that it rebels against such impositions on its good nature, and are much obliged to the gallant colonel for breaking a lance in its defence.

In respect to pilotage, when ignorant of the localities of an inn, we also confess ourself a Hamiltonian. Often have we suffered from the want of it, and remember an anecdote which fully illustrates its necessity. Some years ago, a gentleman stopped at a hotel in Hartford, on a night when a party of Indians were destined to be his fellow-lodgers. Beds were placed for them in a long hall which extended through the house, on either side of which was a row of chambers. Our friend was disposed to retire early, and was despatched with a candle to find his apartment. Reaching one, which answered the description he had received at the bar, he entered, and, without much examination or de-

lay, threw himself into the bed and drew the curtains. About an hour had elapsed, and he had fallen into a comfortably sound slumber, when he was roused by a sudden shriek. Supposing it to be an accidental yell of one of his Indian neighbors, he merely swore at them, fastened his door, and again tried to compose himself to sleep. His repose, however, was of short duration. In about a minute, the man of the mansion was thundering at the door, with a whole *posse comitatus*. His guest refused all admittance, but finally consented to a parley. To his great astonishment, he discovered that he was merely a squatter in the premises, without any legal right of occupancy. The apartment belonged to a worthy lady, whose liege was absent. On retiring to her chamber, she had deliberately thrown off the incumbrances of the day, and arrayed herself in the costume which it was her wont to wear by night. After arranging all preliminaries to a quiet rest, she had drawn aside the curtains, and was about to enter her couch. Judge of her terror on finding it already tenanted by a stranger, and, if whiskers are any indication of manhood, that stranger evidently of another sex. Under these circumstances, we can hardly wonder that her cry should have borne some distant resemblance to an Indian yell. Explanations ensued, and, as the character of all the parties was fortunately above suspicion, the affair terminated with neither a duel nor a divorce.

Colonel Hamilton's speculation on New-England character may seem to be more open to objection, than his complaints of our taverns. Here we are getting upon dangerous ground, and must select our foothold as cautiously as we may. He says we are cold, money-loving, little moved by the kinder impulses of the heart, unamiable, unimaginative, vain, puritanical, and with a reputation for honesty somewhat at a discount. On the other hand, he admits that our lack of heart is compensated by a double supply of brains; he confesses that we are energetic, independent, sober, attached to good order, well educated, and religious. The charge of dishonesty we leave altogether out of view, as, from the connection in which it appears, we presume he intends to confine it to that class of the community known by the appellation of pedlars,—a body of sharpers, among whom we believe our own laws do not recognize the existence of any superfluity of fair dealing. At any rate, the popular persuasion is, and particularly in the Southern States, that a greater set of rogues than are acting in this capacity, can be found only in the cells of the Penitentiary, and among the graduates of our Houses of Correction.

But, on examining the remainder of the charges, with as little prejudice as can be required of a New-Englander, are we prepared to say that they are without foundation in truth? Are we not money-loving? Is there any country where riches command greater respect, power, and influence? Is not a man of wealth synonymous with a man of merit, and is not fullness of pocket a measure of capacity and talent? Look at the grasping, monopolizing, anxious spirit, with which the accumulation of gold is sought, and the tenacity with which it is held. Look at the immense corporations, darkening the land, absorbing the general industry for individual benefit, and fostering all the aristocratic tendencies of society, to heap up a few mammoth fortunes for misers, to be lavished by fools. Go into our churches, and hear eulogy out-eulo-

gized over the remains of rich blockheads, whose mother-wit was just sufficient to enable them to steer clear of the jail, and cheat with color of law, and whose memory is a scorn and mockery to the oppressed laborer and unrelieved poor. Open our statute-books, and read the laws on imprisonment for misfortune, which would disgrace the code of Tartary—if Tartary has any code—but as to which, all the virtue, intelligence, and talent of old Massachusetts can do nothing in opposition to the efforts of greedy money-lenders and starving pettifoggers. Consider all these things, and then say whether or not the epithet of “money-loving” is too harsh for such a devoted worship of Mammon?

That we are a people of cold temperament, and, in general, unimaginative, that our manners and feelings are somewhat puritanical, and that we are moderately vain, it is not our present intention to deny. If we are vain, it is not without very good reason; as we have much among us, of which we might justly be not only vain, but proud. Our puritanical notions we come by fairly, and they only prove that we are the sons of our fathers. As to the lack of imaginativeness, we have not quite made up our mind; and our coldness finds a sufficient apology in our climate. Byron says that the “cold in clime are cold in blood;” and, in saying it, he certainly gives us a verse of poetry that is also philosophy and truth. The better part of Colonel Hamilton’s picture may be passed over in silence: as it will find none to dispute the likeness, there is no need of adding our assent to its similitude.

But it is time that we should cease bestowing our tediousness on the readers, who have kindly yawned through an article of so unreasonable a prolixity. It was not our intention to review Colonel Hamilton’s book, but merely to touch lightly upon some one or two of its most prominent topics. We think it as just a treatise as a man, educated under foreign institutions, is capable of writing upon this country. There is much truth in it, which we shall do well to ponder, before rejecting. It is judicious to learn wisdom from a plain speaker, rather than folly from a deceitful one; and if people will insist upon holding up mirrors for Jonathan to see himself in, we know not why he should break that which is the truest, because it is not the most flattering.

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

[TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE, the black chieftain of Hayti, was a slave on the plantation of M. Bayon de Libertas. When the general rising of the negroes took place, in 1791, Toussaint refused to join them, until he had aided M. Bayon and his family to escape to Baltimore. The white man had discovered in Toussaint many noble qualities, and had instructed him in some of the first branches of education; and the preservation of his life was owing to the Negro’s gratitude for this kindness.

In 1797, Toussaint L'Ouverture was appointed, by the French Government, General-in-chief of the armies of St. Domingo, and, as such, signed the Convention with General Maitland for the evacuation of the

island by the British. From this period until 1801, the island, under the government of Toussaint, was happy, tranquil, and prosperous. The miserable attempt of Napoleon to re-establish slavery in St. Domingo, although it failed of its intended object, proved fatal to the Negro chieftain. Treacherously seized by Leclerc, he was hurried on board a vessel by night, and conveyed to France, where he was confined in a cold subterranean dungeon, at Besançon, where, in April, 1803, he died. The treatment of Toussaint finds a parallel only in the murder of the Duke d'Enghein. It was the remark of Godwin, in his Lectures, that the West-India islands, since their first discovery by Columbus, could not boast of a single name which deserves comparison with that of TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.]

THE moon was up. One general smile
Was resting on the Indian isle—
Mild—pure—ethereal;—rock and wood,
In searching sunshine wild and rude,
Rose, mellowed through the silver gleam,
Soft as the landscape of a dream :
All motionless, and dewy wet,
Tree, vine, and flower in shadow met :
The myrtle with its snowy bloom,
Crossing the nightshade's solemn gloom—
The white crecopia's silver rhind
Relieved by deeper green behind—
The orange with its fruit of gold,—
The lithe paullinia's verdant fold,—
The passion-flower, with symbol holy,
Twining its tendrils long and lowly,—
The rhexias dark, and cassia tall,
And, proudly rising over all,
The kingly palm's imperial stem,
Crowned with its leafy diadem,
Star-like, beneath whose sombre shade,
The fiery-winged cucullo played !

Yes—lovely was thine aspect, then,
Fair island of the Western Sea !—
Lavish of beauty, even when
Thy brutes were happier than thy men,
For *they*, at least, were *free* !—
Regardless of thy glorious clime,
Unmindful of thy soil of flowers,
The toiling negro sighed, that Time
No faster sped his hours.
For, by the dewy moonlight still,
He fed the weary-turning mill,
Or bent him in the chill morass,
To pluck the long and tangled grass,
And hear above his scar-work back
The heavy slave-whip's frequent crack ;—
While in his heart one evil thought
In solitary madness wrought,—
One baleful fire surviving still.
The quenching of the immortal mind—
One sterner passion of his kind,
Which even fetters could not kill,—
The savage hope, to deal, ere long,
A vengeance bitterer than his wrong !

Hark to that cry !—long, loud, and shrill,
From field and forest, rock and hill,—

Thrilling and horrible it rung,
 Around, beneath, above ;—
 The wild beast from his cavern sprung—
 The wild bird from her grove !
 Nor fear, nor joy, nor agony
 Were mingled in that midnight cry ;
 But, like the lion's growl of wrath,
 When falls that hunter in his path,
 Whose barbed arrow, deeply set,
 Is rankling in his bosom yet,
 It told of hate, full, deep and strong,—
 Of vengeance kindling out of wrong ;
 It was as if the crimes of years—
 The agony—the toil—the tears—
 The shame and hate, which liken well
 Earth's garden to the nether hell,
 Had found in Nature's self a tongue,
 On which the gathered horror hung ;—
 As if from cliff, and stream, and glen,
 Burst, on the startled ears of men
 That voice which rises unto God—
 Solemn and stern—the cry of blood !

It ceased—and all was still once more,
 Save ocean chafing on his shore—
 The sighing of the wind, between
 The broad banana's leaves of green—
 Or, bough by restless plumage shook—
 Or, distant brawl of mountain brook.

Brief was the silence. Once again
 Pealed to the skies that frantic yell—
 Glowed on the heavens a fiery stain,
 And flashes rose and fell ;
 And, painted on the blood-red sky
 Dark, naked arms were tossed on high ;
 And, round the white man's lordly hall
 Trode, fierce and free, *the brute he made*,
 And those who crept along the wall,
 And answered to his lightest call
 With more than spaniel dread.
 The creatures of his lawless beck
 Were trampling on his very neck !
 And, on the night-air, wild and clear,
 Rose woman's shriek of more than fear ;
 For bloodied arms were round her thrown,
 And dark cheeks pressed against her own !

Then, injured Afric, for the shame
 Of thy own daughters, vengeance came,
 Full on the scornful hearts of those,
 Who mocked thee in thy nameless woes,
 And to thy hapless children gave
 One choice—pollution, or the grave !

Dark-browed Toussaint!—the storm had risen
 Obedient to his master-call—
 The Negro's mind had burst its prison—
 His hand its iron thrall !
 Yet where was he, whose fiery zeal
 First taught the trampled heart to feel,
 Until despair itself grew strong,
 And vengeance fed its torch from wrong ?
 Now—when the thunder-bolt is speeding—
 Now—when oppression's heart is bleeding—

Now—when the latent curse of Time
Is raining down in fire and blood—
That curse, which through long years of crime
Had gathered, drop by drop, its flood.
Why strikes he not, the foremost one
Where Murder's sternest deeds are done?

He stood the aged palms beneath
That shadowed o'er his humble door,
Listening, with half-suspended breath,
To the wild sounds of fear and death—
—Toussaint l'Ouverture!
What marvel that his heart beat high!
The blow for freedom had been given;
And blood had answered to the cry
Which earth sent up to heaven!
What marvel, that a fierce delight
Smiled grimly o'er his brow of night,
As groan, and shout, and bursting flame
Told where the midnight tempest came;
With blood and fire along its van,
And death behind!—he was a MAN!

Yes—dark-souled chieftain!—if the light
Of mild Religion's heavenly ray,
Unveiled not to thy mental sight
The lowlier and the purer way,
In which the Holy Sufferer trod,
Meekly amidst the sons of crime,—
That calm reliance upon God
For justice, in his own good time,—
That gentleness, to which belongs
Forgiveness for its many wrongs;
Even as the primal martyr, kneeling
For mercy on the evil-dealing,—
Let not the favored white man name
Thy stern appeal, with words of blame.
Has he not, with the light of heaven
Broadly around him, made the same—
Yea,—on a thousand war-fields striven,
And gloried in his open shame?
Kneeling amidst his brothers' blood
To offer mockery unto God,
As if the High and Holy One
Could smile on deeds of murder done!—
As if a human sacrifice
Were purer in His holy eyes,
Though offered up by Christian hands,
Than the foul rites of Pagan lands!

* * * * *

Sternly, amidst his household band,
His carbine grasped within his hand,
The white man stood, prepared and still,
Waiting the shock of maddened men,
Unchained, and fierce as tigers, when
The horn winds through their caverned hill.
And one was weeping in his sight,—
The fairest flower of all the isle,—
The bride who seemed but yesternight
The image of a smile.
And, clinging to her trembling knee,
Looked up the form of infancy,
With tearful glance in either face,
The secret of its fear to trace.

Toussaint l'Ouverture.

"Ha—stand, or die!" The white-man's eye
 His steady musket gleamed along,
 As a tall Negro hastened nigh,
 With fearless step and strong.
 "What ho, Toussaint!" A moment more
 His shadow crossed the lighted floor.
 "Away," he shouted; "fly with me,—
 The white man's bark is on the sea;—
 Her sails must catch the landward wind,
 For sudden vengeance sweeps behind.
 Our brethren from their graves have spoken,
 The yoke is spurned—the chain is broken;
 On all the hills our fires are glowing—
 Through all the vales red blood is flowing!
 No more the mocking White shall rest
 His foot upon the Negro's breast;—
 No more, at morn or eve, shall drip
 The warm blood from the driver's whip:—
 Yet, though Toussaint has vengeance sworn
 For all the wrongs his race have borne,—
 Though for each drop of Negro blood,
 The white man's veins shall pour a flood;
 Not all alone the sense of ill
 Around his heart is lingering still,
 Nor deeper can the white man feel
 The generous warmth of grateful zeal.
 Friends of the Negro! Fly with me—
 The path is open to the sea:
 Away, for life!"—He spoke, and pressed
 The young child to his manly breast,
 As, headlong, through the cracking cane
 Down swept the dark insurgent train—
 Drunken and grim—with shout and yell
 Howled through the dark, like sounds from hell!

Far out, in peace, the white man's sail
 Swayed free before the sunrise gale.
 Cloud-like that island hung afar,
 Along the bright horizon's verge,
 O'er which the curse of servile war
 Rolled its red torrent, surge on surge.
 And he—the Negro champion—where
 In the fierce tumult, struggled he?
 Go trace him by the fiery glare
 Of dwellings in the midnight air—
 The yells of triumph and despair—
 The streams that crimson to the sea!

Sleep calmly in thy dungeon-tomb,*
 Beneath Besançon's alien sky,

* The reader may, perhaps, call to mind the beautiful sonnet of William Wordsworth, addressed to Toussaint l'Ouverture, during his confinement in France.

"Toussaint!—thou most unhappy man of men!
 Whether the whistling rustic tends his plough
 Within thy hearing, or thou liest now
 Buried in some deep dungeon's earless den;—
 Oh, miserable chieftain!—where and when
 Wilt thou find patience?—Yet, die not; do thou
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow:
 Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,
 Live and take comfort. Thou hast left behind
 Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies,—
 There's not a breathing of the common wind
 That will forget thee: thou hast great allies.
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
 And love, and man's unconquerable mind."

Dark Haytian !—for the time shall come,—
 Yea, even now is nigh—
 When, every where, thy name shall be
 Redeemed from *color's infamy*,
 And men shall learn to speak of thee,
 As one of earth's great spirits, born
 In servitude, and nursed in scorn,
 Casting aside the weary weight,
 And fetters of its low estate,
 In that strong majesty of soul,
 Which knows no color, tongue, or clime—
 Which still hath spurned the base control
 Of tyrants through all time !
 For other hands than mine may wreath
 The laurel round thy brow of death,
 And speak thy praise, as one whose word
 A thousand fiery spirits stirred,—
 Who crushed his foeman as a worm—
 Whose step on human hearts fell firm :—
 Be mine the better task to find
 A tribute for thy lofty mind,
 Amidst whose gloomy vengeance shone
 Some milder virtues all thine own,—
 Some gleams of feeling pure and warm,
 Like sunshine on a sky of storm,—
 Proofs that the Negro's heart retains
 Some nobleness amidst its chains,—
 That kindness to the wronged, is never
 Without its excellent reward,—
 Holy to human-kind, and ever
 Acceptable to God !

1st of 10th month, 1833.

THE NERVOUS MAN.

NO. II.

If the readers of the New-England Magazine will turn back to one of its numbers for the spring of 1832, they will find a few extracts from the manuscript remains of a nervous gentleman, deceased. The following have been drawn from the same source. I wish it to be particularly understood, that, in regard to the sentiments of my author, I am a decided *non-committal*. J. G. W.

MUSIC—BALLADS AND CHAMBERMAIDS.

"This must be the music," said he, "of the *spears*,
 For I 'm hanged if each note of it does 'nt run through me."
Moore's Fudge Family.

"Madam !"

"Yes, sir," said my landlady, reluctantly breaking off from humming a worn-out tune. "Will you do me the favor to order your maid, who is verily 'making night hideous,' in the chamber adjoining mine, with her everlasting ditty of

'The Major's only son—
 How all for love he was undone,'

to keep silence for the next half hour. That musical slut will be the death of me yet. Yes—madam—I 'm serious—this perpetual chant

of doggerel sentimentality is absolutely murdering me—a sort of auricular manslaughter. You *must* silence her, madam, or I shall certainly be left to do some dreadful thing—perhaps blow out my brains, or gag the jade with her own song-book.”

“La, sir, you talk strangely—I ’ll speak to the gal.”

“Do, madam.”

Away goes my landlady, catching up by the way the broken thread of *her* tune. Che-cher-cher-che—Hi-titi-ti! There’s a perfect music-mania pervading the whole household. Oh! for one hour of that silence, which broods forever over the speechless brotherhood of La Trappe. As old Robert Flecknoe hath it:—

“Still-born *Silence*!—thou that art
Flood-gate of the deeper heart—
Offspring of a heavenly kind—
Frost o’ the mouth, and thaw o’ the mind!”

But hush—the door’s ajar—what says my landlady?

“Whist, Betty, whist!”

“He was but eighteen years of age
When first in love he did engage.”

“There—there—Betty, do be still. The sick gentleman, you know, is terribly nervous, and he’s provoked to death at your singing.”

“Lord, ma’am, I wonder what such gentle folks’s nerves are made on. Sick man, indeed!—He aint a whit better than a mad man, and if I could have my say-so, I’d have a straight jacket on him about the quickest.”

Betty—Betty!—but I forgive thee. Thou but echoest the kind wishes and sympathies of thy betters.

“’T was on the eighteenth day of May
When trees were all a blooming,
A young man on his death-bed lay,
For the love of Barbara Allen.”

Misery!—Betty is at it again, churming more lugubriously than ever. “Here’s another ballad,” as Autolycus says, “of a fish that appeared upon the coast a Wednesday, the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids. It was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cod fish. The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.”

Sing on, then, Betty, sweet nightingale of the kitchen! From my heart I wish that every vagabond Italian torturer of cat-gut—every strolling musical mendicant, from Paganini downward, was condemned to listen to thee for the next half century.

Mad—yes, I *am* mad—music-mad—quaver-stricken! What unlucky planet drove me to seek relief from Betty’s barcarole, from bitter thoughts, and physical suffering, to the side of that indefatigable Miss M——, that semibreve in petticoats,—that locomotive ledger-line,—that appoggiatura personified? She, forsooth, kind soul, must needs fly to her piano, and endeavor to exorcise the evil demon of my melancholy, as David of old did that of Saul. Miserable mistake! The foul fiend held his possession, and the attempt at his ejection only introduced a score of other spirits more wicked than himself; and,

like the demoniac of the parable, my last state was infinitely worse than the first.

I can hear it now, in my mind's ear,—that infernal melody,—that purgatory of sound,—haunting me like the confused and torturing murmur, which sometimes mingles its broken and discordant horror with an unquiet dream. The tormentor!—could she not see that she was racking every nerve of my system, while she continued playing on—on—without pause or apparent variation;—running over the same diabolical combinations of crotchets and minims and quavers,—slurs, rests, swells, and semibreves? Did she not know that one word of sympathy,—one look of kindness—one cordial pressure of the hand, would have been to my sick spirit as a cluster from the vines of Eshcol, or water from the fount of Meribah? Did she not know that one soft and gentle tone from the lip of woman, dictated by a heart of feeling, is worth more to one like me, than all the cold and common-place entertainments of fashionable folly? Alas!—how long will woman desecrate her beautiful gifts of person and intellect to a mere artificial show, and stake her whole claim to admiration upon the successful performance of the wretched *littlenesses* of an unprofitable existence? The slave of a Turkish harem, may sing and play, and eat and sleep—God help her! and thus prove, to the satisfaction of her brutal master, that the dogma of the Arabian Prophet is true to the letter—*that women have no souls*. But here—in a land and age of reason, and philosophy, and Christianity, let not woman put out the light of her immortal mind. Let her every action, rather, discover a sense of the awful responsibility of that mental stewardship, with which God has intrusted her.

DREAMS—EATING, &C.

“And as I slept, methought I dreamed
A very dismal dream.” *Ballad of “the Plough Boy.”*

THANK Heaven—it *was* a dream; and yet how like reality! A hanging scene, and myself the victim;—the slow-drawn hurdle;—the creaking steps of the scaffold;—the ghastly executioner;—the gray-haired priest;—the hymn for the dying;—the great crowd heaving and undulating beneath me like an unquiet sea;—the thousand upturned eyes, cold, pitiless, tearless! I have a great respect for Bishop Berkeley, but very little for his philosophy. *Ideas* are not *things*. Had it been otherwise, I should now, instead of sitting at “mine ease, in mine own inn,” have been swaying, *a la Tyburn*, “slovenly and unhandsome” to the sun and wind.

'T is all along of my late suppers. They are “the stuff which dreams are made of.” These same pestilent suppers have been for years a vexation to me. I know from experience that your cold ham is the vital stamina of misanthropy, and that your sliced turkey is so much palpable and substantial melancholy. Your toast may smoke temptingly before you, but the nightmare looks there, like Asmodeus in the smoke of his broken phial.

“*Vita nostra, est instar comedię*,”—says De Britaine—“our breakfast the prologue,—our dinner the interlude,—our supper the epilogue.” Supper is of itself a tragedy. I am for its utter, immediate abolishment. Tell me not of sipping black tea and masticating dry

bread ; of sitting down to a dish of skimmed milk and lime-water, like a criminal to his bowl of hemlock. To taste, is but an aggravation ;—to devour, is to suffer the pains of purgatory.

I have been looking over some old authors touching this matter of eating. Paracelsus speaks of a man who lived six months without taking food, simply by applying fresh sods of earth to his breast. But Paracelsus—nevertheless his medical reputation—was a hard hand at the bottle—getting daily into that predicament, which Samson Occum, the celebrated Indian priest, used to call, “ sinking one’s self below the devil, who is a gentleman, and never drinks.”

I know not that we can rely upon his authority. Licetas and Cardan—men of veracity and note—say that they knew some holy men who lived twenty years without eating. This I am inclined to consider a miracle. But, Harmolaus, Barberus, Joubertus, and others, have left upon record the case of one who lived in Rome forty years only by inspiration of the air ;—and some old Latin writers speak of a people in the Indies, called Astomares, who have no mouths, and live only by the use of their olfactory organs. Olympidorus, the Platonist, assures us that he knew a person who lived many years without eating or sleeping, (he says nothing about drinking) but who stood in the sun to refresh himself. Aldrovandus tells of a bird, in the Eastern Islands, which, by reason of its vast wings, is borne up continually in the air, upon which it subsists. Ælian tells a curious story of the goats of Gimanta, who never drink, but simply turn their heads to the sea, and refresh themselves with its vapors.

Langins thinks the cause of such extraordinary capabilities of abstinence to be an entire relaxation of the nerves of the orifice of the stomach. Sennertus agrees to this supposition, and very sagely concludes that such bodies are *nearly* immortal !

I rather prefer De Britaine’s hypothesis ; “ the air is full of balsamic rocid atoms ; and is ever sprinkled with a fine, foreign fatness, which may perhaps be sufficient food to nourish the fine part of our frames, wherein the temper of man and his life stands.” Now, who knows but this may be true to the letter ? Perhaps the very air is impregnated with a saline and nutritious spirit, in which the seminal virtues of all things are incorporated,—the pure essence of all bodies, extracted by the sunbeams, and so sublimated as to be homogeneous to, and, in effect, the spirit of life. I cannot say, however, that I should be willing to test the truth of my theory. One’s appetite is apt to prove refractory under the restraint of such philosophical experiments ; and I fully agree with Lord Bacon in his remark, that “ of all rebellions, that of the belly is the worst.”

Yet, what a beastly vice is gluttony ? More degrading, if possible, than drunkenness itself. A perfect adoption of the most revolting characteristic of the brute ! A glutton cannot be a Christian—the dinner-table is his god, to which health, reason, decency, are sacrificed. I have ever admired the Scotchman’s test of gluttony. “ Watch twa eatin,” said he. “ As lang ’s there’s a power of, or a capacity o’ smilin’ on their cheeks, and in and about their een ;—as lang ’s they keep lookin’ at ye, an’ roun’ about the table, attendin’ to or joinin’ i’ the talks or the speekin’ cawm ; as lang ’s they every noo an’ then lay doon their knife and fork to ca’ for gill, or to ask a young lady to tak’

wine, an' tell an anecdote ;—as lang 's they glower on the framed picture or prents on the wall, an' keep askin' if tane's original and tither proofs ;—as lang 's they offer to carve the tongue or turkey ;—depend on 't they 're no in a state o' gluttony, but are devourin' their soup, fish, flesh, an' foul, like men an' Christians. But, as sune 's their chin gets greeshy—their nostrils wide—their cheeks sank, sallow an' clunky—their een fixed—their faces close to the trencher—an' themselves dumbies—then you may see a specimen o' the immoral an' unintellectual abandonment o' the sowl of man to his gustative nature ; then is the fast, foul, fat-feeder a glutton—the maist disgusfu'est creature that sits—an' far aneath the level o' them that feed on a' fours, out o' trochs, on garbage."

Before Pope Sixtus reached the Papal chair he was temperate—nay abstemious to the last degree ;

" Panis et aqua.
Est Vita Beata,"

was his favorite saying. But when his ambition had been gratified with the supreme ecclesiastical authority—when he felt the keys of St. Peter firmly in his grasp, he entered upon a most luxurious course of living, saying,

" Aqua et Panis
Est Vita Canis."

THE DOCTOR AND HIS PATIENT.

" Ma fol !—ces Medecins sont de vilaines gens !"

So saith Mons. Renard, in his play of the *Legatee* ; but so say not I. My physician has just left me. He is a clever fellow, and it may be a skilful, withal. But he has the folly to pretend to cheerfulness, and laughs by main force over his own jokes—the unhappy man ! Does he think to deceive people by it ? A merry physician, indeed !—as well talk of a laughing death's head—the cachinnation of a monk's *memento mori*. Heaven help the doctors ! From the court physician down to the veriest quack who ever dosed with herbs or steamed *a la Esquimaux*, I commiserate every mother's son of them. This life of ours is sorrowful enough in its best estate—the brightest phasis of our being is " sicklied o'er with the pale cast" of the future and the past. But, it is the lot of the physician to look only upon the shadow ;—to turn away from the house of feasting and go down to the house of mourning ;—to breathe, day after day, the atmosphere of wretchedness ;—to grow familiar with suffering ;—to look upon humanity disrobed of its pride and glory—robbed of all its fictitious ornaments—weak, helpless, naked—and undergoing the last fearful metempsychosis from its end and godlike image—the living temple of an unshrined divinity, to the loathsome clod, and the all inanimate clay. There is wo behind him—there is wo before him. He is hand and glove with misery by prescription,—the ex-officio gauger of the " ills which flesh is heir to." What to him are the much-eulogized charms of home—the holy comforts of one's fire-side ? He has no home, unless it be by the bed-side of the sick—the querulous—the dying. Hurrying perpetually from one scene of misery to another, he knows nothing of the quiet

dence and violated trust! The male coquet is a fool, as well as a criminal. Unlike other workers of iniquity, he derives not even a temporary good from his vileness. He but ministers to the depraved appetite of his vanity. He "sows the wind," and it is proper that he should "reap the whirlwind."

In some men, who possess real powers of fascination, coquetry is dangerous; but in the far greater number it is simply and purely ridiculous.

WOMAN'S WISHES.

THE story of Emily — and William — interested me at the time I heard it, and I have been led to think that in some of its features it is not peculiar. They were natives of the same beautiful village, and the same year ushered them into existence. Their early years were spent in the daily round of childish sports, and they suffered in common their little vexations. They cultivated their gardens together, and roamed over the fields in company, and their little bridges and miniature edifices were built without any aid beyond their own combined ingenuity—and when she drove him before her wagon, and would urge him to quicken his speed in rivalry of their other playmates, at his request she would stop to admire a beautiful flower, or group the clouds in quaint figures. And when they were weary with play, they would rest together under some shady tree, and he would rest his head on her lap, and plan some new excursion, while she would play with his chestnut hair, and try to give him the enviable air of her uncle, the Colonel. Thus the golden dreams of youth flitted before them, but left, through every change, increased affection and confirmed influence. They were children of nature, and knew no other laws than hers; their impulses were pure, and no art had taught them restraint.

Their more advanced education, of course, separated them, in some degree, and as each became more acquainted with the duties and privileges of their respective sexes, they began to examine each other more minutely, and study each other's tastes and dispositions with more direct reference to their own. In those sports in which they still both mingled, each was at the same time the censor and the advocate of the other, and each began to demand from the other concessions not made to all. If William chanced to ride with any other of the youthful village belles, Emily,—she knew not why,—always took the liberty of being displeased; or if she manifested a preference for another partner at their village balls, William always considered it incumbent upon him to leave the ball-room and saunter alone through the walks on her uncle's grounds.

Her mind was of a strongly-marked and powerful cast. Though restless to a degree that in other cases would have proved ruinous, she had been able to master not only the learning expected from her age and sex, but much that is considered the peculiar province of man;—though not very fond of music, she had cultivated that art with perse-

verance and remarkable success;—and in drawing and painting, had made herself a proficient, because her family had always been highly distinguished as excelling in that art. Ambition was the strongest trait in her character, and she only regretted that her sphere of action was too limited for its sway. Her family had at one time been publicly distinguished, though subsequently unfortunate; and her greatest subject of complaint, was, that she could never revive her fallen name. With the greatest softness, she combined almost masculine energy, and was at the same time mild and sanguine in her disposition. Her feelings were warm and quick; and where her heart could expand itself, affection and disinterestedness shone through every change of feeling. Amiability marked her domestic relations, and condescension distinguished her intercourse with the world.

Time passed on, and brought its changes. Maturer years succeeded to infancy and youth, and life began to open in its more important relations before them. William had passed through the usual routine of education; and, without seeking them, had obtained the love and admiration of his equals, for the benevolence of his heart and the strength and variety of his talents. He showed no ambition, and cared not for distinction, and would have been contented to resign the prospect of every thing that talent and family can procure among men, and settle, to enjoy life, in his native and beloved village. His mind was one of harmony and peace, and poetry breathed in every feeling of his heart. He loved best to exercise his talents in the retirement of the study; and in the humbler charities of life, his best interests were unfolded. Natural scenery was unalloyed enjoyment; and a fine sunset, or a starlit evening, on the lake, excited in him greater pleasure than could the triumph of the ambitious demagogue or the factious author.

But his life was not destined to be unchequered. He had been happy in every circumstance—happy in his home, his talents, his resources; and when Emily confessed that the companion of her childhood was the beloved of her riper years, he thought that fortune's smiles must be expended;—her frown he had never known. But the shaft of disappointment came, and from a quarter he least expected it. Though Emily loved him with the deepest, most enduring affection, and depended on his love, as the flower on the breath of heaven, yet she did not think his character a perfect one. She disliked his want of more active energy, a wider ambition, his indifference to honor and distinction from men. It had long been to her a matter of deepest and most painful reflection, and it was on the most deliberate consideration that she demanded of him, that before she should unite her fate indissolubly with his, he should leave his retirement, and, entering into the world, gain a name such as her family had once worn. The discussion was long, warm, painful. He used every argument which his experience of past happiness, and the peaceful character of his mind, could suggest, to dissuade her from her demand. She suffered every agony incident to a struggle, between immediate and strong affection and the bias of a strongly-marked character; but she remained inflexible. Finally, he yielded; and with his resolution, his love had given way, if it had not been more firmly rooted than even his long-indulged habits of quietness and peaceful happiness. He asked for no delay; if his task must be performed before the rich reward could be gained, he

desired to begin at once, and accomplish, as shortly as possible, his painful work. He would not pretend to her that his love made the sacrifice an easy one; and the confusion of his mind, at the prospect before him, betrayed his unsuitableness for the life Emily had marked out for him.

The interval, before he should leave his home for one of the large cities of his country, was quickly passed; and though he longed to leave the scenes that were constantly reminding him of his many lost resources of happiness, the day of his departure came too soon.

As the coach which would convey him passed near her uncle's house, Emily accompanied him across the meadows to meet it.

The sun was just rising over the mountains which enclosed their beautiful valley, and his golden beams glanced joyously on the glistening leaves, and sparkled in the innumerable dew-drops. The air was fresh, and still, and heavy with the exhilarating odors of the morning, and no sound, except the merry song of the birds, broke the universal calmness—all nature seemed wrapt in admiration of the coming king of day—the leaves hung unmoved by any passing breeze, and the rippling brook seemed to glide more quietly over its pebbly bed.

Emily and William stood some time silent—now gazing on the stretching landscapes—now searching the depths of the morning sky. All around was quiet; all was peace and harmony without, but in the secret places of their hearts the tide of feeling swept on its crooked course in tumultuous and broken waves. He was engaged with fast coming remembrances of his early days, and the charms of his home were rapidly reviewed as year after year arose in his memory, and each succeeding one seemed fraught with greater happiness than the former. He thought of his early hopes, that he might rest there where he had first known happiness, and, in the society of her he loved, and surrounded by all his early and dearest associations, devote himself to their mutual improvement and happiness. His eye dwelt with mournful pleasure on the spot he had marked out for his residence; quiet, retired, commanding the most beautiful prospects—but his heart sickened as he glanced along the road that led to his future home, and a warmer pressure of her hand followed the thought that a few moments would separate him from the companion at his side, his early playmate, his constant friend, his first and only love.

Though their arms were interwoven, she did not press upon him, but stood firm and upright, her eyes bent toward the distant lake; but the eye within, as it glanced over the future, was dazzled and confused by the brilliancy of the images there conjured up. She thought not of present pain, or of the agonies of separation; nor did she fear the possible effect of acquaintance with the world in estranging William's affection from her: she felt no sorrow at the prospect of his long absence; nor did she shrink from the thought of her own loneliness. Her vision was a bright one—she followed him through the intricate paths of ambition, and hailed his success on reaching the highest point her imagination could picture—she discovered his opening splendor, and watched him in a course of increasing glory, till she grew dizzy with the prospect, and vaguely mingled her own image with his labors, and confounded her triumph with his success.

And as she threw her arms round his neck, and looked upon his glistening eye, she said—"We part now, William, but we shall soon meet again, when your fortunes shall be rising and when men begin to sound your name, as one to be respected and feared—that name, William, you will give me, and proud shall I be to wear it. Your wife, dearest, will be a happy woman."

He smiled as he imprinted a kiss on her marble brow. "That honor would not compensate me for a long absence from you. Emily, I have been thinking how happy we might be if you would be content with the happy lot Heaven has given us. 'T is not too late yet, Emily—say you are willing, and let me stay. Do not drive me into the cold, selfish world, but suffer me to remain here. I ask no honor above that of being called your husband. Emily, give up this vain ambition, and take the happiness we might both enjoy here."

She withdrew her arms, and folding them calmly stood some moments, her eye glistening and lips quivering, before she answered: "William, I sacrificed much of peace and happiness when I proposed your leaving me—but you are a man, and it was your duty. But, you say well, sir, 't is not too late—you are free, William, free to go where you will, to do what you will, to love whom you will. I never will wed the man who refuses to do what, were I a man, should be the object of my life."

Here the rattling of the stage coach was heard as it descended the hill; a few minutes, and the destiny of each was irrevocably fixed. Emily's emotion increased as she heard it; the moisture gathered round her deep blue eyes, and one clear drop fell upon her pale cheek; but she betrayed no signs of weakness; her arms remained folded, and her position proudly firm. She did not wish to conceal her suffering, but she remained firm in her purpose. William's agitation was momentary; at one moment his mind was a chaos of contending sufferings, but they subsided at once, and the current of his thoughts was stilled, and all was calm as the Sea of the Dead. Till this moment he had hoped some kind Providence would save him from the sad alternative; but now all hope vanished, and he breathed again freely. But the world was changed to him—from the heaven of his mind every star had been swept, save one, and that shed a ghastly light to make more evident the desolation which reigned.

As the coach appeared nearer them at a turn of the road, he silently clasped her to his bosom, his arm encircled her waist, and her head rested on his shoulder. She now appeared the weak and frail one, he the strong and confident. She did not speak; but, as he separated her from him, and seated her on the bank, he gave one parting kiss, and said, "Emily, farewell! tell me, when next we meet, if I am all you expected me to become."

When she looked up he was gone, and the glories of the scene around seemed to mock her wretchedness. The wheels of the receding coach were heard at a distance, as they bore away from her him she loved, and when in a few moments they were heard no more, her desolation was complete. She was now, for the first time in her life, alone—the tie, which had bound her in unison with the harmony of nature—the spell, which gave the charm to the grand and beautiful, was broken. She knew that every thing around shone in unusual

beauty; but the power of enjoyment was gone—her presence seemed to her to spread around a spirit of mockery and unreal splendor.

We will hasten over the two years which followed William's separation from his home, and his entrance into the world of strife and confusion, failure and success, triumph and disappointment. His history is briefly told. His talents and acquirements gained for him ready admission into all ranks of his fellow-men—and respect and envy, flattery and calumny, attended his step. It was long before he became interested in the novel scenes which were passing before him, or could form any plans of advancement which should bring him into more intimate connection with those among whom he had thrown himself, but whose associations and sympathies were so little in harmony with his own. His feelings, which had formerly flowed in a smooth and peaceful channel, were now liable to continual disturbance, and, beyond his control, bore him along in their irregular course. But, as he became more accustomed to regard his loss as irreparable, and to realize that the only prospect of Emily's ever becoming his depended on his exertions and success, he began to rouse from his inactivity, and apply himself to make the best use of the means necessary for his purpose. His time and talents were devoted to this purpose, and no means left unemployed to insure success. Gradually he felt an interest in his occupation, and, in time, ardor took the place of indifference. His resolution was made to forget the pleasures he had abandoned in the pursuit of new excitement, and he found the task more easy than he had anticipated—the pursuit of power and reputation engrossed every feeling, succeeded to every other interest. His letters to Emily at this time spoke only of his interested plans, his selfish enterprize,—and he called upon her to look forward, at no distant day, to see his final success and distinction among men. But while she exulted in his bright prospects, she missed the softer and more submissive language of love; he descanted on his future influence and high reputation, but his hopes of happiness were not now built on the prospect of union with her—he had made a sacrifice for her; but when he ceased to consider it a sacrifice, he ceased to consider her the object of it. He would have yielded every thing for her—she had urged him to seek every thing for himself.

And now, after two years separation, success seemed almost certain. The rapidity of his rise had been unprecedented; every obstacle had yielded to his talents and perseverance, and every art had been practised to gain his end. The poetic simplicity and purity of his mind were gone, and interest had become his ruling motive. No class of society had he neglected, nor any means of acquiring favor with each. As a man of the world his discipline was complete; his court had been artfully and successfully paid to all—the softer sex admired his elegant person and finished manners; the old men commended his steady adherence to old established principles; the young emulated the multiplicity of his accomplishments. In literature he had won the applause of the reading world, and laid the foundation of an extensive reputation. But on politics he had vested his chief reliance, and every thing answered his expectations—the wide field for the popular orator had been assiduously cultivated, and he had reaped popular applause—the measures of the rising party in government had been strenuously advocated, and powerful men boldly defended. So rapid had been his progress,

and so sanguine were his expectations, that he now in triumph announced to Emily his union with one of the most influential men in the state, who had solicited his assistance and promised him speedy advancement. This man he considered under the deepest obligations to him, for he had successfully defended him when in ambiguous circumstances, and was now laboring to secure his success at an approaching election.

Emily's happiness was great; nothing was now too high for her soaring imagination, no elevation so lofty but she fancied her lover had reached it; her bosom heaved as she anticipated his triumphs, and the name and influence he was daily building up—he whom she loved better than any thing she could imagine, and for whom she had made the sacrifice of separation, was rising to honor and splendid distinction, and she was happy. The harvest of her hopes was rich and mature, when the heavens were overcast, and doubt and sorrow threatened to sweep away the fruits of her fondest care.

In the midst of her exultation, allayed by a long silence on William's part, she received a letter which had traveled far and wide before it reached her, written by an unknown hand, and informing her that William was sick, having been attacked by a violent fever, and that great apprehensions were entertained for his life. He had rested all his hopes of advancement on political success, and, to secure this, had devoted his whole time and energies; every other pursuit had been abandoned, every thing staked on this game; and he had discovered, like many others, too late, that talents, without a knowledge of the world, are not sufficient to secure success in politics. His powerful friend had succeeded through his exertions, and gained a place where his assistance became unnecessary, and then, in fear of talents he had found so powerful, had taken the earliest opportunity of disappointing William's expectations, and overthrowing the entire structure on which were based his hopes of success. The shock was too sudden, the ruin too complete; his fortitude abandoned him, and his constitution, which excessive application had been rapidly undermining, sunk under the powerful moral reaction.

Emily lost no time in repairing to him. The distance was great, but she was insensible to fatigue, able to bear every hardship but delay; and day and night she traveled, alone, unceasing, and untired. Every inconvenience was slighted, every consideration, but him and his danger, forgotten. She imagined him suffering from disease and from separation from her—he might be alone, with no kind friend to attend his wants, none to soothe his troubled mind—he might be reproaching her for unfeeling delay, and might at that moment be listening to every passing carriage to hear if it brought her—or his last moments might have been hastened by his impatience to see her, and he might have died—leaving her only a dying message to be delivered by stranger lips. Thus, during her long journey, she tortured herself, and had no ground of hope, no subject of consolation. She at length, however, reached the city where William had gone, whither he had been forced from her and his native home.

It was night when she entered its narrow streets, confined by dull brick walls. A slow rain was pattering on the pavements and fell gloomily against the carriage windows. The foot passengers moved busily on their way through the murky streets, unheeding her, careless

of her interest or anxieties. The progress of the carriage was slow, owing to the driver's imperfect acquaintance with the streets, through which they groped at a most disconsolate and funereal pace. Finally, however, they stopped at a low, gloomy house, where William had taken up his humble quarters. The door was fastened, and Emily thought she could not survive the long interval before it was opened. She asked the rough looking waiter after William, and was told that he lived—though every hour was expected to be his last. She revived at the idea of his being yet alive, and, hastily breathing thanks to God, hurried after her guide to his room. He lives, she thought; I shall see him once again; he will again press me to his bosom; he will once more say he loves me, and will tell me that he dies prepared for the awful change. I shall watch over his dying hours; he shall see none but me, and on my bosom shall he breathe his last in calmness and in peace. Thus ran her thoughts when she reached his door.

She entered abruptly. A low lamp burned on a table near the bed, and threw a dim light over the room and furniture. The apartment was large and dreary. No marks of comfort appeared. The bare floor sounded coldly under her feet—a few chairs were scattered about, some holding his clothes as he had taken them off at the beginning of his sickness; others were occupied by the plates of half-eaten food, or the unopened daily papers—a table at his bed-side was covered with unfinished manuscripts, and letters unanswered, which had been carelessly brushed into a heap to make room for the phials and cups of medicine, which were there crowded confusedly together.

As Emily advanced, she discovered William on the bed. As his frame had always been slender, sickness had made little alteration in him, and as his face was turned from the light, she saw none. His chestnut hair fell, as in boyhood, curling over his pale forehead, and his mouth wore his own beautiful expression. His eyes were closed, but he was evidently awake, and seemed suffering from exhaustion after some violent effort. She gently took his hand, cold and moist; and, lowly breathing his name, was bending to kiss him, when he started, and, looking upward, his eyes glaring with frenzy, made an effort to rise, his right hand clenched and stretched towards heaven, while he supported himself on the other, and exclaimed, with passionate earnestness—"Oh spare me yet a little while, good God! Father of mercy, give me time for my revenge—let me drag him down with me—oh spare me"—Here he fell exhausted. Emily tried to catch his eye as she bent over him. "Will you speak to me William? speak but one word to your own Emily—say that you know me—oh, William, do you not love me? speak to me." But he, not seeming in the least aware of her presence, again started and exclaimed, his eye beaming fire and his lip curling with passion—"Where is he who tempted me into this sea of hell?"—and sank with a feeble cry.

Emily threw herself upon his burning bosom, and wept tears of agony. When she looked up, the light shone full on his face, his eyes were strained upwards, and his lips still wore the smile of bitter derision—but the spirit had fled to the judgement-seat of God.

THE INVALID STUDENT.

Albeit I sickness have and pain,
 And long have had, yet would I fain
 Do my mind's best and business,
 That in some part, so as I guess,
 The gentle mind may be advised. GOWER, *as quoted by Coleridge.*

I HAVE just returned from a most interesting visit to a young man, with whom I was formerly well acquainted, though for several years I have seldom seen him. He is an intense student, and, whether with books or without them, his mind is always in action. The consequence is that his health is ruined. Long since it was apparent that the seeds of disease were secretly working within him. But no persuasions could induce him to relax his efforts for improvement. Study had become a passion; it was essential to his existence. He had lost all relish for amusement; his only relaxation was the perusal of works of imagination and taste; and then so many faculties were called into action by his inquiring mind, that he was hardly less exhausted by them, than by the most recondite speculations in philosophy. In short, every thing was to him a study; every thing was either a philosophical subject or treatise.

During the last winter his frame had become completely worn down, and his physician informed him, that a season of entire relaxation was the only thing that could afford any prospect of recovery. He must remove out of the atmosphere of books, and seek, in the fresh air of his native hills, and their thoughtless occupations, for the treasure that he had lost. He was obliged to comply with the advice, and, early in the spring, left the university, with which he had for some time been partially connected, and took up his abode among early friends and amid scenes consecrated by the recollections of childhood.

He is a young man of unusual abilities and extensive acquirements, with more of the fire of genius in his eye than any person that I have ever known. At present his conversation is rendered doubly interesting by his state of health; for he exhibits every symptom of one who is surely approaching his end. But then his mind has lost nothing of its vigor; nay, its perceptions are more acute than ever, and teach, as if by instinct, what could formerly have been learned only by laborious research; and his body, though far wasted by disease, is yet painfully alive to every impulse, whether from the world without or from the soul within. His physical and mental powers perfectly harmonize; perhaps both are morbidly sensitive, and this must be the excuse for the extravagance of many of his expressions. His physical and mental powers perfectly harmonize; and while attending to him, I could hardly help believing, that every limb and muscle had a separate consciousness of what was going on in the mind, and that every feature of his countenance had in itself the power of expressing inward thoughts and emotions. And his voice—it beat time with his heart; it made melody with his soul; it was precisely what you would expect from such a countenance and such a man. Why do speakers so seldom succeed in conveying the impressions that they wish? It is not from a want of interest, not from a want of feeling or of understanding; but more frequently from a want of correspondence between what is addressed

to the eye and to the ear. The voice and face belie each other. It is just as unnatural, that the tones of earnestness, which we hear, should come from the statue-like form and inanimate countenance that we see, as that the uncouth images of a monastery should burst forth into singing and really perceive all the chains that tie

The hidden soul of harmony.

If the countenance be calm, let the voice also be calm; if tame, tameness of voice, though it may induce sleep, is yet far better than the tedious unrest produced by violent vociferations. But I am not writing an essay upon eloquence, and will therefore only add, that I do not believe that any public speaking can be truly eloquent, unless the voice, the face, the whole frame, be animated and inspired by the living spirit.

It was a secluded spot, where my friend resided, rather elevated, with a high hill covered by a luxuriant orchard in the rear, and commanding in front the full prospect of an extensive valley, through which a very sinuous, but beautiful and rapid stream, made its way. The house, a neat little cottage, overrun with honey-suckles—but why so particular? No one but myself cares for these things, and I dare not say, with Rousseau in his *Confessions*, that I write only to satisfy myself. It was near evening when I approached the house of my friend. He was sitting upon the door-step, with his pale face resting upon his yet paler fingers, and so absorbed in meditation, that I was not observed until within a few paces of his seat.

After the first salutations were over, we entered into an earnest conversation, of which I shall undertake to give a sketch. But there was such a richness of conception, such a fervor and strength of thought, and the power, beauty, and grace depended so much upon the peculiar words which he employed, and the peculiar looks and accents with which they were accompanied, that all attempts to give a just picture of them will prove, I fear, like the attempt to give, from the withered gleanings in the hay-stack of a farmer's yard, a just idea of the fragrant meadow, adorned and variegated by the innumerable flowers, that look out from the bosom, or move with the surface, of the waving green.

"I rejoice," said he, "to see you; for I feel the want of a companion, who can understand me, and to whom I can reveal alike my weakness and my strength. My friends are kind, but they do not know my wants; and therefore seclusion from books is of little use. Indeed, my health has been gradually sinking since I was here, and the pains of intellectual labor have not been less than when professedly engaged in the investigation of hard and difficult subjects. What though there is no library here? The great book of nature is always open, and whether I go forth in the morn to "see what preparation the sun maketh in the chambers of the east," before his appearance; whether I sit beneath the shade of yonder wood, at noon-day, listening to the song of some retiring bird; or whether I wander abroad at eventide to meet the fresh breezes of that pleasant season; in all alike the spirit of contemplation comes over me; my thoughts wander through unknown and unfrequented regions, and, lost amid the infinity of subjects which crowd upon me, baffled by their greatness, wearied, perplexed, and bewildered by their darkness and their intricacy, I return to myself, and seek at home for the repose which every thing abroad would take from me. But here again I am lost. My own soul—in it are

depths which have never yet been sounded ; recesses which no mortal eye can reach ; wants which nothing on earth can satisfy, and faculties, which, with all my efforts, I cannot hope to comprehend. Every where am I baffled, and every where constrained to feel how great must be the ignorance of man.

“ Why then should I abandon books, in hopes to gain repose ? Is it not as if the feeble boatman, finding his arms too weak to navigate the tranquil lake, should launch his little skiff upon the wide tempestuous ocean, in hopes there to find repose for his wearied limbs, and renovation for his exhausted powers ? ”

“ But can you not of yourself put an end to these absorbing thoughts ? Content yourself with being as others are. Seek not to be wise above that which is written. Abjure ambition.”

“ Ambition ! ” retorted he, “ what have I to do with ambition ? Once it was my ruling passion ; but soon I learned that all its crowns were made of thorns. It is not to be greater or more learned than others, that I exhaust myself in endless labors ; it is to satisfy the cravings of my soul. Vain is the hope to make men study for a *consideration* of any kind. Never, never could I have been induced, by motives of pride or policy, however urgent, to make the sacrifices that I have made. The stimulus comes from within. *There* is an ever active principle, which, impatient of restraint, beats against the walls of its prison-house till the earth-born tenement totters to its base. If man does not feel the wants of his nature ; if he does not feel that knowledge is as necessary to the mind as food to the body ; if his soul does not hunger and thirst after truth, as a famished creature for food,—vain will be all attempts, by general considerations, to enlist him in the cause. He is a stranger to the greatest of all pleasures—the pleasure arising from a consciousness that he is accomplishing the end for which his Maker designed him ; that he is expanding, purifying, enlightening the faculties that have been given him ; that he is every day growing wiser and better, more skilled in the mysteries of his own being and the secrets of the universe. Why has the Almighty placed within me this restless curiosity, these ever-active thoughts, unless he means that they shall be employed ? Why has he spread above, around, and beneath me, this wide, wide world, of which the little that I know does but incite me the more earnestly to search into the wonders that are not revealed ? And why are we ourselves so fearfully and wonderfully made, if not that we might enlarge and improve our souls by the contemplation of these fearful and wonderful works ? Why has he lighted up within our breasts these holy flames, if it were not meant that they should continue to burn and glow, illumining, refining, and invigorating the nobler part of our nature ? Why has he made the desire of knowledge the most unquenchable of all desires, if not that it might be gratified ? But I will go no farther. If the voice of nature, speaking to our own hearts, be not enough, we may well be silent. Nothing can move us. I feel the impulse, and it must be obeyed. Outward objects,—prospects of wealth, power, fame,—ambition, with her whip of scorpions—glory, glittering in her airy robes, and tempting with her rainbow visions,—all these may be resisted ; but there is that within, a restless power which must be obeyed, though health and life should fail.”

"But," replied I, "it is your intention to be a religious teacher. Permit me to ask, whether, as a Christian, it is not your duty to regulate your studies and pursuits, that they may not essentially interfere with your health? If your strength is not sufficient to enable you to investigate subjects so thoroughly as you might wish, or to write discourses so powerful and eloquent as you might otherwise prepare, is it not your duty to restrain your efforts, 'to check your thunder in mid volley,' before your constitution is ruined?"

"Perhaps it is," he thoughtfully answered; "perhaps it is my duty. At least it would be, if it were practicable; but 'I canna do it, Alie—I canna do it.' Do you remember the passage in *Old Mortality*? There are few expressions in all the great magician's works, which to me have more of the true and touching pathos than this—ludicrous though it may seem to many. The old man struggling between his strong affection for his nephew, and his yet stronger love of money, unable to part with the one, and yet horror-stricken at the thought of seeing 'the dear young lad' led away to captivity, and perhaps to death—it is more than he can bear, and, in real agony of spirit, he acknowledges his impotence."

"But, surely," said I, "though you may pity the miser, you will not, I think, attempt to justify his conduct; still less make it a criterion for your own actions. If you had but half the mind which you now have, it would satisfy you. But the body, while in this life, is as much a part of yourself as the mind, and you are equally bound to have respect to its infirmities. Your mind is cramped by its weakness; why not act as if gifted by nature with but half your present intellect?"

"Simply because it is a fiction, by which my mind will not be imposed upon. The eagle may be kept down from his native heights, by a clog upon his limbs; but will he not chafe his wings, and waste his strength, and die, in vain attempts to leave the earth and soar above the clouds? Would it at all calm his efforts? would it quench 'the terrors of his beak and lightning of his eye,' should some friendly brother tell him, that, if he had a chicken's instinct, he would be content with his present state? He has not that groveling instinct, and this is answer enough to all their well-meant counsels."

"But, my friend, you are a moral being."

"Yes, a moral being; but I cannot overcome the strong instincts of my nature; I cannot reconcile the conflicting elements of which I am composed, the sluggish body and the active soul."

"Still, your life is to be governed by moral principles. There are, in the profession which you are to enter, useful men, who well and faithfully perform their duties, whose mental capacities are so limited, that their highest and greatest works are such as you might produce without detriment to health."

"But all their heart and all their mind is engaged in the cause; so all my heart and all my mind must be engaged. A lukewarm service and a lukewarm zeal are incompatible with my nature. And if I perish, the fault is not with me. It arises from a defect in my constitution, for which I am not accountable. They,—the good men of whom you speak,—are blessed with a happy adjustment of the mental and physical powers; in me they were not made to go together. They are too intimately united; they sympathize too strongly with each

other's failings ; they are too much affected by each other's exertions ; and, as the mind is strongest and most active, it must wear out the corporeal fibres with which it is interwoven ; yes," he thoughtfully repeated, "*interwoven* ; for it could not otherwise so act upon every part of the system. Is there not a wide difference in the construction of men ? Are not body and soul almost independent of each other in some, while in others they are so combined that each must suffer for the other's faults ?"

"This may be, but it is no excuse for you. If they are more closely connected, you should be the more cautious in using them, and it is your duty to be so."

"I cannot think it possible. I should be satisfied with the mind of an infant ; but then I would have the feelings, the desires, the wants of an infant. I should be content with the mind of the simplest swain in the place ; but then I would have his hopes, aspirations, prospects, and pursuits. I would be wholly transformed into his character. Heaven preserve me from any partial transformation. That would be wretchedness indeed. To have his mental capacity with my own ardor for improvement, with my own views of life, with my own feelings, hopes, and wishes, would indeed be fastening the eagle's instinct to the chicken's frame ; it would, indeed, be uniting the horse's body to the fish's tail—an awkward compound, alike unfit to walk or swim. And yet what else would you have when you advise me to engraft upon my mind the same feelings and hopes, the same standard of duty, the same rules of conscience by which a mind of inferior capacity is regulated, and thus make it willing to have its ethereal powers bound down, as slaves to bodily imperfections ? The mind is formed to be independent ; it is supplied with its own principles of action, and by them it must be governed. Its wishes, expectations, rules of conduct, measures of conscience, are all gauged with reference to its capacity. As the defenceless hare has not the lion's courage any more than his strength, and as the lord of the forest partakes no more of the hare's timidity than of her weakness, so the feeble mind is satisfied with moderate performances, and the soul of lofty faculties will be harassed, and vexed, and dissatisfied, unless her works bear some proportion to her strength."

"But, if impeded in her efforts by a sickly constitution, conscience must be satisfied, and conscience should be the monarch over all your intellectual faculties."

"Yes, conscience approves, and she is the monarch ; but there are rebellious subjects which raise an outcry and produce disorder in the kingdom. They claim for themselves certain rights with which conscience has nothing to do. The taste and judgement will not, and cannot, be satisfied with indifferent productions, which are far beneath the standard of the mind, though conscience, in her loudest tones, command peace among the troubled elements. You were once satisfied with your college themes ; they then corresponded with your mental capacity. But suppose that, with your present taste, cultivation, and acquirements, you were obliged to write and deliver nothing but discourses written after the same model, in the same style, and exhibiting about the same degree of knowledge ; could you do it without pain and disgust ? and how much would it alleviate your feelings to reflect that other public instructors, when they did their utmost, delivered dis-

courses as bad? This is not a matter of conscience, but of taste and judgement; neither of which will or can, in such cases, submit to her dictates any more than the body, at her command, can submit to be racked and tortured without the perception of pain. When, therefore, you say that it is my duty to spare my mind, or, as you *sublimely* say, 'to check my thunder in mid volley,' because I can do more good by living long and giving indifferent sermons, I reply, that it is impossible; that it is not a question for conscience to decide; that the nature of my mind must be changed before I can profit by your advice; for the feeling of disgust, uneasiness, loathsomeness, with which I should prepare and deliver the inferior productions that you recommend, would do more to destroy my health than all the efforts that I could make on works of a higher character. Which course shall I choose? Is it not best to die in the midst of my labors a sacrifice to them, like the eminent musical composer, who, by the same act, wore out his life and wrote his funeral dirge?

"Your advice, my friend, is good, but impracticable. If you have a mind of great powers, nice perceptions, exquisite sensibilities, in high cultivation, with rich stores of knowledge, fixed habits of action, and an unconquerable desire to know, and if you suddenly find that the body, with more of earth and less of heaven in its mould, is unequal to the late watchings and early risings, to the weariness, trials, and pains to which it is subject, and at length broken down by the tasks imposed, refuses to submit longer to so hard a master—you may be sure that it is too late for relief. You are made up of two conflicting elements; the one demanding repose, the other living only by action. There can be no peace until the union between these hostile partners is dissolved. Life must be emphatically a struggle and a warfare. Not merely must you endure the various ills that *flesh* is heir to;—the sufferings of the immortal spirit must be yet more terrible, bound as it is to this sickly clod of flesh, thwarted, chafed, and harassed by its weight, subject to its varying humors and capricious moods, its wild transports and death-like depressions. Then, while the soul is soaring heaven-ward, and the body drawing it down to the dust, you may feel the force of the words uttered by one who well knew the pangs and transports attendant upon the strongest and nicest powers of mind;—'L' homme, cet exilé du ciel, ce prisonnier de la terre, si grand comme exilé, si misérable comme captif!'"

"All this have I endured; but, thanks to the sustaining arm of religion, I am able to endure it. Yet, how few can understand me. Yonder honest, hale-looking man, now returning from his hard day's work, to the enjoyment of a coarse meal and sound night's rest, even envies me. Little does he know of the student's trials. The aching head, the beating heart, the throbbing brain, the days and nights of painful languor and of secret wasting disease, all, the fruit of an overtasked intellect, he sees not. It is but a lazy, sluggish life we lead! Mistaken man. The student must be prepared for labor and trial and disappointment. He must gird himself for the conflict. The citadel of learning must, like the kingdom of heaven, be taken by violence. There is no 'primrose path of dalliance' leading to its portals.

"Many, many, who have gone before me have sacrificed their lives in the work, have as much fallen martyrs to the cause, as the holy men whose heart's blood has gushed out upon the scaffold, or whose souls

have been borne to heaven upon the flames in which their bodies were consumed. There have been those, who seemed to possess the power to charm, only in proportion to the acuteness of their own sufferings; the beauty and power of whose minds were displayed only while the work of death was going on within their shattered frames; like that poor fish, the richness and splendor of whose colors are exhibited only while the unhappy thing lies panting on the deck, and the blood swiftly courses its veins amid the throes and agonies of death. Such has been the fate of numbers, whose souls were devoted to the cause of learning. I speak not now of men, who have fallen a prey to their disordered sensibilities, like the mistaken bard of our own days, to whose morbidly sensitive mind, a misshapen foot served as a spell to raise a host of demons, which tormented and perplexed his spirit, until, like his own Manfred, he 'felt his soul was ebbing from him,' and his body, 'limb by limb, destroyed.' With what sweetness and pathos does the youthful White, like an Indian warrior, sing the song of death for himself. The bowl is already broken at the fountain; and the wheel is broken at the cistern. The functions of life are wearily performed, and he feels the hand of death upon him. All his resources are within. There is nothing abroad to cheer his hopes. Night has veiled the earth, solemn stillness reigns around. His strength and spirits are worn out by incessant toil; he lays aside the book, over which he has mused in vain, and, finding sleep to be hopeless, he begins the dirge.

"Nor is he alone. Such is often the fate of genius, wearing itself out in excessive devotion to its own and the world's improvement. Such is often the fate of minds, most ardent and most powerful in the cause of knowledge. And it is right. I would not it were otherwise." Here the student's voice was almost stifled with emotion; a momentary pause ensued, when, with a new and increasing energy of expression, he continued;—"I would not it were otherwise. Shall vice triumphantly wave her bloody standard over the thousands, and folly over the tens of thousands, who have died, martyrs in their cause, and yet Wisdom cry aloud in the streets, and not her voice be heard, not one appear the zealous champion of her cause, ready to defend her through good report and through bad report? Shall amusements make men hazard life, and 'thoughtless folly lay men low' with their own free consent, and war show its bleeding champions, and business its devoted victims, and yet knowledge be able to boast of none but such as live in ease and quiet, calmly enjoying life till its last thread is spun, and, without the abhorred shears, unconsciously divided? Shall every other path of life be full of trials, that add lustre to virtue, and confirm the character, and strengthen the resolution, and purge the feelings, and make valiant the heart, and yet the student have no higher or more trying employment than

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Nœra's hair?

I thank my God that it is not so. I should be ashamed to belong to a profession, which had no trials, no difficulties, no dangers, to stir the blood, and rouse the mind, and summon to the onset every energy of the soul. Such is not the profession of the scholar. He has before him a work,—a great, a difficult, a manly work; and verily too he shall have his reward."

Thus spoke the student, strongly, and, it may be, extravagantly ; but by his *manner*—now rising as if endowed with the strength of a giant, and now sinking as if the weight of a feather would oppress him ; his eye now almost vacant and now flashing lightning ; his countenance running through all the intermediate shades, from a tomb-like paleness to the full flush, with which an over-active disease delights to disguise her victims, ere the grand masquerade of death ;—by his manner, which first gave me to understand the action of an ancient orator, he irresistibly forced upon my mind the conviction that his words were true, even when a few moments of subsequent reflection have sufficed to convince me that he was carried much too far by the violence of his feelings.

J. H.

MASTER HARRY ELTON.

THE grass is grown quite thick and high over poor Master Elton's grave, and the pretty garden flowers, which were planted there by the hands of his grateful pupils, have, one and all, withered away. I remember him well, as he used to come among us, a tall and slender old man, with a high forehead, a piercing hazle eye, and a sad but very sweet smile. I think my first ideas of manly beauty and elegance were borrowed from him. Whatever resembles him, even now, I imagine beautiful, and whoever moves like him I consider graceful. He was a true gentleman in *heart*, as well as in *manner*. For all the riches of this grand world, he would not have done the slightest wrong or discourtesy to a human being.

He was not a regular, stationary pedagogue, but a traveling teacher of natural philosophy,—giving lessons to rich and poor, gratuitously, and miscellaneously, when and where the whim took him. He never stopped more than an hour and a half in a place ; never visited more than one house in a neighborhood in the same day ; and always appeared and disappeared as suddenly among us as though he had been dropped from the sky and hastily picked up again. I never passed him or met him, on any road, nor heard of any body who had met or passed him.

He taught the good people of our village, from motives of pure philanthropy—a generous desire to make them wiser and happier. “ Why,” said he, often, “ should not they, whose felicity it is to live in the country, understand and admire the glorious and beautiful changes, which, month by month, pass over them. The inhabitants of cities are shut in by high walls, and, at least in winter, when nature displays her grandest pageantry, her high canopy glittering with gems of fearful brightness, her hills clothed with a robe of white, her trees and waterfalls hung with ten thousand diamonds, they may not look upon these splendid things, they may only hear of them, as the cage-born red-breast gathers from the passing breeze a vague report of the wild wood's beauty, which his sad eye has never beheld. But we, to whom God's wonderful book is ever open, why should not we read and understand it ?”

Why, indeed, should not we understand the causes of the magnificent effects we daily witness ? Why, when the queenly moon sheds

down upon us her bewildering splendor, should we stupidly regard her as a green cheese? Why should we choose to imagine, that the distant flash is heat lightning, soundless and harmless, and only when it is near, that it kills, burns, and makes thunder? Why, instead of understanding and admiring the great system of which our sun is the irradiating centre, and our earth only a small part, should we quietly sit down in the childish faith that the world is flat and stationary, and the sun a little lamp moving about over it?

In the promulgation of this last doctrine, however, Master Elton met with considerable opposition from Ensign Jeremiah Downy and his family, who where all, as Mrs. Downy once said of her husband, "dreadful set in their ways," and their notions. They stood awhile, gaping round the wise man, as he expounded to them the mysteries of nature, and then, all at once, broke in upon his discourse, snapped short the silver thread of his argument, and almost confounded him with their clamor. Cried pert Miss Hannah, her father's pet, "If the world tips over every day, I wonder dad's pond don't slide off." "And would n't my oxen fall up into the air too?" asked stout Master Jerry, mother's pet. "I should pity the poor fellow they lit down upon." "Master Elton," said the Ensign, angrily, "how dare you say the sun don't move? Hav'n't I seen it rise and set every day these sixty years, unless there were clouds afore it?" "And don't the psalm-book say, 'the rolling sun?'" said Mrs. Downy, with most affecting solemnity; "do you think the psalm-book would *lie*?"

Abashed by their number and their noise, the modest teacher conceded the point, and left them to the free enjoyment of their own opinions. Had there been only one or two, he might have labored hard to subdue them, but half a score of able bodied persons, in their strong entrenchment of ignorance and prejudice,—the thing was not to be attempted. I believe these were the only obstinate opponents to his system. Most of our villagers were mightily taken with it, and welcomed the good man heartily whenever he came among them. He could always make himself intelligible by means of some simple illustration; and after the lesson was finished, having previously been treated to a little beer, pie and cheese, he would propose, if there were any singers present, to close the exercises with Mear, St. Martin's, or Dundee. He had a splendid bass voice, and he loved music so devoutly, that he could not keep from singing, if any other person sung. One day he attended a religious meeting of the Shakers. The "world's people" sit on separate benches, near the door, and are not allowed to join in their worship; but when the anthem commenced, Master Elton could not restrain himself. He did not know the words, nor the tune, and would not have ventured really to sing if he had known them both; but, with his eyes fixed on the dancers, and his lips closely compressed, he raised a fine, deep bass, in perfect harmony with the air, which was warbled by masculine and feminine voices, as they sung but one part. The brethren and sisters looked indignantly around for the unhallowed disturber of their devotions. One of the elders left his seat, walked repeatedly around the strangers' benches, examined every countenance, and returned to his place, unable to discover the offender. Master Elton was ready to tell him, if he had discovered him, that "it was entirely involuntary on his part,—he could

not help singing when others sang. Like a stringed instrument, he sounded from mere sympathy."

Master Elton always wore a cheerful smile, and spoke with a gay tone; but there was, nevertheless, a tinge of melancholy in his feelings. If he ever came in when we were writing letters, he would say, with a smile, indeed, but a glistening eye, and a quivering lip, "If you are going to send a letter, I advise you to go and carry it yourself." "Thereby hangs a tale," a tale which had been told us, as he was well aware. He was a very respectable graduate at ——— University, and had fallen irrecoverably in love with a little girl in that place, but never had found courage to make an avowal of his devotion to the lady of his heart. After his return home, in the solitude of his chamber, he ventured to trust to ink and paper, what he had not dared commit to air; and having sealed it carefully, gave it in charge to a beloved friend of his, a junior from ——— College, who was going to complete his studies at the same University, to be by him faithfully delivered into the hand of the beautiful one herself.

Alas, for that false friend. Before he had an opportunity of executing his commission, he unfortunately saw the lady at church. He gazed upon her, marveled at her, and loved her. After a long and bitter mental struggle, he resolved, in the selfishness of his heart, to lose the letter, whose purport he well knew, and win the jewel for himself;—and so he did,—and poor Harry Elton lost his bosom friend, his lady love, and the blessed light of his reason, for a time; but it came back to him, and then he went about doing good, and found his own enjoyment in making others wiser, better, and happier. If all would go and do likewise, we should not hear so much complaint of ennui, blue impa, and dyspepsia.

Though Master Elton lived single, all his days, he was a fervent admirer of matrimony, and argued stoutly against celibacy. He made a good many matches in a quiet way. There was bashful Jemmy Bacon, who worked in the grist-mill. The whole of his heart had been pilfered away, a little at a time, by blushing Judy Beaman, who used to come to the mill on horseback, every other week, with a bag of corn behind her, to be ground for her mother. Jemmy would never have had the courage to complain of the grand larceny, which made him poor and destitute, and the wrong would not have been repaired, had not good Master Elton stepped in, most opportunely, to set matters to-rights. Judy listened to reason, gave up her own heart in return for the one she had purloined, and Jemmy was satisfied.

When the young minister was first ordained over us, Master Elton made very earnest attempts to bring about a match between him and my cousin Mary Mellen. But they entirely failed. Mary was a dear little girl, with a pure pink and white complexion, dark hazel eyes, and glittering yellow-brown hair. She was alternately gay and sad. Her kind parents were in the grave, and when she had nothing else to do, she would sit down and weep bitterly for their loss; but if, while she was weeping, she heard the voices of the school-girls laughing or singing among the hills, she would run with her bonnet in her hand to join them, and you would see her skipping from rock to rock, the merriest, and most musical of them all. She would have nothing to do with the minister, or any one else, except cousin Frank. There

was nobody in this world like cousin Frank Willie—the affectionate, generous, half-crazy boy. What a light dancer he was! The breathing of his flute was enchantment. He was a famous archer too. He could shoot a bird upon the wing. And then he was master of horsemanship. He had a splendid bay, which he called Mercury,—a swift-footed, graceful creature. How smoothly they glided over the ground together! one could hardly decide which to admire most, the horse or the rider. The motion was poetical, and musical too. Mary used to ride out with Frank and Mercury every morning, upon her aunt's little white-footed pony, Thetis. One beautiful day, as they were coming down “the meetin-us hill, an ugly steep place—when *will* they have it repaired?”—Mercury, who never stumbled before, trod upon a rolling stone and pitched headlong forward, throwing Frank quite to the bottom of the hill. He was taken up senseless, his head bleeding profusely, and carried home to his mother, whose sole earthly treasure he was. How short, in this world, is the transition from happiness to suffering—from life to death! When did the bright sun look down on two fairer or gayer creatures than were Frank Willie and Mary Mellen, when they rode by, that morning, smiling and kissing their hands to us as they passed? But when the bright sun went down that eve, in gold and crimson, his parting glow was shed, unwelcome, upon the bed of death, where Frank was lying, severed and delirious. Mary stood by him, pale, wordless, too miserable to weep. At the other end of the chamber, was the distressed mother, inquiring, again and again, of the several physicians, “if there was no hope; if her beautiful boy *must* die.” There was no hope. He lived only until the next day. He was constantly raving about horses, calling them to “bring Mercury, for he was going to ride out with cousin Mary.” “Frank,” said Mary, bending over him, “do not you know me?” “No,” said Frank, “I never saw you before—I wish you’d go away and send cousin Mary.” Poor Mary sunk into a chair and covered her face.

Frank said, “he well remembered when he was a zebra, ranging the wilderness swiftly as lightning, and free as the wind;” and then lamented that he was “now chained to a bed of fire, with a weight upon his head, despair in his heart, and no friend near to comfort him;” and he recollected “when he was an Arabian horse, fearlessly traversing the desert with his fond master; once, indeed, that master was induced, by the love of paltry gold, to sell his faithful servant; but, as he lingered, to bid him a sorrowful farewell, his heart relented, he threw down the money, sprang upon his back, and they disappeared in the distance, before the astonished purchasers had time to remonstrate. Those happy days were over; he was banished from home, shut up from the light of heaven, and writhing in hopeless anguish.” Oh, it was heart-breaking to hear him talk. It was not until his dying moments, that he fixed his eyes, first upon his mother’s face, and then on Mary’s, giving them each a look of mournful and affectionate recognition, and then, looking up to heaven, he murmured an earnest prayer, which only heaven understood. It was his last. I hope that it was for mercy, and that it was granted. But it is very sad, after keeping death out of mind all our lives, to have him first stare in our faces, steadily and determinately, when his poisoned arrow is in our hearts. It is not well—it is not safe—to keep him out of sight, when we know we are

his predestined victims. Better to make a covenant of peace with him, before he comes, in vengeance, and then we shall not live in dread of him all our lives, disenabled, by fear of the dark *future*, to enjoy the bright and beautiful *present*. Oh, how much better!

It was not surprising that, after Frank was laid in the grave, poor Mary Mellen should avoid all society, and live, by herself, a weeping, lonely creature; nor was it surprising, when we consider what a versatile thing she was, that, after a while, she should be weary of her retirement, and be persuaded by her friends to marry a rich bachelor from a neighboring town—but it was a great pity: she probably did not know that his habits were somewhat dissipated. He soon became intemperate, neglected his wife, and treated her with unkindness. She is now, more than ever, to be compassionated. Burdened with the care of three little children, having the prospect of beggary before her eyes, constantly tormented by a husband, whom, in his best days, she never could have loved much. Oh, if she only could have died when Frank did, in her own pleasant village! If we could have followed her to a quiet grave, upon our green hill of burial, and sung a dirge for her, and hung a wreath upon her grave-stone, we should feel as though she was safe; but then, poor thing, she had never thought of death, and never bent her knees in prayer. Now, cut off from all earthly happiness, she has sought consolation in heaven, and her hopes and her affections are treasured there. Even in her hours of severest trial, she feels that she has one blessed trust, which no mortal enemy can break, and one faithful friend, who will never forsake her.

The last match that Master Elton made was a very judicious one. The eyes of the bereaved and disconsolate Deacon Denny had begun to stray among his fair neighbors, and he was mentally admonishing himself, that it is not good for man to be alone; and that a virtuous woman is above all price. When the Widow Watson occurred to him as the most suitable person to fill the vacancy made by the decease of his virtuous wife, he wondered he had not thought of her before, and that he had never remarked the surprising resemblance, which, in temper and manner, though not in form and feature, she bore to the departed Mrs. Denny. He immediately arrayed himself in his Sunday apparel, and, with a basket of his finest “seek-no-further,” proceeded to the house of the Widow Watson. When he arrived, he found Master Elton lecturing to them upon natural philosophy; he therefore left his present, and went away, mentally assuring himself, that he would return and perform his errand the next day. When Master Elton had finished his lecture, he called over to see Deacon Denny. After praising the Widow Watson awhile, he invited the deacon to accompany him on a visit to Miss Speedy Saunderson, who was teaching a school on the other side of Shanobie. The deacon consented, and, under cover of the lecturer, proceeded to the school-house, although it was not examination day. Miss Speedy received them very courteously, and, having given them seats, went on with the exercises of her school, as if no strangers had been present. The deacon was greatly delighted with the order and propriety of her school. He interested himself in every thing, and praised all the performances. He had soon mightily ingratiated himself with the good-natured school-ma’am. Miss Speedy was a merry, fat spinster, of forty-five; handsome, sensible, and home-

less. The deacon was so well pleased with her, that he probably never thought of the Widow Watson again : it was very well that it should be so ; for the widow, though a very good woman herself, had seven as incorrigible boys as ever wore a mother's patience entirely out,—the eldest of whom was not fifteen. The Deacon had ten children, the eldest of whom was only eighteen. What *house* could have contained them ? they would have been together by the ears directly, and neither the widow, who never had any government, nor the deacon, who was a very softly man, would have held the least control over them. They would have made such a riot that their parents would have been obliged to call in the selectmen. And so, though the Widow Watson was young, and handsome, and smart, she was not a suitable partner for Deacon Denny. Miss Speedy Saunderson was the bride for him. She wiped away his tears, bound up his broken heart, and made him quite young again. As she had been a school-mistress, she understood the management of children. The erratic troop were soon brought to order, and wholesome discipline was re-established among them. The house was once more quiet and well-arranged, as in the life-time of the first Mrs. Denny, and the Deacon could once more read his Bible in peace.

It is sad that good men should live but a few years, when the world has so pressing need of them ; but we must all leave this world some time, and it will be well for us if we are prepared to retire as Master Elton did—fearlessly—calmly, though racked with pain. He died as he had lived, the humble Christian, overlooking his own deeds of charity, and trusting only to the mercy of his Savior. He left our little village, and its vicinity, wiser, better, and happier than he found them. On the Shanobie side, that is, on the eastern slope of the burying-ground, is a white grave-stone, erected to his memory by his numerous and grateful pupils. When will his name be forgotten ? When shall his equal appear among us ?

EVERALLIN.

ON VISITING THE WESTERN MOUNDS.

Ruins of ages gone !
What pen has told the history of your birth ?
What record writ on page, or carved on stone,
In some lost tongue of earth,
Shall mark the day, when ye, old Mounds, arose ?
Time, Time alone, your secrets can disclose.

Chronicler of the Past !
And of the Dead, deep buried in its caves !
Magician ! at whose bidding, empires vast
Are hurried to their graves ;
What nations lived and died upon this spot,
Whose monuments outlived their ill-starred lot ?

Faint are thy whispers, Time !
And yet a voice through ages gone I hear,
A sound of centuries, rolling out their chime,
That, for a sigh or tear,
Calls upon the living in their power, whose tread
Echoes along the caverns of the dead.

On Visiting the Western Mounds.

Who saw these pyramids
 First cast their shadows o'er the forest green?
 Was it when Earth was young, and Morning's lids
 Were opening on the scene,
 Wet with the dews, Creation's rosy dawn
 Had sprinkled o'er the fresh and blooming lawn?

Are ye the silent graves
 Of empires and of men, whose languages
 With those that spake them died; on whom the waves
 Of dark Oblivion press?
 Did jeweled crowns here glisten on gray hairs?
 Or Vengeance lift her sword that never spares?

Could the rude savage sing
 Your history, old Piles? Was the red child
 Born of a happier race, than any king
 That roamed the green wood wild,
 When came the Geneese? Where rolled away
 The star of science with its heavenly ray?

Did they, who reared you, scan
 The stars in their deep mystery? did they tell
 That all your glory yet should fade and wane?
 That Time should sound his knell,
 When all, save ye, old Ruins! from the spot
 Should pass—their deeds, their very names, forgot?

Saw ye the noble streams
 Poured from a thousand hills, whose waters danced
 Brightly in the uprising sun's gay beams,
 And man walked forth entranced
 In all the freshness of creation's smile,
 Radiant, through balmy grove, and woodland aisle?

To the uprising sun
 Bowed down the men in worship? to the bright
 And solemn stars, that keep their courses on
 Through the still depths of night?
 Or did they kneel to the Eternal One,
 And send their orisons to His high throne?

To idols, carved in stone,
 With strange devices, did they pour their prayer?
 And had no light along their pathway shone
 To touch and kindle there
 The ray of heaven within them? Mid the gloom
 Did no torch shine, to light them to their tomb?

Did ages roll away,
 Suns rise and set upon the hills and lawns,
 Untracked, save by the lions in their play
 With the light bounding fawns?
 Were the broad plains unpeopled?—the green bowers,
 The lair of wild beasts in the midnight hours?

Loud storms have riven the trees,
 And Time has mingled their old trunks with earth;
 Have they passed o'er you as the summer breeze,
 That in the south hath birth?
 Braved ye the thunder's might, that scathed the woods,
 And pealed its anthem through the solitudes?

Time's Miracles! Ye tell
 Of human grandeur that has passed away;
 Ye have outlived earth's pageantry; the knell,
 That sounded their decay,
 Sent its loud summons forth to you, in vain;
 Still your broad shadows darken the green plain!

J. H. W.

GOOD ADVICE, BUT BITTER.

WE are accused of being a thin-skinned people, and of being very unwilling to be told of our faults. "Large draughts of unqualified praise," it is said, will alone satisfy us. The charge is, in some measure, true; but we have an excuse in the fact, that our defects have not generally been pointed out to us by friendly hands. We have been indiscriminately abused by foreigners, who were either too narrow-minded to comprehend us, or too prejudiced to do us justice. It is somewhat provoking, after a stranger has traveled through our country, and been received with the most warm-hearted and unsuspecting hospitality, to learn from his book that all he remembers about us is, that we eat fast, make long speeches, have too much grease in our cookery, pour the contents of our eggs into a wine-glass, are without a Sanscrit press, &c. &c. 'T is not the arrow that we complain of, so much as the quiver out of which it comes. We certainly have not so far taken leave of our senses as to imagine that we have not national defects; and, I trust, that we are not so weak as to feel the pettish irritation of a spoiled child, when they are pointed out in a manly, and, at the same time, a friendly manner. At any rate, I have sufficient respect for my countrymen, to tell them a disagreeable truth or two, and they may be assured that I have none but good and patriotic motives in so doing; and I should be willing to encounter a storm of obloquy, if I could, by my humble efforts, do any thing towards the correction of the offensive peculiarity, of which I am about to speak.

The vice (I can call it nothing less,) I allude to, is the habit, so universal among us, of hacking, cutting, mangling, and destroying, every thing that is not proof against Rodgers's patent penknives,—of carving our names upon every smooth, and writing them upon every white, surface, and of displaying, in an infinite variety of ways, that faculty which answers, in Phrenology, to the bump of Destructiveness. If any one ask proofs of the correctness of my assertion, he need but look around him, and he will find them staring him in the face from every side. A Yankee boy, soon after he is breeched, gets possession of a pocket-knife; and, in this respect, at least, "the child is father to the man," for it is never idle in the pocket a moment afterwards. His first essays, in the destroying line, are made upon the desks in his school, which, after ornamenting with the initials of his name and sundry hieroglyphics, which it would puzzle Champollion to decypher, he deliberately proceeds to cut to pieces, which he generally accomplishes in three winters. The spirit, thus developed, is never put to rest. He goes through life, cutting and scribbling; the meeting-house belfry, his father's chairs, the village fences, the tombs in the churchyard, bear witness to his accomplishments. His knife is as unsparing as the scythe of Death, and nothing is sacred from its edge. Who is there that has not a thousand times had occasion to blush for his countrymen, as he has witnessed some gross manifestation of this odious habit? How much is the pride, with which we show a stranger the magnificent prospect from the State-House, dashed with shame, at witnessing the names, flourishes, &c. carved on the inside of the lantern by some hundreds of boobies, who, if Nature had treat-

ed them as they deserve, would have been born with long ears and a hairy hide? I am told even that one of the galleries in the Representatives' chamber is disfigured in this manner, and not only by names, but by emblems and devices of the most indecent description. Every thing, indeed, that belongs to the public, and which is meant for public convenience, is sure to be invaded by the paint-brush and the jack-knife, whether it be the walls of a building, the seats of a court-house, a board fence, a tree, or a bench.

There are some substances, fortunately, that resist even steel; but the same spirit of brutal irreverence is displayed in regard to them in a different form. I read, with a mixture of shame and indignation, in the papers the other day, an account, extracted from the travels of an English gentleman, of the appearance of the pavement in the neighborhood of the Statue of Washington, in our State-House,—of the stains of tobacco juice, the quids, and the other abominations, that were deforming it and disgracing us. Perhaps some of my readers may remember the condition of the old monument on Breed's Hill; if they do, it will be sufficient to suggest it to their recollection as a case strongly in point;—to those who never saw it, no notion could be given of it in terms proper to a respectable periodical. Even the cemeteries of the dead, respected by the most barbarous nations, are profaned and desecrated by ruffian hands. One cannot go into a church-yard, without finding half the monuments more or less jagged and broken at the edges and sides, and sometimes in such a manner as would seem impossible to have been done except by a hammer and chisel. Even Mount Auburn,—where, one would think, was assembled all that could touch, subdue, and elevate, and where, to the awed soul, the rustling of the leaves sounds like the voices of departed spirits,—has not been spared. The marble monuments have been scribbled upon, the chains, in some instances broken, and the grounds and shrubbery injured. There is something monstrous and out of humanity in this. What would an Indian say, if he were told how the "pale-faces" insult the graves of their fathers? He would thank the Great Spirit that he made him with a red skin.

It is a mortifying circumstance, that all works of art, whether in doors or out, are obliged to be guarded, and fenced round, and protected from our approach, as carefully as a cherry-tree from robins, or chickens from a hawk. And who can doubt not only the propriety but the absolute necessity of it? Were not the pictures in the Athenæum Gallery guarded as they are, and were not all canes and umbrellas required to be left below, we should see half the plumeless bipeds that visit it, thrusting their paws and the ferules of their umbrellas into the face and eyes of the finest works of Rembrandt, Vandyke, or Allston. I visited the Academy of Arts at Philadelphia, last spring, and one of the first objects my eye lighted upon, was a small, exquisite marble copy of the Venus de Medici, which had been marked with a pencil in the most atrocious manner. It made my blood boil to look at it; and if I had seen the scoundrel doing it, I am sure nothing could have prevented me from making a personal assault upon him. A stranger, visiting us from a country, in which works of art are protected by nothing, but the sense of respect and reverence which they create, would suppose, in traveling through our country, and ob-

serving how sedulously they are guarded from touch, that we were a nation of Vandals, and great would be his surprise on learning that we considered ourselves a most refined and intellectual community. It may be some consolation to us to know, that if the uniform testimony of travelers may be relied upon, our English relations are fully up to us in the development of the organ of Destructiveness, and that abundant proof may be seen of it, even in the monuments of Westminster Abbey. On the continent, however, nothing of the kind is ever witnessed. The public have free access to pictures, monuments, statuary, &c. and the meanest unlettered beggar no more thinks of touching or injuring them than we should think of going into a gentleman's house and breaking his mirrors to pieces, or writing on his walls, for the sake of amusing ourselves. Such conduct, indeed, would be far less reprehensible; for individuals can protect themselves, but the public is defenceless.

My duty would seem but half done, were I only to point out the evil without suggesting any thing in the way of remedy. What can be done to wipe off this national blot, which would disgrace a tribe of Hottentots? Laws are inoperative, for they are the creatures of public opinion, and if the majority are determined to indulge themselves in the luxury of polluting and destroying, the most fearful sanctions will slumber undisturbed in the statute-book. The way is to begin at the beginning. Parents and teachers must cultivate, in their children and pupils, the principle of reverence; must teach them that whatever belongs to the public is as sacred as the horns of the altar. A love of beauty, a respect for the fine arts, must be made a part of education. Influential men must, by writing and talking, bring about a change in public opinion. The pulpit itself need not be silent, for a man who will write upon, or deface, in any manner, a monument, is very far from the kingdom of heaven. I know how hard it is to bring about any important changes in the sentiments and conduct of masses of men; and, in this instance, it is particularly difficult, because many will think it a very trifling thing, not deserving serious consideration; and that a man is no worse for cutting his name on every smooth board and writing it on every marble slab. I hope that those, who do me the favor to read these hasty remarks, will remember them; and if they can, by any means, do any thing to correct the evil spoken of, they will not fail to do it. Let it not be said that, in this respect, the inhabitants of New-England are below the *canaille* of Paris and the *lazzaroni* of Naples.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MATHEW CAREY.

LETTER I.

"Homo sum. Et humani a me nil alienum puto." **TERENCE.**

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,

SEVERAL months have elapsed since you requested to be furnished with an autobiographical sketch of my life, or with materials from which you might yourself form a sketch. Doubts of the propriety of the measure,—various occupations which pressed me at the time—and a spirit of procrastination,—a leading trait in my character,—combined to postpone a decision on the subject till now, when, on mature consideration, I have determined to comply with your request.

Among the motives which have led to this decision, a prominent one, be assured, is, a hope that the sketch I propose to give, however deficient it may be of entertainment, for want of the thrilling scenes of interest—the strokes of humor—the frequent anecdotes, wherewith many autobiographies abound, (for which, by the way, I suspect in various cases the writers "draw on their imaginations for their facts,") it can hardly fail to have a beneficial tendency, by a display of the overwhelming difficulties and dangers, with which I have had to struggle for a full third part of my life, when I was almost daily on the verge of bankruptcy—dangers which I could not have overcome but by the most unshrinking perseverance and industry. The example of the favorable result of that perseverance and that industry, may encourage others in similar emergencies, who are desponding, and on the point of yielding to the pressure of difficulties, to buffet the waves, and finally reach the haven of ease and comfort in their old age. The hope that this result may, and the belief that it will, take place in many instances, afford encouragement to this undertaking, and will amply compensate for the time bestowed on the composition.

It may not be amiss here to state two classical passages, which most completely strengthened me in my difficulties, when I was on the point of sinking.

"Revocate animos : mæstumque timorem
"Mittite. Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit." **VIRGIL.**

This prophetic aspiration has been fully realized. It is delightful to look back on the storms by which my poor bark was so often and so long assailed, and which for years threatened it with inevitable destruction.

"SPERAT INFESTIS—metuit secundis—
"Alteram sortem—BENE PRÆPARATUM PECTUS." **HORAT.**

In addition to these aids, I had three constant stimuli goading my sides, whenever, as often happened, the energies of my body and mind were prostrated, and I was on the point of "giving up the ship." These were—the dread of poverty in old age—the claims of an increasing and interesting family—and the horror of obliging other people to pay my debts, as would necessarily have been the case, had I stopped payment.

So much for preface. Now to the thread of my story.

I was born in Dublin, on the 28th of January, 1760. My father carried on the useful, but not highly prized, occupation of a baker, in which, by inflexible honesty, unceasing industry, and rigid economy, he made a handsome fortune.

Of my early days I have a very faint recollection, except on one point, the wonderfully slow development of my faculties. I was less advanced in intellect at ten or twelve years of age, than many children in this country, at six or eight. In fact, I was in the rear of all the young people of my age and acquaintance. My conceptions were slow and immature. I was, truly, an extremely dull boy. I had, however, a considerable aptitude for arithmetical exercises, and for the acquisition of languages, the latter of which was my ruling passion. Had I been adequately encouraged, and been provided with the proper "means and appliances," I am persuaded that, before I was twenty-one, I should have attained a knowledge not only of all the modern languages of Europe, but of the most important of the ancient ones. This will appear probable, when I state, that after about seven weeks hard study, without a master, I was enabled to read, and perfectly understand, French prose with great ease, and had little difficulty with the poetry of the language. It must, however, be observed, that I studied in the long days of summer, from sun-rise to sun-set, fifteen or sixteen hours, and scarcely allowed myself time for my meals. So that I studied as much in one month, as learners generally do in six, perhaps in twelve. In this case, too, I had suitable French books with English translations, nearly literal : among the number, the most prominent and useful were French Fables, *Telemaque*, and *Les Voyages de Cyrus*.

My education, like that of other lads of my rank in life, was extremely limited, and confined to the rudiments of the English language, arithmetic, and a slight smattering of Latin. Those who know the wide range of education at the present day, can scarcely conceive the extraordinary disadvantages under which children labored seventy years ago, particularly in Ireland. Of books, uniting entertainment with instruction, calculated for young people, I do not recollect to have seen six, perhaps I might say three. A large portion of the reading of young people of that day, for amusement, was confined to *Don Bellianis of Greece*, *Gesta Romanorum*, the *Seven Champions of Christendom*, the *Seven Wise Masters of Greece*, *Guy, Earl of Warwick*, &c. &c. ; and for the improvement of their morals and manners, the history of *Pirates*, and of the *Irish Rogues and Rapparees*, &c. &c.

One particular worthy of notice is, that, by an anomaly probably of rare occurrence, although I had, as I have observed, a peculiar aptitude for common arithmetic, in which I made considerable progress, I never was able, notwithstanding various efforts, to master the rudiments of mathematics, a kindred science ; and I presume, according to *Spurzheim*, the phrenological bumps that indicate the former, would equally indicate the latter.

When I was about fifteen years of age, it became necessary to choose a trade. I was decidedly in favor of that of printer and bookseller, which were then generally united. I had fixed my mind on them from the time I was five or six years of age. My father had a strong aversion to them—so strong, indeed, that while he gave me my choice

of any other of the twenty-five corporations that existed in Dublin, he absolutely refused to look out a master for me at those trades—and, therefore, I sallied out to procure one for myself, and at length found one, a bookseller, of the name of McDaniel, who, during the period of my apprenticeship, changed it to McDonnel, as a more respectable name. Being very poor, he was tempted, by the apprentice fee, thirty guineas, to take me, although he had but little occasion for my services. My father was to board me on Sundays, and to pay for my washing.

My lameness, which took place when I was about a year old, through the carelessness of my nurse, was about as great a grievance to me as his to Lord Byron—not probably from the same motives. It operated on his vanity, and thus was felt daily and hourly. I was annoyed by the taunts and jeers and nicknames of my school and play-fellows, who, humanely, as is usual in such cases, omitted no opportunity of teasing me, and reminding me of a misfortune, of which I have felt the disadvantage almost every day of my life.

Had surgical aid been called in at an early period, this calamity might have been remedied, and I been secured from the various unpleasant and injurious consequences by which it was attended; among which a leading one was, that by disabling me from associations with those of my own age, in which pedestrianism was involved, I gradually contracted a timidity and backwardness, which have “grown with my growth,” and at every period of my life have had a pernicious operation on my career. This effect was greatly aided by the austere system under which I was brought up at home.

Mr. McDonnel was a hard, austere master, of most repelling manners. He never, in a single instance, expressed approbation of my conduct, however careful or industrious I was.

I had been a great, indeed, a voracious reader, before I was bound apprentice—and had clandestinely subscribed to a circulating library, contrary to the wishes, and indeed without the knowledge, of my parents, who were opposed to the kind of books which, alone, I was desirous of reading. I used to be dissatisfied that I could not exchange books oftener than once a day. I used to sit up till twelve and one o'clock, reading novels and romances. Yet now, when attending a book-store, as I did for two years, where there was scarcely any business done, and where, of course, I had leisure to read four-fifths of my time, I did not read as much in a month as I was wont to do in a week. Strange perversity of our nature! which leads us to pursue with avidity whatever is forbidden or attainable only with difficulty, and to neglect the self-same things when courting our acceptance!

My first essay, as a writer, was when I was about seventeen years of age, and was on the subject of duelling. One of my fellow apprentices, T. McMahon, had a sparring match with the apprentice of a ruffian bookseller, of the name of Wogan, whose work was executed in McDonnel's office, which terminated, as sparring matches generally do, in a downright battle royal, in which the latter was completely discomfited, and carried off, as memorials of his defeat, a pair of black eyes and a bloody nose. He complained to his master, as if he had been wantonly and wickedly assailed. Wogan came to demand satisfaction and an apology from McMahon; who, being a lad of spirit,

refused to comply, unless the apology were mutual, as the offence had been. Wogan was exasperated, and made his lad send a challenge to McMahon to meet him to decide the affair in the Phoenix Park, on the Sunday morning following. McMahon was as bold as a lion in a combat with the fists or cudgels, but dreaded, with Bob Acres, "*double-barrelled swords and cut-and-thrust pistols.*" He was in dread of the rencontre the remainder of the week; but was relieved from his perplexity by the interference of McDonnell, who forbade him to appear on the ground. Wogan was quite serious; went with his lad to the Park at the appointed time; waited for half an hour; and came home vamping and threatening to post McMahon. Feeling indignant at this ruffianly conduct, I wrote an essay on duelling, showing its wickedness and absurdity, and detailing the number of persons who had fallen sacrifices to the horrid custom in France, under Henry IV. closing with this observation—

"These remarks are offered to the public in consequence of an attempt made by Mr. W. not a hundred miles from the Old Bridge, to produce a duel between two apprentice lads. Quere. If one or both had been disabled from earning a livelihood, would Mr. W. have supported him or them?"

The essay was published in the Hibernian Journal, a paper, of which McDonnell was half proprietor, but the management of which was left to his partner, a Mr. Mills. The MS. was sent for—my writing was known—I was severely reprimanded—and, to propitiate Wogan, McMahon, who was an unprotected orphan, was basely dismissed. But the unworthy sacrifice did not avail. Wogan was implacable, and withdrew his work from McDonnell.

My next essay was attended with much more serious consequences, and rendered me for a time a voluntary exile from my country.

I had directed my attention, at this early day, to the horrible oppression of the Irish Catholics, and had read every book and pamphlet I could procure, respecting the tyranny exercised on them, and the calumnies with which, for the purpose of justifying that tyranny, they were overwhelmed. With my mind filled with their sufferings, and my indignation roused, in the year 1779, I wrote a pamphlet entitled

"The urgent necessity of an immediate repeal of the whole Penal Code against the Roman Catholics, candidly considered; to which is added an inquiry into the prejudices entertained against them; being an appeal to the Roman Catholics of Ireland, exciting them to a just sense of their civil and religious rights, as citizens of a free nation."

"Beware, ye Senators. Look round in time;
Rebellion is not fixed to *any* clime;
In *trade, religion, every way oppressed,*
You 'll find—*too late*—such wrongs *must* be redressed.
Seize quick the time—for now—consider well—
Whole quarters of the world at once rebel." LADY LUCAN.

"Cuncta prius tentanda; sed immedicabile vulnus
Ense recidendum."

When nearly finished at press, I advertised it for publication in a few days—and the title page, with its daring mottoes, was published in the newspapers—together with an address couched in very strong language, of which the following is an extract:—

TO THE ROMAN CATHOLICS OF IRELAND.

"At a time when America, by a *desperate* effort, has nearly *emancipated herself* from slavery; when, laying aside ancient prejudices, a Catholic king becomes *the avowed patron of Protestant freemen*; when the *tyranny* of a British Parliament over Ireland, has been annihilated by the *intrepid spirit* of Irishmen; it is a most afflicting reflection, that you, my countrymen, the *majority of that nation*, which has shaken off an unjust *English yoke*, remain still enchained by one *infinitely more galling*; that you are, through your own pusillanimity, daily insulted by *impudent menacing* advertisements, from *insignificant* parts of the kingdom; that a *few tyrannical* bigots in Meath and Wexford, presume to take into their own hands, the legislative and executive part of our government, and, with a dictatorial power, prescribe laws to their fellow subjects."

The plan of the pamphlet was a good one, but the execution was, as might be expected from a young man, little experienced in writing, quite puerile.

The publication excited a considerable alarm, grounded on the tenor of the mottoes; for in fact the body of the pamphlet was wholly inoffensive, as it consisted principally of extracts recriminating the charges made against the Roman Catholics, with interlocutory matter. Parliament was then sitting; and the advertisement was brought before both houses; by the Duke of Leinster, in the House of Lords, and by Sir Thomas Connolly, in the House of Commons. It was adduced as full proof of the seditious and treasonable views of the Roman Catholics, and made use of by their enemies, in and out of Parliament, to show how unworthy they were of the favors, as they were called, which the Parliament was then preparing to accord to that persecuted and oppressed body. These pretended favors were some not very important relaxations of the cruel chains which had been accumulating for nearly a century—a relaxation, solely the result of the terror excited by the revolt of the American Colonies—the French war—and the Volunteers.

There was, at that period, an association in Dublin, elected by the Roman Catholics, to manage their concerns, and to plead their cause with the government. It partook of the general depression and servile spirit, which a long course of oppression uniformly produces. It was, in a word, the most servile body in Europe, and as unlike the Emmetts, the Sheareses, the Samsons, the McNevens, of the Insurrection of 1798, or the Shiels, and the O'Connells of the present day, as the slavish Parliament of Charles II. which established passive obedience and non-resistance, by law, was to the glorious and immortal band who signed the Declaration of Independence, in 1776.

This cringing body, to make fair weather with the government, and to clear themselves of any participation in the seditious publication, called a meeting, headed by the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, and by Lord Kenmare, and embracing nearly all the influential Catholics of Dublin; denounced the obnoxious advertisement in strong terms; offered a reward of, as well as I remember, forty pounds, for the discovery of the author, and engaged lawyers to carry on the prosecution in the event of a discovery.

I need not say that my father, who had no suspicion that one of his offspring was about to expose him to so much trouble and expense, was excessively alarmed. He took measures to have the publication suppressed—and the types of those parts not yet printed off, viz. the

preface, introduction, and four pages of peroration, were distributed, and, of course, never worked off. To the Catholic Committee an offer was made of burning the edition, provided the idea of a prosecution were given up. This offer was rejected, and a fierce prosecution was determined on.

Dreading the consequences, it was determined, after I had been concealed for four or five days, to send me out of danger; and I was put on board a Holyhead packet, with a few guineas in my pocket, to proceed to Paris, with a letter to a Roman Catholic priest, by whom I was introduced to Dr. Franklin, who had a small printing-office at Passy, a village in the neighborhood of Paris, for the purpose of re-printing his despatches from America, and other papers. He engaged me, and I officiated in his office for some months, when, not having occasion for me any longer, I went to work with Didot le jeune, who was then engaged in printing some English books, where I did not remain long—for in about twelve months from the commencement of my exile, the storm having blown over, I returned to Dublin.

During the time when I was at Passy, an invasion of Ireland was contemplated by the French; and the Marquis de la Fayette, who was then in Paris, and was probably intended to take a part in the enterprize, called on me, to make inquiries on the political state of that country. But I was utterly unable to give any information on the subject, as I had lived in a state of total seclusion from public affairs, of which I knew little or nothing. I was as complete a green horn as ever was brought into trouble by the crude productions of his pen.

During my absence, the residue of my term of apprenticeship was purchased from Mr. McDonnell, and, on my return home, I engaged for a time as conductor of a paper, called the *Freeman's Journal*. At length, on the 13th of October, 1783, when I was nearly twenty-four years of age, my father gave me wherewith to establish a new paper, called the *Volunteer's Journal*. I was miserably qualified for such an occupation, which required no small degree of tact, of experience of the world, and considerable prudence, in all of which, I was greatly deficient. I had a superabundance of zeal and ardor, and a tolerable knack and facility of scribbling. These were all the qualifications I possessed for the management of a patriotic paper, the object of which was to defend the commerce, the manufactures, and the political rights of Ireland, against the oppression and encroachments of Great-Britain.

The paper, as might have been expected, partook largely of the character of its proprietor and editor. Its career was enthusiastic and violent. It suited the temper of the times; exercised a decided influence on public opinion; and, in a very short time, had a greater circulation than any other paper in Dublin, except the *Evening Post*, which had the great merit of calling into existence that glorious band of brothers, the volunteers of Ireland, whose zeal and determined resolution to assert and defend the rights of their country, struck terror into the British Cabinet, and forced the ministry to knock off chains that had bound down the nation for centuries, and blasted the industry, the energies, and the manifold blessings bestowed by nature on that highly favored island.

The *Volunteer's Journal*, fanning the flame of patriotism which pervaded the land, excited the indignation of the government, which

formed a determination to put it down, if possible. A prosecution had been for a considerable time contemplated; and at length, the storm which so long threatened, burst, in consequence of a publication which appeared on the 5th of April, 1784, in which the Parliament in general, and more particularly the Premier, were severely attacked.

On the 7th of April, the paper in question was introduced into the House of Commons, and after considerable debate,

“Mr. Foster moved that an address be presented to the Lord Lieutenant, requesting that he will please issue his proclamation, offering a reward for apprehending Mathew Carey.” *Parliamentary Register, or history of the proceedings and debates of the House of Commons in Ireland. The first session of the fourth Parliament in the reign of his present Majesty; which met the 14th of October, 1783, and ended the 14th of May, 1784. Vol. III. page 153.*

Besides this procedure, a prosecution was instituted against me, for the libel against the Premier.

I kept myself retired for a few days, with a bar across my room door. But imprudently venturing into the office at an early hour in the morning, unapprehensive of danger, I was apprehended by a Police Officer on the 11th of April, to answer for the libel. I was brought before the sitting magistrates, and ample bail was offered for my appearance; but various difficulties were started, in order to afford an opportunity to the Sergeant-at-arms of the House of Commons to take me out of the hands of the civil magistrates, which he accordingly did, and conveyed me to his house, where I was treated with considerable rigor. I was not allowed the free use of pen, ink, and paper—nor free converse with my friends. An armed centinel was placed in my room, and one outside the door, besides a guard at the street door.

As an adjournment of Parliament had taken place, I was held in close custody in the house of Mr. L'Estrange, Sergeant-at-arms.

On the 19th of April, Parliament met, after the recess, when I was brought before the House of Commons, and interrogatories being put to me, I refused to answer them, on the ground that, having been arrested by the civil power, and being under prosecution for the supposed libel, I was not amenable to another tribunal.

I then preferred a complaint against the Sergeant-at-arms, under three heads:—

1. That I had been denied the free use of pen, ink, and paper, every thing I wrote being inspected by that gentleman.
2. That my friends were occasionally denied access to me; and
3. That a sentinel was constantly in my room, with a drawn bayonet, and one outside.

“Mr. L'Estrange admitted the three several charges, and justified his conduct under each.

“He said that from the time of his bringing Mr. Carey home to his house, he was in continual apprehension of his being rescued by a mob; that he considered himself in a very dangerous situation while he had him in his house; as to denying admission to the friends of Mr. Carey, he confessed, that once or twice he did deny persons admission; but this was on account of the great confusion, which the concourse of persons, assembled about Mr. Carey, occasioned in his family; and as to the third charge, he justified his conduct by declaring that he was every moment in apprehension of a mob assembling to rescue Mr. Carey. Upon the whole, he said, that, having a prisoner such as Mr. Carey in his charge, was a new situation to him; that he had received no advice or direction from any one

how he should conduct himself, but had acted with caution to the best of his knowledge, and with a sincere desire to discharge his duty faithfully."

Idem, p. 183.

Notwithstanding Mr. L'Estrange's confession of the truth of the charges, it will astonish the reader to find, that

"Mr. Gardiner read two resolutions, the first declaring the charge against Mr. L'Estrange, *ill-grounded and malicious*—and the last an approbation of Mr. L'Estrange's conduct." Idem, p. 184.

This barefaced conduct called forth the reprobation of several independent members, among whom, Sir Edward Crofton, Mr. Griffith, Sir Edward Newenham, and William Todd Jones, were the most conspicuous. I was allowed to produce evidence in support of the charges against Mr. L'Estrange, which I fully established.

"As to the person at the bar," observed Mr. Crofton, "I never saw him before this hour. I cannot therefore be deemed guilty of partiality to him, in speaking one word in the cause of humanity. Sir, the treatment that that person has received, has been unprecedented. He has been forcibly taken out of the power of the civil magistrate, *and confined a close prisoner; denied the use of pen, ink, and paper, and surrounded by a military band*. Sir, as I passed through Abbey-street, *I was surprised to see triple rows of soldiers drawn up* before the house of your Sergeant-at-arms. The thing is too ridiculous. One would think so great a force was to guard some person of gigantic strength—a Gulliver in Lilliput—and not a poor puisne printer in Dublin." Idem, p. 171.

"Mr. William Todd Jones said he would negative Mr. Gardiner's resolutions, though he should stand alone; because the charges, brought by Mr. Carey against the Sergeant-at-arms, were *supported by sufficient evidence*, and were also *admitted by that officer himself*. And these charges exhibited such arbitrary proceedings as were totally inadmissible in, and repugnant to the spirit of, all free countries—that to declare Mr. L'Estrange's conduct to Mr. Carey to have been constitutional, he thought would be to establish a very dangerous precedent, and such as he conceived would be as degrading to that House, as it would be tyrannical and intolerable in a free state." Idem, p. 186.

After much debate,

"Mr. Gardiner rose, and declared himself convinced, by Mr. Carey substantiating his charges, of the impropriety of the first resolution he had read; for which reason he moved, that the conduct of Mr. L'Estrange, Deputy Sergeant-at-arms, to Mathew Carey, while in his custody, was cautious, firm, and *humane*."

Idem, p. 185.

This resolution, notwithstanding its manifest injustice and falsehood, so far as regarded "*humane conduct*," was carried by a majority of 40—43 in the affirmative, and 3 in the negative.

I was ordered, by the House of Commons, to be committed to Newgate, where I remained until the 14th of May, when, Parliament having adjourned, and their power of detention in prison having ceased, I was triumphantly liberated by the Lord Mayor.

During my stay there, I had lived joyously—companies of gentlemen occasionally dining with me on the choicest luxuries the markets afforded.

Although thus freed from the clutches of the Parliament, the criminal prosecution for the libel on John Foster, the Premier, like the sword of Damocles—was suspended over my head. It would, it is true, have been impossible, in the inflamed state of the public mind, to procure a grand jury to find a bill against me. But that salutary and protective process was suspended by the Attorney-General, filing a bill against me, *ex-officio*, which dispensed with the interposition of a grand jury.

My means having been in a great measure exhausted, in the establishment of the Volunteer's Journal, and dreading the consequences of a prosecution, and a heavy fine and imprisonment, which would probably be the result of a conviction, my friends, on due consideration, were decidedly of opinion, that it would be advisable to withdraw from my native country; and accordingly, on the 7th of September, 1784, when I had not reached my twenty-fifth year, my pen drove me a second time into exile. I embarked on board the *America*, Capt. Keiler, and landed in Philadelphia, on the first of November. I was concealed aboard the vessel, till she was out at sea, as some of the myrmidons of government came on board, two or three times, in search of me, while the vessel lay in the harbor. I got on board in female dress, and must have cut a very gawky figure, when proceeding to the corner of a street adjacent to my dwelling, where a coach was ready to receive and convey me on board.

I had sold my paper to my brother for £500, to be remitted to me as soon as practicable. I had but twenty-five guineas in my pocket, of one half of which I was cheated on the passage by a band of sharpers.

Yours respectfully,

MATHEW CAREY.

Philadelphia, Oct. 4, 1833.

UNCLE SAM AND HIS BOYS.

A TALE FOR THEOLOGIANS.

A NUMBER of years ago a hardy, enterprising young man, son of the famous old Mr. John Bull, and known by the familiar name of Brother Jonathan, becoming dissatisfied with the treatment he received from the old man, resolved to quit him, and seek his fortune in distant parts. Not readily gaining permission, he more than once attempted to run away, but was as often prevented. At length he occasioned so much uneasiness in the family, that he and his household were permitted to depart, and attempt a settlement in the wilderness, on the opposite side of a spacious lake, upon certain conditions, which, it was hoped, would prove mutually beneficial.

It is well known to the readers of history, that when John Bull dissented from Lord Peter, in religious opinions and practices, he as rigidly enjoined on all his children and dependents, a belief in the doctrines, which he adopted, as Lord Peter had done before him, on the pains and penalties of disinheritance here, and everlasting perdition hereafter. This was the principal objection, which Jonathan had to remaining on his father's premises. But no sooner was he fairly out of sight and hearing of old father Bull, and beginning to feel, in some measure, independent, than he adopted the same rigid policy in regard to his family, his tenants and all, to whom he sold any of his spacious territory. He all one as swore, that no one of these should presume to differ in opinion from him, under the same pains and penalties, that appeared so odious, when they operated against himself.

Soon after Jonathan had taken possession of his territory, and begun to clear and cultivate it, a couple of his relatives came across the lake, for the purpose of settling under his auspices. Not being "gifted in extemporaneous prayer," they insisted on praying according to the book, which they had brought over with them; alleging, that they would challenge him, or any other uninspired man, to make better, or more comprehensive prayers, than those in the book. At this Jonathan flew into a terrible passion, exclaiming, "One that is in earnest, can pray without a book, or any form."—"But, brother Jonathan, are you not aware, that, when you pray in your family extempore, your prayer is as much a form, to those, who join with you, as the prayers in our book are to us?"—"None of your popish, episcopal canting. I came hither for the purpose of enjoying liberty of conscience, and I will enjoy it."—"But are you not willing that others should enjoy the same liberty?"—"Certainly, I am, if their consciences agree with mine. But I am busy; I must see to my farm; and you must and shall instantly pack up your duds, prayer-book and all, shove off your boat, return to old father Bull, and read your prayers to him, and be d—d to ye." As they pushed off, they muttered to each other, "This is a devilish odd way of serving the Father of all."

About this time, Roger, one of his oldest sons, having read his Bible, "carefully and prayerfully," as the phrase is, became fully persuaded, in his own mind, that his having been baptized by sprinkling, and in infancy, was no baptism at all; as the rite was not administered in a legitimate mode, nor at the proper time; and, for himself, he insisted on being plunged, literally "buried in baptism," in his adult age. At this, Jonathan, using few words and no ceremony, kicked him out of the house, in the dead of winter, and bade him never to darken his door again. Roger set off, and waded through the snow, which lay deep in the woods, and traveled many a weary mile, till he came to the log hut of an elder brother, told his tale, and requested liberty to remain with him, till he could hit upon some plan for his future proceeding. This brother, being somewhat more lenient than the father, agreed to let him tarry over night; but told him he must be off in the morning, or the old man would be angry with him for sheltering one, who was thus discarded. Next morning Roger steered off into the wilderness, to a distance from any of his kindred, among the wild Indians, where this "barbarous people showed him no little kindness," and where he found that hospitality, which was denied him by his own relatives. Having learned wisdom from the things which he suffered, he became a firm advocate for true liberty of conscience, and took up a farm, which is now the smallest, but, in proportion to its size, the wealthiest of any belonging to Jonathan's descendants. Here he gave shelter to any of his nephews, or nieces, or any other persons, who were persecuted for conscience' sake; and lived in peace and harmony with the Indians, while most of his brothers were quarreling with them, even to bloodshed.

Not long afterwards, Jonathan's son William, having studied the Bible for himself, adopted many strange whims, as they appeared to his father. Instead of answering, "Yes, sir," or "No, sir," according to the purport of the question proposed, he would reply, "yea," or "nay."

He refused to swear, as the other boys did. He would not even say, "I vum, I swan, or I vouch it;" but simply, "I solemnly affirm." He would wear his hat in the house, and even come to the dinner table with it on his head. While the old gentleman, if one may be so called, who was so *ungentle*, was praying in the family, William would sometimes sit, sometimes stand, and sometimes kneel; which last posture was a great abomination in the sight of Jonathan, because John Bull's and Lord Peter's families practised it. Lastly, William refused to do military duty with the rest of the boys, declaring that it was high time to "beat swords into ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks," and to run cannon-balls and bombshells into porridge-pots and tea-kettles; because human life is so short, that it is both our interest and duty to try to preserve it to its utmost length, not to wantonly destroy it. At this Jonathan grew outrageous; called him a "cursed" rascal; ordered him to depart instantly from his territory, and threatened, that, if ever he returned, he would shut him up in the coal-hole, bore his tongue through with a red-hot iron, and, if that did not teach him better manners, he would hang him like a dog. William received his sentence with perfect meekness and composure; bade the family farewell; and removed to a great distance into the wilderness, where he and some others, without any warlike weapons, met the Indians and bargained with them for a large tract of land, to which he gave a Greek name, which signifies *brotherly love*, treated the natives as human beings, and found them not only human but *humane*. His farm is now one of the largest and best managed among the whole fraternity.

In addition to these troubles, one of Jonathan's daughters occasioned much uneasiness, by adopting certain religious notions different from his own. She was a young married woman, and lived with her husband, in one end of the same house in which her father resided; and he agreed, with the apostle Paul, that she ought to be a "keeper at home." Instead of this she was continually gadding from house to house, telling her experiences, trying to make converts to her religious opinions, and expressing her ideas of men and things, without respect of persons, or even *parsons*. This so enraged Jonathan, that he turned her and her husband out of doors, ordering them to pack off, bag and baggage, and never to appear in his presence, till, as in duty bound, they would permit him to think for them. The poor woman departed accordingly; and it is believed she resided a while with her brother Roger, and paid a visit to one or two other brothers-in-law. What finally became of her is not known to an absolute certainty; but it is found, that many of her descendants are scattered through the families of all her brothers. These, instead of staying at home and "looking well to the ways of their households," are continually gossiping, soliciting money, distributing tracts, and using all the means in their power to prove the truth of the dogma, that "Deity loves a possible angel better than an actually existing fly;" or some other doctrine equally liable to "doubtful disputation."

These few particular instances are here presented, as specimens of the innumerable troubles, which Jonathan brought upon himself and others, by endeavoring to force all, who came within his reach, to adopt his opinions. He might as well, as he has since acknowledged,

have attempted to square the circle, to find out perpetual motion, or to cut and carve the countenances of all he met, to make them look like himself and like each other.

Jonathan got along pretty well with Bull for a number of years; respected him as a parent; and, when he occasionally crossed the big lake to pay him a visit, he called it "going home;" and so did his cousins and other relations, who came over after him, and settled on portions of the lands, which he parceled out to them. When Jonathan and his connections were annoyed by wolves and other wild beasts, John would occasionally send over some of his servants, to assist in destroying them, or driving them away. Jonathan frequently found that these servants were of little or no service to him or his friends. As he queerly, yet safely expressed it, "they did as much damage as hurt." All this time, however, Bull was restricting Jonathan in his trade, by so managing matters, that whatever articles the latter or his boys raised on their farms for sale, they were obliged to sell to the former, pretty much at his own price. They were obliged also to purchase their groceries and other necessary articles of him, or his agents, even though they might procure them cheaper of other traders.

Jonathan "grinned and bore" this for a long time; till at length John undertook to lay a tax on the merchandize, which he sent to his children and grandchildren, in addition to the market price. This Jonathan and his wife, his sons and their wives, and their whole genealogy, took in high dudgeon, declaring that they would not be taxed an extra copper. John persisted, however, in his demands, and sent across the lake a boat-load of tea, to try the *spunk* of the farmers. This so enraged the sturdy, resolute boys, that they went on board and emptied the whole cargo into the lake.

Upon receiving news of this transaction, John immediately sent over a sheriff, deputies, constables, and a large *posse comitatus*, to enforce his demands. Jonathan and his sons turned out and resisted; and a long and terrible combat ensued. Many were the broken heads and bloody noses on both sides. At last, the officers and *posse* were obliged to cry out "Enough," recross the lake, and return the writ "not satisfied." To make a long story short, Bull gave a quit-claim to Jonathan and his family, their heirs and assigns forever, of all their possessions, with full liberty "to manage their own affairs in their own way."

By this time, Jonathan had not only many sons, and daughters, and grandchildren, settled round him, but nephews and nieces, who called him uncle; and, as they fancied a strong resemblance between him and Sampson of old, they nicknamed him Uncle Sampson, which they soon abbreviated into Uncle Sam, and transferred the appellation, Brother Jonathan, to the son, who was named after him.

Uncle Sam, having thus settled his secular concerns, began to think, more seriously and rationally than he had ever yet done, of religious affairs. He found, upon examination, that no two, of all his relatives, adopted every article of the same creed. But, as to their moral or immoral, religious or irreligious conduct, he could discern but little difference. According to all human appearance, he found good, bad, and indifferent characters among all the sects into which they were divided. After serious and prayerful consideration, therefore, he as-

sembled the heads of the several families, and addressed them in some such manner as the following. Not having room for the whole address, I present only a few detached sentences as a specimen.

"My dear children and relatives,—After a hard, obstinate and bloody struggle for our civil rights and privileges, we are permitted to enjoy them unmolested. But what have we gained, if we are deprived of religious freedom—the liberty of worshipping our Maker, according to the dictates of our own consciences? I answer, our gain is as inconsiderable as time compared with eternity.

"You all know, and many of you have felt the cruel effects of it, that when I was young and inexperienced, I deemed it my duty to compel every one to embrace my sentiments, or to punish him as a heretic. I now look back upon those days with penitential sorrow. I am convinced that mankind were designed, by their Creator, to differ in their opinions, as much as in their features. There are certain great outlines in both, which are distinctly marked, and in which we all agree. In points of minor importance, it is ordered by Providence, no doubt for the best, that we should differ; and when we find fault with each other on this account, we impeach the character of Him "who maketh us to differ."

"I am persuaded that no one can avoid believing as he does believe; and, consequently, no one is blamable for his belief. He may be blameworthy for not paying due attention in searching after truth, or for not candidly and carefully examining and weighing the evidence, which he finds for or against any opinion; but in this he is accountable to his Maker, and to Him only; not to a feeble, fallible mortal, like himself.

"A religion established by law, is much better calculated to make hypocrites than saints. We cannot be absolutely certain that another believes as he says he does. We cannot look into his heart. We are obliged to judge of a man's character by what he does—not by what he professes to believe. It is, therefore, worse than useless, to impose our creed upon him, and demand his assent to it, under any penalty whatever; as even an oath, thus extorted, is not binding. Christianity needs no aid from the civil authority. She grew and increased in her infancy, not only without its patronage, but in spite of its persecution; and whenever or wherever she has been entangled in its embrace, she has lost her heavenly spirit and her legitimate power.

"Who is there among you, that has never altered an opinion; that has not believed in one doctrine at one period of his life, and in its opposite another? Will you differ from yourselves at different times, and not permit your brother to differ from you at any time? The best rule in religion, as in every thing else, is this—'As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.' If you are unwilling to yield your opinions or modes of worship to your brother's dictation, how can you demand, in these particulars, that he should yield to your authority?

"There is no danger in permitting any one, and every one to choose his own articles of faith and mode of worship, provided those articles and that mode do not interfere with the rights of others. If my neighbor believes, or says he believes, in one God, or three, or twenty, it will neither break my leg nor pick my pocket; therefore I have no right to interfere in his belief. But, if he endeavors to oblige me to contribute of my substance, and devote my time to the worship of his God or gods, in his way, then I have a natural right to resist his encroachment.

"What is it to me, if one is accustomed to pray standing, another kneeling; one extempore, a second memoriter, a third from a book? Why need I be disturbed, if one sees fit to baptize in infancy, another in adult age; one by sprinkling, a second by pouring, a third by immersion? What right have I to interfere, if one chooses to pin his faith on the sleeve of a Universalist preacher, or Unitarian, or Methodist, or Baptist, or Episcopalian, or Quaker? Why should I care, if one feels inclined to kiss the great toe of the Pope of Rome, or of a protestant Pope—for there are protestant Popes in reality, though not in name—so long as none of these attempt to force me to imitate their example?

"In fine, I seriously and earnestly recommend, that religious, or rather irreligious, persecution be entirely abolished; that the phrase, *religious rights*, be substituted for that of *religious toleration*; and that this be explained to mean, that every one has a *right* to worship according to the dictates of his own conscience, provided his conscience do not dictate the disturbance of the peace and well-being of the community."

To this recommendation, all the heads of families, excepting Jonathan the second, assented with joyful acclamation. He gave way to the majority with some reluctance, as he had imbibed the sentiments of his father in infancy, deemed them undoubtedly correct, and verily thought that those, who embraced any other, must inevitably perish. He was, moreover, excessively fond of power, both in church and state. Still, however, he joined in the agreement with the rest, not to molest each other in their religious affairs; to which they adhered for many years with praiseworthy fidelity.

These went so far in good fellowship, that those, who kept Thanksgiving, would invite those, who celebrated Christmas, to attend meeting with them, and afterwards feast on their roast turkey, pumpkin pies, and other luxuries suitable for the day. The celebrators of Christmas, in their turn, would invite their brethren to church; and after service to partake of roast beef, plum pudding, and other good things appropriate to that occasion. This practice had a happy tendency to cement friendship and promote harmony; especially as by this means they reciprocally heard two sermons and partook of two feasts *per annum*, where they had but one of each previously to this arrangement.

In those places, where they were settled compactly in considerable numbers, one might see them, on the sabbath, meeting and passing each other, in all directions, while going to, or returning from, their respective houses of worship, each giving the other a smile of joy, which said as plainly, as a smile could say it, "I rejoice that you and I enjoy the liberty, wherewith Christ has made us free; and, though we pursue different courses here, may we all meet at last in his kingdom."

This state of affairs, as I said before, continued many years, till a difficulty arose respecting the school, which Jonathan—now Uncle Sam—established, when he first settled in the territory. In the true spirit of Uncle Sam's recommendation, agreed to by his descendants, and all who had come to reside on his premises, the master and ushers of this school treated their pupils as rational and accountable beings, permitting them to form their own opinions in religion; as in other matters. Hence they laid aside the creed and catechism, which from the foundation of the school had been taught dogmatically, and enjoined the reading of the Bible, as containing sufficient and the only sure and safe rules of faith and practice. The older boys were directed to study this thoroughly in the original Hebrew and Greek. Many joined with the teachers in giving it as their deliberate and decided opinion, that no uninspired creed-makers, system-mongers, or manufactures of catechisms can express divine revelation in better or clearer language than the inspired writers of the Old and New-Testaments have done it. Thus, each being left to form his own opinions, the consequence was, that those educated here embraced as many and various sentiments as there are religious denominations.

Now Jonathan the second, his wife, family and adherents, being fully persuaded, that Uncle Sam had been infallible in his youth, and that he became fallible in his riper years, pertinaciously adhered to his first opinions; and nothing, but want of power, prevented them from adopting the same persecuting practice. As it was, they determined, in some degree, to make up in scolding and calumny for

their deficiency in physical force. As soon, therefore, as they were told of the new arrangement in the school, Jonathan's wife exclaimed with astonishment—"Not teach the *catechise*? What infidels! I should as soon think of denying the Bible itself." "Not teach the catechism and creed?" vociferated Jonathan, who was just before chosen deacon. "I would as soon send my sons to the confines of the bottomless pit, as to such a school."

Now a terrible, wordy warfare was waged against the school and all its patrons and adherents. Newspapers, pamphlets and tracts, filled with "bitterness and wrath and evil speaking," issued, daily, from the groaning press of this "most straitest sect," against all the friends of the school and the advocates of freedom of thought. No sect, however respectable for numbers, learning, virtue, or piety, wholly escaped their bitter vituperations. The other sects were obliged to come forward with the same weapons in self-defence; and, in too many instances, "returned railing for railing." The consequence was, that Jonathan and his party had the mortification to see all the other denominations constantly increasing in numbers. This, which will ever be the effect of persecution, in any form, is not to be regretted.

But one effect of such outrageous quarrels, among the professed disciples of the Prince of Peace, cannot be too deeply lamented. It is by these dissensions that infidelity is confirmed and emboldened to attack Christianity itself. Unbelievers or doubters very naturally say to professors of this religion, "When you will decide among yourselves what Christianity is, then we will attend to it; and, if we are convinced of its truth, we will embrace it. At present, however, judging from its effects on its advocates, which is the best criterion we have, we must believe it a mere bone of contention, calculated to make its votaries hate one another most cordially." Indeed, I have often heard Uncle Sam declare, that the secular and political contentions of the families, under his parental inspection, though they sometimes even threaten his life, give him but little uneasiness, when compared with the evils, which impend over them from their religious controversies; and that he fears from the latter, infinitely more than from the former, the *multiplication* of every thing, that is calculated to make them peaceful, respectable, prosperous and happy.

EQUUS LIBERATUS.

CURA

GEO. GUL. FRED. HOFFSCHAUFFENHENGSTENMULLERHEYNE.

Quem nunc edidit, pro bono publico, nec non suo,
 cum notis copiosissimis, explicativissimis, atque discursivissimis
 eductis multo cum labore, multis cum luctibus,
 nec non distorsione visus
 ex variorum libris hominum doctissimorum,
 peritissimorum et hypercriticissimorum,
 Jacobus Marshius, alias Swampius
 Collegii verborum et notarum et quirkarum socius.
 Ad Usum
 Criticorum et eorum omnium
 qui in palude nullitatis doctae ludunt.

PREFACE.

THE stream of time, which wears away the landmarks of so many friendships, is yet merciful in bringing together, however strangely, from the wreck of a thousand variously-destined barks, the material of new affections, new unions, and new enjoyments. The accidents of individual life are the wealth of society. The bruised tree alone yields the precious gum.

I draw this consolatory reflection, reader, lest you should expect me to wear a face of solemnity and grimace in commenting upon this most elegiac of Epics, and (as Coleridge would term it) this most epical of Elegies. I reject solemnity, it is so apt to remind me of its half-brother, hypocrisy; and, as to grimace, I leave that to the players, for whom, however, I have a great veneration, and confess myself indebted to Kemble for an entirely novel idea in orthoepy—viz. that there is really a *rib* in *horrible*.* Doubtless, reader, there is a secret sympathy between you and me, that will give form and individuality to the scattered fragments of this nameless record; since, if, according to that exquisite poet, (however poor a philosopher,) Coleridge,†

—“even the silent air
 Is music resting on her instrument,”

I know not why the unfashioned characters of my name may not impress an image and a familiar look on some unwritten leaf of your memory. I am a commentator on the weaknesses of the great; but I judge them not by the hard maxim of the divine Euripides, *Εἰ θεοὶ τι δρῶσιν αἰσχρὸν, οὐκ εἰσὶν θεοὶ*, since, however just this might be of the gods, we cannot but allow that men may be truly great, though they do sometimes behave like simpletons.

* I do not here mean this distinguished actor any disrespect. He is far from belonging to that class of players, who, as Churchill says, in his *Rosciad*, “Mouth a sentence, as curs mouth a bone.” On the contrary, I admire him; though I could not help thinking, that, in “Hamlet’s advice to the players,” he spoke a little, very little, satire on himself. I wish he would take a few lessons in simplicity from his daughter, who never “o’ersteps the modesty of nature.” Vide Kemble’s *Hamlet*—“Oh! horrible, most horrible,” &c.

† Those vagabond metaphysicians, who call themselves “Coleridgemen” (as if, indeed, embracing a system could make men out of children!) have no claim to my hostility. I rather pity the poor youth, and wish them nothing so much as an antisomnium, that may quietly restore them from their one day’s imaginary Califfate over the philosophical world, to plain Abon Hassan again, (vide *Arabian Nights*—Sleeper awakened) without upsetting what remains to them of the “faculty of judging according to sense.”

EQUUS LIBERATUS.

ANNOTATIONS ON THE TITLE-PAGE.

Pro bono publico. The circumcised Gentile Onkelos, by losing **בשר ערלהו** (not a pound, nor that nearest his heart,) gained access to the treasury of Rabbinical lore, and immortalized himself as the best Chaldee paraphrast among Jews and Christians. The sacrifice, by which he propitiated the jealous bigotry of the Jewish doctors, though less showy, was probably more truly heroic, than the chivalrous death of Curtius, or the haughty self-devotion of the Decii. Suffering, in the cause of the public, is hardly expected of the learned of this age; we even extol the negative virtue of harmlessness, so rare is that high-souled scorn of self, so characteristic of the ancients, to be met with in times, when talent and praise *are sold like stuffs*.

Nec non suo. A very honest confession—and one, that ought to be prefixed to many a book that goes forth with swelling pretensions to disinterested philanthropy. “I was deeply impressed with the need the public has, of a treatise on the plan of my present attempt,” says every canting scribbler of grammars, arithmetics, and spelling-books. Precious souls! are ye not despicable enough by your works, that ye would be still more so, by your pretensions to public spirit? Go and teach your pupils A B C, and how to count their fingers. The public does not want you. “If these pages shall clear up the doubts of a solitary individual, the author will be amply rewarded,” says the grinder-out of controversial tracts. Affectionate being! Rogue! thou knowest full well, if thy pay be good, thou carest not a brass farthing whether thy words turn to gold, or to ashes, in the hands of thy readers. Go, go and learn that the true way to keep truth uppermost, is, not to stir the kettle that holds it. Practise Pythagoras’s first lesson in wisdom—modesty and silence.

Reader, wouldst thou know how to serve thine own interest without being burdened with either talent, honesty, or patriotism? Take a treatise of some great writer over the water, dress it up with a few dozen insignificant notes, or a few scores of ill-assorted and impertinent questions, secure the copy-right, and send it forth under thy own name, and thy reward shall be fame, honor, and—still better—money. Or, if thou wouldst be original, write stuff, and force it down the throat of the public, by assuring them you write at the solicitation of a learned friend.

Seneca lied, when he said, *ad gloriam et ad famam non est satis unius opinio*—(one man’s opinion confers not immortality;) it will—it has done it. Fear not. Though the leather of thy face be as thick and manifold as the shield of Ajax, do not despair. If you cannot call up the blood of modesty to your cheek, paint a blush there—the ladies will show you how. Puff and swell. Talk of “darkness and light,”—“glorious age,”—“great cause,”—and your own infallible discretion. Hurra! “Diddle, diddle—prut trut—trut prut.” (*vide Tris. Shandy.*) “Public spirit,” is a universal scapegoat now-a-days. Even Professor K—— has lately had a touch of it, as I perceive from his late review of Stuart’s “Select Classics,” (wherein, I am sorry to say, he has made about as many classical blunders, as he has criticiz-

ed :) I hope he has recovered. His splendid talents have so long lain in peaceful inanition, that I was as much astonished at his late performance as if I had seen the stuffed lion in the museum, of a sudden, wake up and roar. Reader, if thou hast a penny in thy pocket, keep it to buy books with ; for thus you will oblige some unhappy man, who is starving on a fat salary—perhaps even that very one, who exclaimed, on a joyful occasion, “ Susan, put two more *potatoes* in the pot, for Daniel has come home.”

I cannot close this long note, without paying a tribute to the memory of one man, whose memory alone remains of all that so lately endeared him to a wide circle of friends. I mean Warren Colburn. If I could be drawn into eulogy, it would be, by my respect for him. But he needs it not. Had the *world* known him, the *world* would have wept for his premature death. But he is not dead, and I may address him in the beautiful words of Andrew Melville—

“ Voce doces vivus, scriptis post fata docebis :
Mortuus et vives, et gregis altor eris.
Inter et auricomas fulgebis stella coronas :
Mane novo aeterna stella serena die.”

Cum notis. Blessed invention ! How else could I have gathered the honey from a thousand flowers and encombred it so cunningly in these few pages ? If I knew the originator of this art, I would burst forth into a strain of rhapsodical praise, such that even the eulogy of Pliny on Trajan—of Cicero on Cæsar—of Petrarch on Rienzi—of Thomas on Corneille—of Van Buren on Jackson—or of Fouchi on himself, should be, one and all, immeasurably distanced in ingenious and awful bombast. Spirit of Notes—Annotations—Excursus et Discursus ! Had it not been for thee, what sublime quartos, and tall octavos—yea, what imperial folios, would have lived only among the impossible gigantics of Eastern fable, instead of gracing the land of sober reality ! Had it not been for you, Homer might have walked among us, instead of sleeping away his immortality on the imperial couch of explanation ;—nor, without thy instigation, would Dante have been smothered in smoke and flames—worse than his own Inferno—from the great smithy of criticism ;—and but for thee, Shakespeare would have flowed on wildly in his own freedom, instead of sending up his music to the crowded villages, the bridges, the wharves and docks of commentation. Without the light of thy invention, how could the Talmud have informed us of the dyspeptic habits of Pharaoh, and the crafty reason of Moses for calling upon him so early in the morning, instead of at the fashionable hour ? Without thee, Dr. Gill could never have enlightened us on the latitude and longitude of the garden of Eden ; and Dr. Clarke, though he had done penance forty instead of twenty years, on pudding and milk, must have lost his immortality,—for we should never have known that the serpent who tempted Eve was a monkey. And thou too, illustrious Abenezra, who drewest, from the depths of thy abyss of learning, the almost-forgotten and still too-much neglected fact, “ that women have no souls”—what shall I say of thee ?—or of thee, Jarchi, who art so unfathomable in thy wisdom, that it would immortalize a man to tell what thou meanest ?—And thou too, Xantius, father of folios, hadst thou not been screened by the awful robe of a commentator, must have foregone thy luxurious

and detailed picture of the fall of man and the origin of love—alas ! thou must have left the palm of licentious scribbling to Fielding and Rochester. Venerable shades of long-forgotten critics, ye rise up in columns before me, with looks full of beseeching, that I would brush the dust from your age-seared volumes, and name you once more to the living ; but time presses, I cannot—go, go to your sleep, fathers—lul-lul-lullaby !

Eductis. The art of conjectural eduction or derivation, is so extensive, and leads to so many delightfully mysterious speculations on the *commune vinculum*—the universal sympathy of languages,—that I wonder so learned a man as Prof. Stuart, in his essay on future punishment, should have hesitated to derive the Hebrew word **לְאָוִי** from the Ethiopic **לְעֵוִל** *a cavern, hole*. This is, of course, not affirmed, but simply suggested. Yet certainly no principle of Hebrew derivation is violated by the change of letters, and the community of significations between the words strongly points to a common origin. The oriental scholar will not be startled at this, but will rather recal numerous instances of a similar kind, where there can be no dispute. Thus, **פְּהָאִים** and **פְּהָעִים** and many others. Without following the extravagances of Reiske or Michaelis, the sober philologist may, and must, have recourse to the living sisters of the Hebrew, to ascertain the derivations and signification of many Hebrew words.

Multo cum labore. When the great Athenian painter, Zeuxis, was censured by the dashing artists of his age, because he consumed so much time on his pictures, he replied, “Why should I be sparing of time, when I paint for eternity ?” Oh, that is a noble passion, which looks through the toils, and depressions, and sufferings of the present, to the veneration of succeeding ages—when the memory of intellectual or moral greatness alone shall escape the wreck of time—when the mendicant wanderings of Homer, the coarse cloak of Socrates, the exile of Phidias, the poor spirit of the banished Tully, and the crazed brain of the unhappy Tasso, shall be forbidden to enter that temple of deathless honor, where their noble minds are garlanded by the unextorted gratitude of the human race. What shall we say, then, of a generation like the present, that can cast scorn on the memory of the past, and refuse the tribute of just veneration to those who lived in the hope of resting peacefully in the hearts of posterity ? Is it a civilized or a savage feeling ? *Essedones*, (says Pomponius Mela)—*funera parentum lacti et victimis ac festo coitu familiarum celebrant*. The *Essedones* celebrate the funerals of their parents with great joy and festal rites. Are we destined to witness the revival of this scandalous custom in our own age ?

Multis cum luctibus. Genius of disputation, hear me. Who, that has a heart to feel the deep and pure pleasure of drinking quiet wisdom into the soul, is not sick to loathing of the jargon of word opposed to word, name to name, and headlong prejudice to sightless ignorance ? Has the Prince of Peace been born into this distracted world, or has he just smiled upon us only to shut again that look of love, and leave us to still grosser darkness and the working of still

deadlier hatreds? What manner of spirit moved the heart of Mr. C——, when he stooped so pitifully low as to disgrace the celebration of our great national festival, with the common slang of party hostility? I could pity that effervescence of youthful spleen, were it not my duty to chastise it. Stand forth, thou beardless scribbler of unchaste philippics, and tell the world by what claim of experience, or learning, or wisdom, aye, or superior virtue, thou darest to mouth dirty epithets, and stigmatize the great and good? “Wraprascal!”—“Hypocrisy!” Beautiful—Christian sounds! They should be inscribed in *tar* on every mile-stone in the country, that the world may see and admire!

If the reader would know whence Mr. C—— obtained his most striking epithet, he may consult Coleridge’s *Aids to Reflection*, Note 51.

Distorsione visus. Alcibiades, who, in some respects, was the greatest, and, in all, the most remarkable of the great men of Athens, refused, in his youth, to learn to play on the flute, because, he said, it distorted the countenance, and was therefore fit only for slaves. The opinions of Alcibiades, like the divine language, by whose rich and splendid harmony he bewitched a nation to madness, have gone out of date. We not only consider it manly for a freeman to torment his face over effeminate musical instruments, but we have admitted the *distorsio visus* in matters far less harmonizing with the fashions of a monkey’s drawing-room. I know a lawyer, indeed, by no means a facetious man, whose whole face is a most patronizing grin, whenever he walks the street. It is said, he puts it on to gain clients,—as alligators lie on the shore with their mouths open, to attract flies. The most abominable mouthing it has ever been my fortune to “sit under,” was in the pulpit—the most comic was in the closet of the reviewer, where some book was to be praised, that had not a good quality—or some opponent “in whom there was no guile,” was to be launched among the reprobate. But necessity is the mother of invention, and I suppose the necessity of acting the hypocrite introduced the art of face-making.

Doctissimorum. “Ask of the learned?—the learned are blind.”—Alas! alas! for thee, Pope! Thou wilt have to answer for that. Blind! say you? Why, sir, the learned, by the double convex lens of discursive criticism, converge light enough on the poorest scale from the temple of antiquity, to illuminate the world in the common way.

Peritissimorum. I have lately seen a Manual Hebrew Grammar by J. Seixas, on a new plan—viz. that of admitting *light* into the student’s mind, instead of *darkness*. Now I *think* that is the proper way, and therefore give my sincere commendation to this gentleman, whose admirable method of instructing, (so far as I can learn it from his pupils,) is likely entirely to refit the old, rusty, creaking door to oriental learning. It is not, I am fully persuaded, from an extensive acquaintance with his pupils,—it is not simply ease and flippancy in instructing, that gives Professor Seixas claims to distinction; nor yet that inimitable humor,—which gives to his society such a charm,—to

his precepts such a power, and to his views such a rich originality. These things show, indeed, his character, but cannot express his knowledge. He is deep and accurate. Those who deny it, either know nothing, or *a little too much*, of his knowledge. To be sure, he is easy, but because he is perfectly familiar with his subject, not because he is superficial. He is not prolix, and grim, and stupid, for the sake of showing, as Steele says, that there is meaning in his dullness. While upon this subject, however, I would respectfully ask Mr. Seixas (*not* “to alter the three pairs of consonants,” as the reviewer, in the September number of the Christian Examiner suggests, but) to correct a very few errors, which I have discovered in his Manual, when he publishes a new edition. I can mention but three, (less than one to every hundred that may be found in “the largest and best” now in use,) viz.—P. 11. Sec. 12. for “אֵינִים a pair of scales,” put מֵאֵינִים. P. 20. Sec. 27, instead of “verbs whose first radical is ך or ך', drop it in the Imperative,”—write, in the Imperative and Infinitive; and in the Infinitive postfix ך.—On P. 45, second column, 7th word from the top, for אֶל put אֵל. This being done, I see nothing, after a careful investigation, to improve, but every thing to approve.

Hypercriticissimorum. Criticism is the art of detecting the deformities of composition—hypercriticism of showing those deformities to be ornaments. Beautiful arts! They usually go very lovingly together. The left hand takes pay for slandering—the right, for explaining away. Says Baxter, “It is a good sign that an opinion is true, when it is near an error. For truth is the very next step to error.” So ugliness is nothing but the excess of beauty.

Verborum. “Words! words! words!” said Hamlet, with but half the occasion I have. The Chinese shut up their children for the first third of their lives, to learn by heart the words of the great Confucius, without permitting a syllable to be made intelligible to them—without even explaining to them why they are required to prostrate themselves before the image of that sage, exalted over the school-room door, instead of before the master, who, with his awful birch and look of semi-divine frightfulness, used, in our own land, to exact such homage. Did we learn the art of living on words from the Chinese, or they from us? However, we are improving a little in this respect, thanks to Spurzheim, and some others.

Notarum. Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, Miss Smith, and Parkhurst, are lauded to the skies by some, for their oriental learning; yet, strange to tell, none of them did any thing to advance the study, nor are they at all happy in illustrating the Scriptures. All the *nonpunctists* are of a piece. Even Dr. J. P. W——, of Philadelphia, who almost lived and died over the Fathers, cannot escape whipping. Vide their works!

Quirkarum. Glorious science of the Law! and thou, Peter Peebles, in whose tow wig, tattered coat, relentless appetite, and besotted brain, “the great magician of the North,” has immortalized the blessings of

that labyrinthic road to justice, where the shadow of success, holding out the deceptive image of a purse, perpetually dances before the deluded wretch, and, at once, glides through the consecrated trap-doors of a mysterious jargon, and is seen no more. Glorious science of the law!—chess-board!—where the subtle game is played with the peace, and prosperity, and senses of the simple!—barbed hook! ever drawing up, to be eaten, the fools that are caught by the tinsel bait!—thou sacred niche, in the great temple of roguery, where science, and gravity, and art, glory in making unwary honesty contradict itself—where the craft of the lawyer and the learned heartlessness of the judge combine to put modesty to shame, whenever woman can be dragged into thy Charybdis,—thy grave for all the decencies of life! Glorious science of the law—how thou art fallen! Qui nos advocat, nisi, aut nocens aut miser? exclaims one of the disputants, in Tacitus's beautiful dialogue *De Oratoribus*. Alas! now, even the miserable have ceased to look up to you for defence, and the villain alone appeals to you with hope. The noble talents, that formerly consecrated your halls to the enchantment of mighty eloquence, have bowed to the trickery of miserable craft—the process of law has become the winding, double-faced art of pitiful chicanery. “Magna eloquentia,” says the author above quoted, “materia abitur, et motibus excitatur, et urendo clarescit.” These magnificent excitements to lofty eloquence are wanting to you now, as they were in the age of Tacitus, and you may be pardoned for your degeneracy.

Palude. There is a pool, not far from the Miami of the Lakes, where nothing will live but frogs. I have pelted them, times innumerable, in my boyhood, for there was no other way to stop their croaking. That was where I learned sharp-shooting.

Nullitatis. This word, with many others, comes from the Latin *nul*, which means *void, destitution, nothing*. Nullification is a good instance of its meaning in composition. It is from the root as above, and the verb *fio*, which means, *to be done, to become, to make trouble for*. The word, then, thus examined philosophically and analytically, means, “Much ado about nothing.”

Doctae. This adjective is feminine, which may be taken, at the least, as presumptive evidence, that the Romans had some notions of female education. For if there were no learned Roman ladies, why should there be a feminine adjective, meaning learned? It may be objected, that it is here connected with a word that means *nothingness*—but I beg leave to reply, that the corresponding English adjective, of the *same gender*, has not unfrequently the same association. “Too much learning”—but I will not quote. The ladies have adorned our literature with many things, that would have been sadly missed—but I may say to them, as the Sophist did to Cícero—“After having subdued us in so many other ways, it is almost cruel in them, to invade our fancied intellectual superiority.”

EQUUS LIBERATUS.

Equus fuit, fuit imo,
 Quem omnes rebantur felicem ;
 Nunc descendit in abymo,
 Converret nunquam culicem.
 Eheu ! nimis edens cibam
 Procumbit humi plethora ;
 Primum coenam, deinde vitam
 Evomuit in aethera !

Excursus in equo.

Which doth not mean, reader,—as you might be cheated into supposing, from the deceitfulness of sound,—an excursion on horseback. Would that it did ; for I love to move with the confident tread of that noble animal. “*Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.*” But I am digressing.

I have told you what it doth *not* mean. *Excursus*, according to the best critics, means a sort of universal ramble, wherein the author touches upon almost every thing—not to explain, but to throw over it the mantle of a soft and pleasing obscurity ; ever showing a commendable pedantry, and an equally commendable contempt for his subject. “On this hint, I speak.” The antiquity of this poem has been hotly contested, and as hotly defended. It has been laid to Homer, on account of its exceeding simplicity. This supposition has been rejected, because the poem is said to be satirical. But this is evidently building a hypothesis on a conjecture. Most illogical ! Besides, according to Aristotle, Homer did not confine himself to dignified compositions, like the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, but actually wrote a long satiric poem, and, for aught we know, this may be one of his *Argeites*. If Homer wrote it, it was undoubtedly translated into Arabic, in the reign of Caliph Haroun al Rasheed, or of his son, Al Mamoon—or, perhaps, in Spain, during the splendid era of Abderahman and his immediate successors. From the Arabic, it must have been translated into Latin, by some Monkish poet, during the prevalence of chivalry, when horses were more valued than men. This derivation is opposed by the strongest evidence, which I have not time to state ; and the elegy is fiercely laid to the charge of Simonides, who is known to have written copiously upon horses. But, besides that it is not recorded of him, that he wrote upon dead horses, he is allowed to have been a mercenary fellow, that scribbled only for money or favor ; in both which particulars, a steed defunct must have been a most uninspiring subject. To be sure, it is plausibly urged, that he might have had an eye on the skin—but this would have been highly unpoetical.

By others, still, this horse is said to have been no other than the famous Bucephalus of Alexander, and that the poem was suggested by a lost painting of the great Apelles. I don't believe it. Others, again, have affirmed, that it was the favorite steed of the Chevalier Bayard, and the very one that lay bleeding at his feet, when he uttered his dy-

ing reproach to the traitor Bourbon. These same critics evidently bring up this singular supposition only to create a diversion ; for they go on to say, that it may also be the enchanted horse, mentioned in the " Arabian Nights," on which Firouz Schah went so heroically to India, and whose movements were governed so curiously by a peg in the back of his neck. Whence, probably, *Peg-asus*—the genius of poetry—from *peg* and the Greek *acido*—*to sing*,—meaning, a creature, that wanders about, with an admirable, peg-like squeaking. This supposition deserves careful attention, after which it will probably be rejected.

Still farther, this horse hath been confidently affirmed to be Rozinante, and the poem to be the composition of Don Quixote himself, made in that very " valley of packstones," where both himself and his steed were belabored into a most elegiac mood and condition.

Lastly, it is said to have been a horse of the " laboring class," which died not long since in Andover, from eating pumpkin pies, that were set to cool in the window of the " Seminary Commons," and which, during his life, was so remarkable for poverty, that a learned Professor of that region passing by him one day, held up both hands and exclaimed, *Cui bono!* (*what bones!*)—Amid these conflicting opinions, the " judicious reader" will decide for himself.

Liberatus. From *libero*—to set free,—i. e. by the dissection of the soul from the body—a meaning very well understood by reference to the Anti-Slavery Society. (Vide *Liberator*.)

Fuit. This form of the verb *sum* hath been supposed to come from *fugio*—*to flee, to escape*—hence, figuratively—*to cease to exist* ; thus intimating that whatever is past is dead, and exists only as a shadow in the mind. Mysterious order of the creation, by which all things change, even in passing that hair bridge, the present moment. Now I reverence the opinions of the critics, and have not read Athanasius's creed in vain,—*qui voluit esse salvum, primum illi necesse est credere Catholicam fidem* ;—which may be translated thus—*Whoever wishes to walk with a whole skin, must receive the faith of the majority* ; yet in this one thing, I must dissent. I deny that the ancients used the past tense of the verb to express cessation of existence, oftener than we do ; and I doubt not that Dr. Blair's opinion was founded on the single passage, he quotes in illustration. And in that very passage of Virgil, it is the circumstances of the case and the accompanying interjection of grief, that denotes the catastrophe, not the tense of the verb. The ancients would have understood such a form of expression as little as ourselves. Let me be judged by all, who have read Latin and Greek authors with any attention.

Fuit imo. Pulchre ! bene ! beate dicta ! where the former word is repeated with strong qualification. (Vide doctissimum virum, scilicet Sam. Clark, et alios criticos passim.)

Felicem. I wish I could tell what happiness is. I have wandered through philosophy, from the mysticisms of the Shaster to the truisms of the age of sense, and should have thrown them down, one and all, with the exclamation of Lucretius, "*Hoc se quisque modo semper*

fugit," had I not fortunately met a solution of all absurdities and contradictions in the new and noble science of Phrenology. Not Theseus, when he entered, heartsick and despairing, the dark gate of the labyrinth, could have been penetrated with more lively joy in receiving, from the hand of love, the thread that was to lead him safely back from the den of the incaverned Minotaur, than was I, when I received this key to the mysteries of the human bosom. But I will abstain;—I meant, in this note, simply to introduce a very few of the opinions of the learned on the subject of happiness.

I. JONATHAN EDWARDS. "Happiness consists principally in the perception of these three things;—viz. of the consent of being to its own being,—of its own consent to being,—and of being's consent to being." How luminous! It reminds me of the old rhyme—

"A body met a body in a bag of beans.
Can a body tell a body what a body means?"

II. S. T. COLERIDGE. "Pleasure consists in the harmony between the specific excitability of a living creature, and the exciting causes, corresponding thereunto."

Query. Has the "self-determining power," or the "intuitive reason," any thing to do with this definition?

III. JOHN LOCKE. "Happiness consists in what delights and contents the mind."

IV. G. SPURZHEIM. "The happiness of man consists in the satisfaction of his faculties."

Descensit. "Facilis est descensus Averno." I never knew the full force of this quotation, till I saw an ex-president of the United States tickling his old age, by retracing his steps from honor's temple, sinking from the small to the smaller, till he could at last prettily entomb himself in a string of *asinine* verses for an Annual.

Abymo. Abyss,—a monkish piece of Latinity, but representing, according to all authority, a very bad place. Whether it was the Valley of Hinnom—a wretched hole,—or the Barathrum—a great pit near Athens, where that cleanly people used to throw trash, and, sometimes, by way of retort polite, foreign ambassadors;—or whether it was that cavern in Italy, where travelers are, to this day, amused with seeing a dog choked in foul air;—whether it were the dark depths of the sea, or the still darker bed of our last sleep,—I say, whether it means one or all of these, I leave the reader to find out from the many delightful books, where it is sounded most accurately to the very bottom. "O, there is"—in the touching words of Tristram Shandy—"O there is—whom I could listen to the whole day, whose talents lie in making what he fiddles to be felt." These authors have each digged a pit, according to his own liking—moved, I suppose, by the same enterprising spirit, that tempted Columbus to despise the notions of the learned, and penetrate the mighty mystery of the ocean. "To make discoveries for ourselves," says Andrew Fuller, "though the search may require time and toil, is unspeakably more pleasant, than to learn every thing from the information of others."

Nunquam. A deep theologian, of the age of Charles II. in a Latin rhapsody on eternity, proves that the sum of future happiness and misery is expressed in the words *nunquam* and *semper*—(never and always)—whereupon, growing sublime, he exclaims—

“ Oh *nunquam* ! Oh *semper* !
Oh *semper* ! Oh *nunquam* !
Nunquam, semper—æternitas.”

Culicem. This last line is a descending from a great fact to a little one, of which I gave a forcible illustration in the note on *descensit*. It is a kind of dallying with the eye-lashes of the thunderbolt, known in rhetoric as anticlimax, and in common life, “ as coming out at the little end of the horn.”

Nimis. Oh the *ne quid nimis* of Terence—*don't take too large a quid*. It is worth a whole world of common sayings. Those who make speeches for the sake of riding on an occasion—those who make novels in two volumes, for the sake of describing the dear sensibilities of woman, or the amiable rakeries of man—those who alter good authors, for the sake of avoiding the law, made and provided against book-stealing—in fine, that whole class of egotists, who scribble, for the sake of being authors, I avoid with the utmost horror, exclaiming, whenever I meet one of these harpies—*foenum habet in cornu*,—he has the mark of the beast—let me escape!

Edens. Eating! what a subject! But it is above me, and I resign it to Prof. Hitchcock. I shall only make a few touching remarks. I was for a long time puzzled to find out what was meant by *dieting*; till, by watching a strange character, who was all stomach, at one time, and all mouth another,—I learned that dieting meant, indulging in gluttony half the year, and scolding at other folks, for eating at all, the other half. Men love to be remarkable, else Herostratus never would have set fire to the temple of Diana. I cannot find words of reprobation strong enough for those pitiful creatures that seek *famousness* by such means. Ye gormandizers, who devour beef and grease, pepper, salt, vinegar and mustard, pudding and pies, till tired and sickened nature vomits you out of her bosom of healthful relishes—then sit down, with the manners of a polar bear, over black bread, and call it philosophy.

Plethora. This expressive word, by some strange mistake, is omitted in the Latin Dictionary, and hente, the critic may again be prone to doubt the authenticity of our elegy. But the fault must lie with the lexicographer. Neither man nor beast, at the present time, need experience such a calamity—by such a disorder;—the *reductio ad mortem*, through the exertions of Leader *Dam-natus* and his followers, will soon be known, only as an affliction of antiquity.

Coenam. The antiquity of our poem is still farther illustrated by the usage of *coenam*—every one will recollect, that this was the principal meal of the ancients.

Vitam. Life,—the living principle,—the soul. We conceive it to be evident, from the connexion of the above word, that the ancients conceived the principle of life to be a constituent of the “ *divina spir-*

itus" or "divina afflatus"—a division of the soul. Every living thing—*ab ostreo ad hominem*—is possessed of a *soul*,—one class of existents having merely the living principle; another, in addition, the affections; and still a higher, the intellectual; but all alike, eternal *in esse*. *To Νοητιον διηρηκασιν εις πολλων Θεων Ιδιωτητας*.—Damasc. de Myst. Egypt. "They divided the intelligible into many and several individualities."—Coleridge. The line, under consideration, farther shows this soul, whatever be its extent of quality, to be material,—for *coenam* and *vitam* (the *vitam* being, as before said, a constituent of the *spiritus*) are used in adjunction. Consequently, if one be matter, so must the other be.

"Who governs freemen, should himself be free."—Pope.

"Who drives fat oxen, should himself be fat."—Johnson.

Evomuit. The nature of this word may be such as to give offence, and induce still farther doubt of the genuineness of our elegy. But has not the Mantuan poet most feelingly described the workings of the *viscera*? And will not such authority suffice? If a doubt remains, vide id reverendissime et peritissime et purissime auctore, scilicet Rod. Dickinson. Even in the boasted days of modern refinement, we may find sanction for the purity of our elegy; says the chaste and delicate Mellen, in his "Last Grave Digger,"

"Even the elements
Lent their loud sympathy to valiant men,
In this sublime eruption (*eruption*?) of their grief."

Aethera. The poets used *aethera* as synonymous with Heaven or Jupiter. It is an important question, in which of these two senses, our author applies the phrase. Did not *aethera* refer as well to *coenam* as to *vitam*, we should not hesitate in ascribing to it the former definition. But we must reserve this subject for a future investigation.

Excursus generale.

Si nihil infesti durus, vidissit Ulysses,
Penelope felix,—sed sine laude, foret.—Ovid. Trist.

So with our *equus*, had he lived, he might have been *happy*; but he is more *glorious* in his death—the poet has made him immortal. In the words of Sallust, might the author say "*Sua cuique satis placebant*." His is not that art, "*quam ad affectum casu venit*."—Sen. Ep.

Excursus finale.

In the words of Coleridge—"Here! (methinks I hear the reader exclaim) here is a meditation on a broomstick, with a vengeance!"—Now, in the first place, I am, and I do not care who knows it, no enemy to meditations on broomsticks;—*provided always*, that the same Meditation on Broomstick, or *aliud quidlibet ejusdem farinae*, shall be "as truly a meditation as the broomstick is verily a broomstick." And, in conclusion,—"*Verily, to ask, what meaneth all this? is no Herculean labor. And the reader languishes under the same vain-glory as his author, and hath laid his head on the other knee of Omphale, if he can mistake the thin vocables of incognitance, for the consubstantial words, which thought begetteth and goeth forth in.*"

Sir T. Brown. MSS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Teacher : or Moral Influences employed in the Instruction and Government of the Young. By Jacob Abbott, late Principal of the Mount Vernon Female School, Boston, Mass.

This work is an attempt to improve the character of teachers, by giving them more correct views of the character of children, by inspiring them with an interest and a love for those under their charge, and by leading them to feel more deeply the responsibility of their situation. It is an attempt to prove that it is more easy to govern and instruct by means of religion, reason, and love, than by authority and force. In all the author's remarks there appears a great love of purity and truth, and a kindness and generosity of disposition. There is no apparent wish to use religion, because he might abuse its sacred sanctions, to frighten the disobedient, and make the task of teaching more easy ; but, on the other hand, a desire to make scholars and teachers religious beings, because it is their duty to be so. There is no spiritual pride, because he has accomplished what few teachers have attempted ; and no conceited desire to make his views of education appear of any value, unless they may be found to be true. His instructions to teachers are full of sound judgement. He is enthusiastic, but not destitute of caution. He has not advanced crude ideas, with the notion that he has discovered a new plan, by which he is about to convert the world ; but he freely allows that his plans may not be the best—only that he has found them successful, and he recommends them to be adopted or copied by other teachers. Indiscriminate praise, however, is of little value. Let those who have not had an opportunity to read Mr. Abbott's volume, judge of its value from the analysis and extracts which follow.

The first chapter is devoted to a consideration of the means to be used to excite the teacher's interest in his occupation. The second chapter, to a consideration of the general arrangements of a school. Instruction is the subject of the third. In this he says—

“There are three kinds of knowledge, the means by which all other knowledge is acquired ;—writing, reading and calculation. A child who is studying geography, or history, or natural science, is learning facts ; he who is learning to read, write, and calculate, is acquiring skill, by which his knowledge may be indefinitely increased. To teach these three kinds of knowledge, then, is the great object of the teacher of a common school. It may be questioned whether all other studies should not be excluded ; certainly, that teacher is unjust, who takes a greater interest in teaching a few scholars the higher branches of education, than in teaching a whole population these fundamental subjects.” * * *
* * * * * “Never get out of patience with dullness ; perhaps I ought to say, never get out of patience with any thing. But, above all things, remember that dullness and stupidity,—and you will find them in every school,—are the very last things to get out of patience with. If the Creator has so formed the mind of a boy, that he must go through life slowly and with difficulty, impeded by obstructions, which others do not feel, and depressed by discouragements which others never know,—his lot is surely hard enough, without having you to

add to it the trials and suffering, which sarcasm and reproach from you can heap upon him. Look over your school-room, therefore, and wherever you find one, whom you perceive the Creator to have endued with less intellectual power than others, fix your eye upon him, with an expression of kindness and sympathy. Such a boy will have suffering enough from the selfish tyranny of his companions; he ought to find in you a protector and a friend. One of the greatest pleasures which a teacher's life affords, is the interest of seeking out such an one, bowed down with burdens of depression and discouragement,—unaccustomed to sympathy and kindness, and expecting nothing for the future, but a weary continuation of the cheerless toils, which have embittered the past; and the pleasure of taking off the burden, of surprising the timid disheartened sufferer by kind words and cheering looks, and of seeing in his countenance the expression of ease, and even of happiness, gradually returning."

"The teacher should be interested in *all* his scholars, and aim equally to secure the progress of all. Let there be no neglected ones in the school-room. We should always remember that, however unpleasant in countenance and manners that bashful boy, in the corner, may be, or however repulsive in appearance, or unhappy in disposition, that girl, seeming to be interested in nobody, and nobody appearing interested in her,—they still have, each of them, a mother, who loves her own child, and takes a deep and constant interest in its history."

"Do not hope or attempt to make all your pupils alike. Let it be the teacher's aim to co-operate with, not vainly attempt to thwart the designs of Providence."

"Assume no false appearances, in your school, either as to knowledge or character. All efforts to conceal ignorance, and all affectation of knowledge not possessed, are as unwise as they are dishonest. The fact, that the teacher does not know every thing, cannot long be concealed, if he tries to conceal it; and in this, as in every other case, honesty is the best policy."

Chapter IV. is upon "Moral Discipline."

"Be careful when you first see your pupils, that you meet them with a smile. I do not mean a pretended cordiality, which has no existence in the heart, but think of the relation, which you are to sustain to them, and of the very interesting circumstances, under which, for some months at least, your destinies are to be united to theirs, until you cannot help feeling a strong interest in them. Shut your eyes, for a day or two, to their faults, if possible, and take an interest in all their pleasures and pursuits, that the first attitude, in which you exhibit yourself before them, may be one which shall allure, not repel."

"The first thing to be done, as a preparation for reforming individual character, in school, is, to secure the personal attachment of the individuals to be reformed. This must not be attempted by professions and affected smiles; and still less by that sort of obsequiousness, common in such cases, which produces no effect, but to make the bad boy suppose that his teacher is afraid of him; which, by the way, is, in fact, in such cases, usually true. Approach the pupil in a bold and manly, but frank and pleasant manner. Approach him as his superior, but still as his friend; desirous to make him happy—not merely to obtain his good will. And the best way to secure these appearances, is, just to secure the reality. Actually be the boy's friend. Really desire to make him happy;—happy too in his own way, not in yours."

"In endeavoring to correct the faults of your pupils, do not, as many teachers do, seize only upon those *particular cases* of transgression, which may happen to come under your notice. These are few, compared with the whole number of faults, against which you ought to exert an influence. The observing and punishing such cases, is a small part of your duty."

To illustrate the value of this precept, he gives a very interesting relation of the manner in which a teacher, who accidentally heard a boy use profane language, in a great measure cured his whole school of the vice of profaneness. 114—116.

In the same chapter, after having shown the means to be used, in order to make boys fond of system and regularity, he says—

"Perhaps some experienced teacher, who knows, from his own repeated difficulties with bad boys, what sort of spirits the teacher of district schools has

sometimes to deal with, may ask, as he reads this, 'Do you expect that such a method as this will succeed in keeping your school in order? Why, there are boys, in almost every school, whom you would no more coax into obedience and order, in this way, than you would persuade the north-west wind to change its course, by reasoning. "I know there are; (says Mr. A.) all I should expect or hope for, by such measures as these, is, *to interest and gain over to our side the majority.*"

"There should be a great difference made between the *measures you take* to prevent wrong, and the *feelings of displeasure* against wrong when it is done. The former should be strict, authoritative, unbending; the latter should be mild and gentle. * * * It is the morose look, the harsh expression, the tone of irritation and fretfulness, which is so unpopular in school. The sins of childhood are, by nine-tenths of mankind, enormously overrated; and perhaps none overrate them more extravagantly than teachers."

"Lead your pupils to see that they must share with you the credit or the disgrace, which success or failure may bring. * * * Repeat, with judicious caution, what is said of the school, both for and against it, and thus endeavor to interest the scholars in its public reputation. * * * If the scholars are led to understand that the school is, to a great extent, their institution,—that they must assist to sustain its character, and that they share the honor, if any honor is acquired,—a feeling will prevail in the school, which may be turned to a most useful account."

"Feel that, in the management of the school, *you* are under obligation, as well as the scholars; and let this feeling appear in all that you do. * * * It will assist very much, too, in securing cheerful, good-humored obedience to the regulations of the school, if you extend their authority over yourself."

In cases of difficult management, Mr. Abbott advises teachers to go directly and frankly to the individual, who causes the difficulty, and come at once to a full understanding with him, as to what his intentions for the future may be.

"In nine cases out of ten, this course will be effectual. * * * To make it successful, however, it must be done properly. * * * It must be deliberate, generally better after a little delay. It must be indulgent, so far as the view, which the teacher takes of the guilt of the pupil, is concerned; every palliating consideration must be felt. It must be firm and decided, in regard to the necessity of a change, and the determination of the teacher to effect it. It must also be open and frank; no insinuations, no hints, no surmises; but plain, honest, open dealing. In many cases, the communication may be made most delicately and most successfully, in writing. The more delicately you touch the feelings of your pupils, the more tender these feelings will become. Many a teacher stupefies and hardens the moral sense of his pupils by the harsh and rough exposures, to which he drags the private feelings of the heart. A man may easily produce such a state of feeling in his school-room, that to address even the gentlest reproof to any individual, in the hearing of the next, would be a most severe punishment; and, on the other hand, he may so destroy that sensitiveness, that his vociferated reproaches will be as unheeded as the idle wind."

Chapter V. is upon "Religious Influence." The subject is introduced by a consideration of the right, which a man has to disseminate his peculiar opinions; because many teachers have failed to satisfy their employers, and have been the cause of much unhappiness to themselves and others, by attempting to teach sectarian opinions, instead of "reading, writing, and calculation." "He is employed for a specific purpose, and he has no right to wander from that purpose, except as far as he can go, with the common consent of his employers." Mr. Abbott then goes on to consider whether a teacher can do good by religious influence without introducing the peculiar doctrines of any sect of Christians. He shows, that "the common ground, on religious subjects, in this country, is very broad," and that if teachers

do universally confine themselves to the limits, which he defines, they may accomplish within them a "vast amount of good."

Religion, he says, is not to be appealed to in order to make it assist in the government of the school; it is not to be brought before the mind of a disobedient pupil, "in a vain effort, to make an impression upon the conscience of one, who has done wrong, and who cannot, by other means, be brought to submission. The pupil, in such cases, understands that the teacher appeals to religious truth, only to eke out his own authority, and, of course, it produces no effect."

"Many teachers make great mistakes in this respect. A bad boy, who has done something openly and directly subversive of the good order of the school, or the rights of his companions, is called before the master, who thinks that the most powerful weapon to wield against him is the Bible. So while the trembling culprit stands before him, he administers to him a reproof, which consists of an almost ludicrous mixture of scolding, entreaty, religious instruction, and threatening of punishment. But such an occasion as this is no time to touch a bad boy's heart. He is steeled, at such a moment, against any thing but mortification."

"Finally (says he, at the conclusion of this chapter) let me insert as the keystone of all I have been saying in this chapter, be sincere and ardent, and consistent in your own piety. Be constantly watchful and careful, not only to maintain intimate communion with God, and to renew it daily in your seasons of retirement, but guard your conduct. Let piety control and regulate it. Show your pupils that it makes you amiable, patient, forbearing, benevolent in little things, as well as in great things, and your example will co-operate with your instructions, and allure your pupils to walk in the paths which you tread."

Chapter VI. contains a description of the Mount Vernon School. Of the plan of its government and instruction, he says, that he has no idea that it is superior to those adopted in many other schools. In his management there seems to have been no government; the scholars and teachers appear to have lived in that happy and enviable state, in which, as in Israel of old, when there was no king, every one did what was right in his own eyes. In the general arrangements of his school, there was much that was peculiar,—much that could not be introduced into the common district schools of the country; still, every teacher may derive advantage from a perusal of that part of the chapter, which relates to this subject. The most important peculiarity of Mr. Abbott's school is the means of religious instruction; and yet they were so simple, and would so naturally be suggested to the mind of any teacher, who wished his scholars to feel their accountability, not to him, so much as to God, that they need not be more particularly noticed.

The next, and last chapter, is occupied by remarks and cautions upon the new schemes, and new books, which teachers are continually publishing at the present day. If his remarks were read, many a disappointed teacher would perceive why it is that his hopes have been blasted; and were his cautions regarded, many more would be saved the mortification and misfortunes to which the publishers of new school-books are exposed.

Such is Mr. Abbott's "Teacher;"—a book to which too much praise can scarcely be given. Were its precepts followed by all, and its spirit imbibed by all, who take upon themselves the highly responsible office of a public teacher, there could scarcely be a happier place than a school-room. Instead of the fretfulness, and vexation, and tears, so often to be seen there, happy and contented faces would

appear on all sides; children would dread to become men, and men would wish to be school-boys. The volume is not interesting to teachers alone; the narratives, by which his precepts are illustrated, give the volume an interest on their account; and every one, who wishes well to the improvement of our common schools, will rejoice to see that the young may be educated by religion, reason, and love.

The Token and Atlantic Souvenir. For 1834.

Having survived its contemporary annuals, the *Token* makes its seventh appearance, with no marks of premature decay. Whether this success has been owing to its literary merit, its style of embellishment, or the management and skill of its publishers, we cannot pretend to decide; but as the simple fact of success is a criterion of merit in politics, we hardly know why it should not be so received in literature. We congratulate all parties on this prosperity, because it is our impression, that the present work has done something for American art, and, if on no other account, is deserving of ample encouragement.

To any one, aware of the difficulty of selecting large pictures, that will prove effective when reduced, it will not be a matter of surprise, that several of the plates, in the present volume, are unfortunately chosen. The Presentation Plate is, perhaps, well enough, with a single exception; we are always in favor of having even statuary billing and cooing carried on in private. Interesting as are the little figures on the pedestal in the back ground, we think they had been better placed in the rear of the tree; such a situation would have been decidedly more natural, as, in all probability, a living couple would have chosen it for the indulgence of similar antics. The title-page, we think, is similarly unfortunate; we do not sufficiently understand the circumstances or the scene, and, unless further informed, shall die in ignorance of the fact whether the back ground is intended to represent the sky and a star, or a brick wall and a candle.

The Fall of Nineveh exhibits an effect that could be well produced by the tasteful application of a blacking-brush. Napoleon might have bivouacked his armies in a nut-shell with as much propriety as that with which an artist undertakes to represent the magnificent ruin of the great city in four inches by three. Rebecca and Ivanhoe form a disagreeable, black-looking picture, some of whose details of drapery and architecture are well done. Its painter would be more successful in designing for upholsterers, or inventing showy fashions for the milliners, than in giving visible expression to the imaginations of a Scott. The human countenances, in which the whole interest and intellect of such a picture should be concentrated, are sorry caricatures; dull and meaningless. Rebecca's attitudinizing is also far from faultless; we cannot imagine in what school the artist studied his graces, any more than we can trace the origin of his beauties.

But to turn to a more agreeable view of the matter. The Orphans, and Why Don't he Come, both by John Cheney, are engravings of a very superior order; their finish is exquisite. That more striking and attractive subjects might have been chosen for the display of his power, we cannot deny; but we think none could have been selected, into which he would have thrown more sweetness, or that would have been

more happily adapted to the peculiar character of his excellence. If the *Token* had done nothing more than it has done in fostering and bringing forward the rising talent of Cheney, it would have rendered eminent assistance to the progress of American art. We look forward with confidence to the time when this young man will stand among the first engravers of his time, if he do not rise to the very summit of his profession.

Benares is pretty well executed; the chief fault consists in our familiarity with the original engraving, and in the attempt to reduce so much matter into so small a space. *The Flowers* is a sweet design, and delicately engraved by Pelton. *The Castle*, by Ellis, is good, though by no means equal to other of that artist's productions. *The Night Storm*, by Neagle, is spirited, and equal to the best in the volume; it reflects credit on the artist, and Vandervelde himself, we have no doubt, would be satisfied with it. In the *Death of Hassan*, the effect of the original has been lost. If the *Portrait* be really a portrait, we hope it is an ugly likeness; every thing is pretty about it but the face, in which a slip of the graver, or bad taste of the artist, has ruined one of the most important features. *The Peasant Girl* is an attempt at simplicity, but lacks beauty and interest; there is some sweetness about the face, but not enough to compensate for the general dinginess of the picture. *The Young Harlequin*, another of Neagle's productions, is capital; the design is highly pleasing, the grouping is fortunate, and the whole picture is full of life and easy nature.

We need not pretend to deny, that the only possible motive for encouraging publications of this character is found in the encouragement they extend to artists. They do not necessarily cultivate a good style of literature; but they do necessarily create a good taste and actual improvement in the arts. Before the introduction of *Souvenirs*, our engravers were employed, almost exclusively, on coarse and cheap work; and to this they are now obliged chiefly to confine their attention. We cannot expect to meet a Heath or a Finden, in every workshop, or to find a finished artist in every cutter of visiting cards. Our engravers are young men; they must be encouraged and led forward by public favor and assistance; and it is only by discriminating approval or condemnation that they can become aware of their own merits or defects. We regret very much that some of the expense, lavished on this publication, had not been distributed among the painters. Some of the most effective pictures in the previous volumes of this very work, have been from the designs of Weir, Fisher, and other American artists. Let the publisher cut down a few of the plates—for so large a number is unnecessary—and let him employ native painters on designs of native interest. He could abstract eight or nine hundred dollars from the cost of engravings, for this purpose, if he would only rid himself of the absurd notion, that the quality of the engravings is of less importance than the number.

But little room remains for an examination of the literary merit of the *Token*. *The Reminiscence of Federalism*, by Miss Sedgwick, is the best, and *Autumn*, by Mr. Thompson, is the worst piece in the book; the latter has all the tameness and common-place of a school-boy's theme, with none of its childish simplicity. The article of Mr. Greenwood exhibits the usual excellencies of his style; and that of

Mr. Dewey is fluent, feeling, and eloquent. The Diamond and the Castle are only unfortunate in their subjects; their style is rich and glowing, though still chaste and elegant; the fortunate combination of these antagonist characteristics cannot fail to make up a popular and attractive manner.

Of the poetry we think some verses might have been advantageously omitted, though we remember no single piece that is particularly objectionable. Miss Gould is as fortunate as usual, and Mrs. Sigourney has not fallen below some of her previous efforts. Some of the anonymous pieces possess merit. Pleasant Thoughts is a *pleasant trifle*; it would not be a feather for a large bird to plume himself upon, but answers very well for the filament of a butterfly's wing. The illustration of the Night Storm exhibits poetical fancy, and is decidedly a pretty thing. The versification of the Sea Shell is harmonious and pleasing. Mr. Mifflin had better cease paying his addresses to the Muses; we do not think they give him sufficient encouragement. The little poems, by Park Benjamin, display a rich use of language, and are quite acceptable productions. Death and his Myrmidons is rough, and displays a most frank, though not very laudable, contempt for the proprieties of verse; but the pictures in it are striking, the language is often condensed and highly expressive, and here and there are glimpses of the "vision and the faculty," which indicate a high order of poetry. Perhaps the rudeness of the versification may have been adopted under the mistaken idea, that it is more in keeping with the character of the subject. The poetical efforts of the editor, in the present volume, seem to aim at a quiet and simple beauty, without an attempt at any thing beyond it. We think they are successful; the pieces are smooth, melodious, and agreeable. Though, perhaps, not so well adapted as some others for public exhibition, they are quite pretty cabinet pictures, and would tell better in a parlor than in a gallery. For this very reason they are well selected for a parlor book. The Old Oak, by Mr. Goodrich, exhibits feeling and good taste, and, if we had not already overstepped our limits, we should be pleased to extract it.

On the whole, we are not aware that the Token has lost any claim on public favor by the appearance of the present volume. The merit which has enabled it to outlive its competitors still sustains it. The publisher and editor, however, must bear in mind that the improved taste which they have in part created will destroy them, if they remain stationary; every year must improve the appearance of the work, or it will not come up to the standard of excellence which the work itself has raised.

Sermons on various Subjects, preached at the Church in Barton-square, Salem, Mass. By Henry Colman.

We have rarely found a book more distinguished by good, useful common sense, than this volume of sermons. The violent declamations and denunciations which formed the *staple* articles of preaching for many years, to the great injury of good morals and good tempers, find no place here. A series of discourses, on the most important topics connected with human duties, in the relations of man to man, and man to his Maker, preached in the ordinary discharge of clerical

duty, fill this valuable and interesting volume. Instead of vague and sounding eloquence, they abound in strong statements of the condition of man, his vices, his virtues, the remedies of the former, and the ways of supporting the latter. Mr. Colman goes into the true situation of men, and preaches to the "business and bosoms." This is what we want. Sensible people go to church to have their minds elevated from the depressing cares of life, purified from the passions called into action by intercourse with the world, filled with devout gratitude towards the Author of their being, and with kindness and charity towards their fellow-men. The peculiar notions, the theological hobbies of particular preachers, about which the world has been filled, formerly with streams of blood, latterly with streams of ink, are of no great consequence to the mass of hearers. As a general rule, they ought to be shut out from the pulpit, and shut up in dogmatic treatises of polemic theology, where those who have a taste for such things may go and find them.

The style of Mr. Coleman is not very polished, but is nervous and strong. Sometimes he rises into an earnest eloquence, that moves the understanding and touches the heart. Occasional inaccuracies of expression and construction occur, which are open to the censure of fastidious criticism, such as the "evidence is the writings," &c. p. 61, and "feel the bitter cravings of countless artificial wants to which they have been *inured*;" but these are of but little consequence amidst the general excellencies of thought and style, which characterize the book.

The sermons follow each other in a natural order, though not connected by a strictly necessary sequence. Most of the great topics, which it concerns man to think about, in reference to this world and the next, are taken up and handled with good sense and power. The sermon on "Consistency of Character," is excellent. There is not, perhaps, much novelty in the following definition, but it is useful, and clear, and vigorous.

Of the various attributes which ennoble the character, perhaps none has more just claims to respect, than what is termed consistency, the quality recommended in the text. It is rare in proportion to its value. What is this consistency of character of which we speak? The text enjoins upon us to ponder the path of our feet; to let all our ways be established; to turn not to the right hand nor to the left. Reflect upon the course of life, which you pursue; examine your actions; weigh them well in their nature, influences, and probable results; soberly and intelligently determine the principles by which your life should be governed. Having ascertained your duty, pursue it. Having fixed the principles which should regulate your conduct, adhere to them; and let your whole character be consistent with them. Be certain to live as you believe. Every art and occupation has its rules and principles. The mechanic or artisan must conform to those which belong to his trade. The navigator, who traverses the pathless ocean, must be guided by the established principles of that science, without whose aid he will attempt in vain to ascertain his course, to proceed in safety, or to reach with success his destined port. The tiller of the earth, if he would find a reward for his toil, must observe the times and seasons, and conform to the established laws of nature. The man, who would have physical or mental health, must follow those counsels of wisdom and safety, which nature inculcates and experience confirms. In regard to every thing valuable, there are certain conditions determined and prescribed, with which we must comply, if we would be successful. All these analogies apply to the moral character. Here as much as any where, there must be a conformity to established principles. A reasonable and moral being certainly ought not to be the creature of mere impulses and

caprices, and driven about continually by the innumerable fluctuations to which he may be exposed. He should not be the sport of his passions or imagination, or the many external influences by which he may be assailed. He should have an object; that object should be defined; the means of its accomplishment should be determined; these means must be steadily exerted; and his whole conduct conformed to them, that he may effect his purpose. Such, in the abstract, is consistency of character.

But of all these discourses, we think that "On Pauperism," the most striking and important. The preacher treats it in a truly Christian spirit, with a plainness of speech and wisdom of opinion that entitle it to much consideration. His division of the subject is simple and natural. He first considers the *causes* of poverty—and then its *remedies*. Under both these general heads, he makes many reflections of serious import and practical application to the condition of almost every body in New-England. But as an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," we prefer his remarks upon the former general branch of the subject, and shall confine our extracts to them.

One of the great causes of poverty is vice. We would not, by any means, insinuate that a majority of the poor are vicious. Far from it; in proportion to their numbers we believe that there is as much virtue among the poor as the rich. Of those, however, who become objects of public relief and the inmates of our pauper establishments, without a doubt a large proportion of them are brought there by their own or the vices of those upon whom they were dependent, and who dragged them down with themselves. This is a well-ascertained fact; and it is among the obvious retributions of Divine Providence that drunkenness, debauchery, idleness, and wilful improvidence, should in most cases, in this world, be followed by dreadful penalties, the loss of substance, incapacity of acquisition, ruin of credit, desertion of friends, discontent, recklessness, and despair, and a degradation, infamy, and wretchedness, commensurate with the guilt, and aggravated by the bitter consciousness of just desert.

One of the next great causes of poverty is a want of faculty. The art of living or of procuring a livelihood in such a community as ours, is a considerable matter, and requires a knowledge, judgement, and sagacity, of which a large portion of mankind are not possessed. They are ignorant; they are simple. They are incapable of directing themselves; and especially they lack judgment. They become inefficient. They are unable to make the proper use of the advantages which they have. They are wasteful of the means of subsistence and comfort, which are at any time in their possession. They have a certain recklessness and indifference towards the future, which forbids any thing like frugality. They are easily imposed on by the overreaching and cunning, and villany of those harpies, who take every possible advantage of their simplicity and necessities; and are ready always, under some deceitful pretence, to plunder them of any miserable pittance, which may be thrown in their way.

Aversion to labor is another great cause of poverty. Labor requires resolution, effort, and perseverance. These are, therefore, difficult; and are not the effect of any sudden determination, but of early and long-continued practice and habit. In a community furnishing innumerable incitements and facilities to dissipation, and where pleasure constitutes the great pursuit of a large portion, labor comes naturally to be considered a hardship; and false notions and improper education represent labor as degrading, and of course increase the general aversion to it. But the wise appointments of Divine Providence are fixed; ordinarily the goods of life are to be acquired only at the price of labor. The original law is permanent; and man must get his bread by the sweat of his brow. Idleness tends to poverty as well as to crime; and much of the want, which exists among us, is to be traced immediately to an utter indisposition to labor. In our happy country, labor is always in demand, and seldom fails of its reward; much of the poverty which exists, therefore, is to be ascribed to idleness, negligence, and that ridiculous and contemptible pride, which makes us ashamed of honest work.

Luxury and extravagance are great sources of poverty. A large part of the community are living beyond their means. They cover their tables with a wasteful abundance; they trick themselves out in all sorts of expensive finery—

they are ready to engage in every party of pleasure. Anticipating profits, which will never be realized, living wholly upon credit, emulating and often greatly surpassing in their wasteful and criminal expenditures the example of the most affluent, the consequences may in general be foreseen. They soon find themselves embarrassed; they plunge deeper into the most hazardous speculations, putting their neighbor's property at risk; they explode when at their greatest height; and then comes bankruptcy both of purse and character; and poverty reposes like an incubus upon the individual and his family, and crushes him to the ground. Happy for him, if the early foresight of a result, which it requires little sagacity to predict, does not involve him in a much heavier calamity than poverty; I mean the guilt of cheating and fraud, the crime of concealing property, which does not belong to him; availing himself of some miserable evasion or trick; and setting his honest creditors at defiance.

This sort of luxury and extravagance is not confined to any class in society. Those who assume to be the highest, practise it; and their example is followed by the lowest; so that the fruits of labor are prodigally wasted and consumed in indulgences, excesses, and extravagances, to which no man has the shadow of right, who cannot discharge his just debts; and in which a man is both mad and wicked to allow himself or those dependent on him, to the utter disregard of the future and of the ordinary accidents of life.

We recommend this volume to every father of a family, indeed, to all men and women, who like to read plain and earnest discourses on their every-day duties. They will find in it, much that is calculated to excite serious thinking, and to exert a favorable influence over the intercourse of private life, the affairs of business, and the formation and discipline of temper and character.

The Emigrant, or Reflections while descending the Ohio. A Poem.

This Poem is written in ninety-one stanzas, of different merits as to thought, language, and versification. Some of them are beautiful, and expressive of deep moral feeling and affection; others are but indifferent, or, as Touchstone would say, "but so so." Of its author we know nothing, except what we "gather and surmise" from his own verses; and, from the two which follow, we infer that he is a lawyer.

Soon must I mingle in the wordy war,
Where Knavery takes in vice her sly degrees,
As slip, away, not guilty, from the bar,
Counsel, or client, as their Honors please.
To breathe, in crowded courts, a pois'nous breath—
To plead for life—to justify a death—
To wrangle, jar, to twist, to twirl, to toil,—
This is the lawyer's life—a heart-consuming moil.

And yet it has its honors; high of name
And pure of heart, and eloquent of tongue,
Have kindled, there, with a most holy flame,
While thousands on their glowing accents hung;
And be it mine to follow where they've led,
To praise, if not to imitate the dead—
To hail their lustre, like the distant star
Which the sad wayworn bless, and follow from afar.

These verses are not by any means the best in the poem. If we had more space at our command, we should be pleased to exhibit other specimens. But we trust that the Emigrant will not long be his only production; and we shall be ready to greet his second appearance.

POLITICS AND STATISTICS.

UNITED STATES.

The Public Deposites. On the 18th of September, the President read to the Cabinet a statement of his views respecting the management of the Bank of the United States, embracing his reasons for removing the public funds from that institution and placing them in the local banks of the several states. In this exposition the President thus alludes to the power of the Secretary of the Treasury :—

‘The existing laws declare, that “the deposits of the money of the United States, in places in which the said Bank and branches thereof may be established, shall be made in said Bank or branches thereof, unless the Secretary of the Treasury shall at any time otherwise order and direct, in which case the Secretary of the Treasury shall immediately lay before Congress, if in session, and if not, immediately after the commencement of the next session, the reason of such order or direction.”’

‘The power of the Secretary of the Treasury over the deposits, is *unqualified*. The provision that he shall report his reasons to Congress, is no limitation. Had it not been inserted, he would have been responsible to Congress, had he made a removal for any other than good reasons, and his responsibility now ceases, upon the condition of sufficient ones to Congress. The only object of the provision, is to make his reasons accessible to Congress, and enable that body the more readily to judge of their soundness and purity, and thereupon to make such farther provision by law as the legislative power may think proper in relation to the deposit of the public money. Those reasons may be very diversified. It was asserted by the Secretary of the Treasury, without contradiction, as early as 1817, that he had power “to control the proceedings” of the Bank of the United States at any moment, “by changing the deposits to the state Banks,” should it pursue an illiberal course toward those institutions; that “the Secretary of the Treasury will always be disposed to support the credit of the state Banks, and will invariably direct transfers from the deposits of the

public money, in aid of their legitimate exertions to maintain their credit;” and he asserted a right to employ the state Banks, when the Bank of the United States should refuse to receive, on deposit, the notes of such state Banks as the public interest required, should be received in payment of the public dues. In several instances he did transfer the public deposits to state Banks, in the immediate vicinity of branches, for reasons connected only with the safety of those Banks, the public convenience and the interests of the Treasury.’

Having stated at considerable length what he considers as improper management in the affairs of the Bank, and especially certain transactions with the government, the President concludes as follows :—

‘In conclusion, the President must be permitted to remark that he looks upon the pending question as of higher consideration than the mere transfer of a sum of money from one bank to another. Its decision may affect the character of our Government for ages to come. Should the Bank be suffered longer to use the public moneys, in the accomplishment of its purposes, with the proofs of its faithlessness and corruption before our eyes, the patriotic among our citizens will despair of success in struggling against its power; and we shall be responsible for entailing it upon our country forever. Viewing it as a question of transcendent importance, both in the principles and consequences it involves, the President could not, in justice to the responsibility which he owes to the country, refrain from pressing upon the Secretary of the Treasury his view of the considerations which impel to immediate action. Upon him has been devolved, by the Constitution and the suffrages of the American people, the duty of superintending the operation of the Executive Departments of the Government, and seeing that the laws are faithfully executed.

‘In the performance of this high trust, it is his undoubted right to express to those whom the laws and his own choice have made his associates in the administration of the government, his

opinion of their duties under circumstances as they arise. It is this right which he now exercises. Far be it from him to expect or require, that any member of the Cabinet should, at his request, order, or dictation, do any act which he believes unlawful, or in his conscience condemns. From them, and from his fellow-citizens in general, he desires only that aid and support which their reason approves and their conscience sanctions.

'In the remarks he has made, on this all important question, he trusts the Secretary of the Treasury will see only the frank and respectful declarations of the opinions which the President has formed on a measure of great national interest, deeply affecting the character and usefulness of his administration; and not a spirit of dictation, which the President would be as careful to avoid, as ready to resist. Happy will he be, if the facts now disclosed produce uniformity of opinion and unity of action, among the members of the administration.

'The President again repeats that he begs his Cabinet to consider the proposed measure as his own, in the support of which he shall require no one of them to make a sacrifice of opinion or principle. Its responsibility has been assumed, after the most mature deliberation and reflection, as necessary to preserve the morals of the people, the freedom of the press, and the purity of the elective franchise, without which all will unite in saying that the blood and treasure expended by our forefathers in the establishment of our happy system of government will have been vain and fruitless. Under these convictions, he feels that a measure so important to the American people cannot be commenced too soon; and he therefore names the first day of October next, as a period proper for the change of the deposits, or sooner, provided the necessary arrangements with the state Banks can be made.'

Change in the Cabinet. Mr. Duane, the Secretary of the Treasury, having declined signing the order for removing the public deposits from the Bank of the United States, agreeably to the wishes of the President, on the 23d of September the President removed him from office, and appointed Mr. Taney, then attorney-general, to succeed him.

NEW-HAMPSHIRE.

Education. In a discourse recently delivered by Mr. Bouton, before the New-Hampshire Historical Society, it is

stated that the annual tax raised by law in that state for the support of schools is \$90,000. This gives \$455 to each town, or about \$1 to every individual of suitable age to attend school, and is more than is raised by the famous Connecticut fund, which last year produced but \$76,933. Besides this, there is a school fund in land, or the proceeds of land, belonging to most of the towns; and also a general "Literary Fund," raised from the banks, which, since 1829, has amounted to \$95,582, and will average hereafter at least \$10,000 a year. There are thirty-eight Academies, of which two have a fund of over \$40,000, and which have an aggregate of one thousand five hundred students. Exeter alone, has instructed this number within forty years. Dartmouth College has educated about one thousand seven hundred young men.

VERMONT.

The Legislature met at Montpelier on the second Thursday in October. Governor Palmer was found to be re-elected. The House of Representatives elected John Smith, of St. Albans, Speaker, on the thirteenth ballot. Oramel H. Smith was elected Engrossing Clerk.

Freemasonry. The Grand Lodge of the state of Vermont met at Montpelier, on the second Tuesday of October, A. D. 1833, being its regular Annual session. During the session, several Resolutions were presented for its consideration, all preparatory to a dissolution of the Grand and Subordinate Lodges. The following is understood to have been adopted:—"Resolved, That the Grand Lodge is now ready to receive and revoke the charters of such secular lodges under its jurisdiction as are desirous of surrendering them at the present time, and that the representatives of secular lodges, who are authorized to make such surrender, are now requested to deposit their said charters with the Grand Secretary, and that each and every secular lodge be and is hereby authorized to surrender and deliver its charter and records to the Grand Secretary aforesaid, at any time previous to the next annual communication of this Grand Lodge, and that all the funds, jewels, furniture and property of such lodges be left under their control respectively, to be appropriated to such objects as they may think proper, and that the Grand Lodge recommend to said Lodges to APPROPRIATE THEIR FUNDS AND THE AVAILS OF THEIR PROPERTY TO THE COMMON SCHOOL FUND OF THIS STATE."

MASSACHUSETTS.

National Republican Convention. This body assembled at Worcester on the second of October, and was organized by the appointment of the Hon. H. A. S. Dearborn of Roxbury as President; Richard E. Newcomb of Greenfield, George Blake of Boston, Gideon Bartow of Salem, Vice-Presidents; A. H. Wells of North-Adams, Richard Haughton of Boston, George Ashmun of Springfield, and Allen Danforth of Plymouth, Secretaries. The Convention unanimously nominated JOHN DAVIS of Worcester, as a candidate for the office of Governor, and SAMUEL T. ARMSTRONG of Boston, for Lieutenant-Governor.

Banks in Boston. Semi-annual dividends, declared and paid, Oct. 1, 1833.

Names of Banks.	Am't cap.	p ct.	Am't div.
American Bank,	\$500,000	3	\$15,000
Atlantic,	500,000	3	15,000
Boston,	600,000	3	21,000
Bank of Norfolk,	200,000	3½	6,000
Roxbury,			
Bunker Hill,	150,000	3½	5,250
Charlestown,			
City Bank,	1,000,000	3	30,000
Columbian,	500,000	3	15,000
Commercial,	500,000	3½	16,250
Cambridge,	150,000	3	4,500
Commonwealth,	500,000	3	15,000
Eagle,	500,00	3	15,000
Franklin,	150,000	3½	5,250
Globe,	1,000,000	3	30,000
Hamilton,	500,000	3	15,000
Massachusetts,	800,000	2½	20,000
Market,	500,000	3½	16,250
Merchants',	750,000	3	22,500
Middlesex,	150,000	3	4,500
New-England,	1,000,000	3	30,000
North,	750,000	3½	24,375
Oriental,	750,000	3	22,500
State,	1,800,000	3	54,000
Suffolk,	750,000	3½	26,250
Tremont,	500,000	3	15,000
Traders',	500,000	3	15,000
Union,	800,000	3	24,000
Washington,	500,000	2½	13,750
	<u>\$16,300,000</u>		<u>\$496,375</u>

Boston Debt. The aggregate amount of the City Debt, May 1, 1832, was \$817,123 93. May 1, 1833, \$940,358 28. Increase, during that financial year, \$123,234 35. The amount of notes and bonds held by the city, May 1, 1833, was \$168,094 70. Leaving a balance of debt against the city, at that date, of \$772,263 58. The rates of interest are various, from 4 to 6 per cent. The appropriation for interest for the year is \$41,000.

Harvard University. From the Annual Catalogue of this Institution, it appears that the whole number of undergraduates is two hundred and sixteen, of whom fifty-three are Seniors, sixty-one Juniors, fifty-two Sophomores, and forty-seven Freshmen. There are twen-

ty-eight Theological Students, fifty-one Law, and eighty-five Medical. The necessary expenses for a year, included in the College bills, are as follows:—Instruction, Library, Lecture Rooms, Steward's Department, Rent and Care of Room, \$90; Board for forty-two weeks at \$1,90 per week, \$79,80; Text-books, \$12,50; Special Repairs, &c. about \$3;—Total, \$179. Other expenses vary with the economy of each student. Wood and coal, ready for use, are delivered at the student's rooms, by the University, at cost, varying with the market price, but usually at \$7,50 per cord for wood, and \$8,00 per ton for coal. Wood unsawed, &c. can usually be obtained from the country at \$6 per cord. The price of washing is from \$3 to \$5 per quarter. The rent of rooms, in private houses, from \$25 to \$52 per annum. Board in the town from 2 to \$3. The students find their own beds and furniture. The Law Library of this University contains 3,000 volumes; the Medical, 1,000; the Public, 35,000;—total, 39,000.

The Bowdoin Prizes for 1833 were awarded as follows:—the Resident Graduate's prize of \$50, or an equivalent gold medal, to Samuel Osgood of the Divinity School; a prize of \$40 to Francis Bowen, and one of \$30 to William McKay Pritchard, both of the last Senior Class; a prize of \$40 and another of \$30 to Charles Mason and William Annin, of the present Senior Class. These prizes are for the best Dissertations on given subjects.

NEW-YORK.

American Colonization Society. A meeting of this Society was held in the city of New-York on Wednesday evening, which is described in the New-York papers as being one of the most numerous that were ever assembled there. The Mayor took the chair, and the meeting was addressed by Messrs. D. B. Ogden, Hugh Maxwell, Frelinghuysen, Hawks, and several others. Resolutions were adopted, declaring the principles of the Society equally favorable to our own union and happiness, and the improvement of the African race, and recommending that the sum of \$20,000 be raised for the promotion of its objects, and for the establishment of a settlement on some portion of the Liberian Territory, to bear the name of New-York. The sum of \$3406 was received in contributions and subscriptions before the close of the meeting.

Trade, &c. At the beginning of the present season, a reduction of the tolls

upon the Erie Canal was made, equal to twenty-nine and a half per cent. on former rates for the descending trade, and fourteen and a half per cent. on the ascending. In the latter the articles are in general less bulky and more valuable than in the other. Notwithstanding this reduction, the aggregate amount of tolls received from the several Canals from the beginning of the season to the first of September exceeds those of the same period last year by the sum of \$147,945. The amount of transportation was in some measure affected by the prevalence of Cholera in 1832; but the receipts of this year exceed those of 1831, when no such interruption of trade existed, by about \$100,000. Goods passing through the canals are now transported from the city of New-York to various quarters of Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky, Alabama, and Tennessee, and there are six forwarding lines engaged in the transportation of goods to Ohio.

GEORGIA.

The politics of this state are somewhat difficult to be understood. The following exposition is from the *National Intelligencer*:—

The election of Governor of the state of Georgia took place on Monday, the 7th of October. The canvass which preceded it was one of the hottest that has ever occurred in that state. The candidates were Mr. Lumpkin, the present Governor, and Mr. Joel Crawford. Judging from the newspapers, the excitement must have been greater than used to characterize the contests between the Clark and Crawford parties; for in addition to the stimulus infused into the canvass by the remains of that ancient feud, the question of Nullification came in to increase its heat.

So much has been alleged and denied in regard to the principles of the candidates, and there is so much difficulty, at this distance from the scene, in ascertaining the true position of the candidates in relation to former party divisions, that we are somewhat at a loss how to class them. Mr. Lumpkin is of the old Clark party, which sided with Mr. Calhoun, (Mr. Calhoun being opposed to W. H. Crawford,) and, therefore, it would seem that Mr. Lumpkin should, by affinity, have been the nullification candidate. But here comes a counter current, which, probably, is that which has thrown Mr. L. "from his propriety!" The Clark party is, par excellence, the Jackson party of the state; General Jackson has taken up the cudgels against Nullification; ergo, Governor L. is opposed to it. Whether the syllogism explains Mr. Lumpkin's position, or not, so it is, he is the anti-nullification candidate. Mr. Joel Crawford, on the other hand, who, by his affinities, should have been anti-nullification, by opposition to the *proclamation*, and the avowal of some rather high-seasoned state rights opinions, became the nullification candidate. This state of things (if we are correct in our account of it,) must have produced much embarrassment among the elder politicians of the state, who still feel the influence of the former party divisions; as it would seem to require the Clark men to support the Crawford candidate, and the Crawford men to vote for the Clark candidate. How far these considerations prevailed we have yet to learn. There was another question mixed up in the contest—the ratification or non-ratification of certain amendments to the state constitution, submitted to the people; but how far this question affected the election we are not able to say.

DEATHS,

AND OBITUARY NOTICES OF PERSONS LATELY DECEASED.

In Boston, on the 14th of September, Mrs. HEPZIBAH C. HOWARD, aged 55, widow of the late Dr. John C. Howard. Mrs. Howard was the eldest daughter of the late Col. James Swan—and by the worth of her character claims the tribute of respectful remembrance. Amid the pains and perplexity of an insidious and acute disease, she lingered through many months with a fortitude as exemplary as her sufferings were severe. She received the early and unqualified assurance that her malady was mortal, with a firmness and resignation seldom afterwards disturbed, even by a tear, at the thought of leaving those she loved. By her

friends the progress of her illness was watched with all the anxious alternation of hope and fear—and, to all who knew her, the anticipation of her death was fraught with deep and distressing sorrow.

While, also, to herself, that prospect and prediction had a serious and impressive interest, it never seemed to check, for a moment, her cheerful sympathy with those around her;

"Thus she who quivered at another's pain,
Her own with Christian firmness could sustain;
Stood unsubdued—but meekly kissed the rod,
And took with firmness all that came from
God."

Hers was indeed one of those "golden spirits"—tried in the fire—and called to endure. Trials, we know, are the appointed ordeal of virtue. The experience of life, and the distribution of its ills, are far from confirming that old notion, that the degree of physical evil we endure is the criterion of our moral turpitude. The darkening effect of that sentiment is flying, like other mists, before the light of religion. Experience confirms the reverse of it. We know that even the best of us must suffer—and the best of us may suffer the most. While the fact of suffering virtue may puzzle and confound the sceptic, it is yet clear to the Christian that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth"—and by this consolatory assurance the mercy of God is beautifully reconciled with our most painful vicissitudes.

To appreciate in general the portrait of woman's mind, we must see and study its features within their proper framework—her own home. The sphere of her duty is so noiseless;—her passions and employments have so little of "the busy hum of men;"—her avocations are so domestic, and the direct influence she exerts in the world so limited, that the powers of her mind seem, as it were, imprisoned, and are seldom known beyond her household. She wields but few of the sceptres of worldly ambition, and, thus restricted, as she is, her wishes seldom range beyond her fireside and her family. It is there we must trace, then, the development of her character. It is there, within that quiet empire, that all her virtues have the fullest sway and circulation. It is there, too, she has a hallowed shrine for God and her children. Within that little circle all "her jewels" are set;—and there, as within "the holy of holies," she builds an altar whereon her unutterable affections are kindled, and burn with an intensity which none but a mother can feel, and none but a child can experience.

If we look at the home of Mrs. Howard, we shall find it pervaded and sanctified by all these kind influences and affections. As a wife she was exemplary and devoted. As the head of a household and as a parent she exhibited a dignity, independence, and discretion, which were early called into exercise by the death of her husband, and her consequent sense of increased responsibility.

The Providence, which thus deprived her of his countenance and co-operation, seemed also to transfer his power and prerogatives, or rather, it served more fully and immediately to develop those native resources of her own mind, which, in such an exigency, were required for the judicious management of a family. The result proved her judgement fully equal to that emergency; and, surely, if, as we are told, the tree may be known by its fruits, the character of a good mother may be no less justly inferred from the living illustrations which survive her.

In the piety, virtue, and refined elegance of children who "rise up and call her blessed," we see, as it were, the transcripts of her own.

To the virtues of a mother, and the diligent discharge of domestic duties, was superadded, in the character of this estimable lady, a benevolence so expansive that it could not be wholly confined at home. She could not feel that her duties were there restricted. She felt that something was due to others. Though her social sympathies tended chiefly, and as they ought, to the central attraction of friends and family—yet her virtuous example—her name and influence, are traceable beyond this, among associations for benevolent objects. The spirit of open, generous, unreserved hospitality seemed to preside in her house and in her heart. Naturally social in her disposition, it was one of her innocent gratifications to have her friends and relatives frequently about her. She

was ever affable, accessible, and dignified in her intercourse with others. Her heart seemed to have none of the usual contractions of selfishness. She was generous, but her generosity was not that sentimental impulse of the moment, which seeks occasion for display. She was liberal, but her liberality was not of that sort which gives away only the surplus of its stores: it was the free, overflowing, spontaneous emotion of her nature—responding at every honest appeal. In the way of private charity she did a great deal which the world knows nothing about. She was frank almost to a fault—and her frankness may at times have seemed severe to those who were not fully acquainted with her strict regard for truth. So remarkable indeed was this love of truth that she never would compromise it merely to etiquette. She abhorred equivocation, in all its forms, and never said any thing of others, or to them, for flattery's sake, or to gratify their vanity. The veracity, which thus characterized her conversation, was equally observable throughout her conduct. Sincerity and candor gave a tone of decision to her mind and seemed to chisel out its features. Integrity marked all her sentiments of moral and religious obligation. In society as in the sanctuary she was governed by honesty of purpose, and that "fear of God," which is "the beginning of wisdom." She regarded the forms as well as the spirit of religion, and, among the most imperative of her domestic duties, numbered the too oft neglected obligation of morning and evening sacrifice at the family altar. It should be mentioned, as another strongly-marked feature of her character, that her friendships were founded on principle—and it was this which insured her so many friends, and made it so hard and heart-rending for them to part with her.

Many were the ties which thus bound her to life. The happiness of her home, the prosperity which marked its relations, and the chords of affectionate, friendly interest in her bosom, were like so many sensitive and silver harp-strings in their attachment. Within herself they seemed to be so centred and connected, that, as she drew up heavenward, they gained a new harmony by the force of that tension which threatened to sunder them. Her love, while it warmed towards heavenly things, had a reasonable wish to linger among its earthly objects,—but how momentary was that revulsion, (if revulsion it could be called) when she considered and realized that all these sympathetic ties had their affinity with that one—so undying and indissoluble—the love of God!

She lived, as an instance of some of the best principles in human nature—she died, as an exhalation of its purest sympathies.

"Thus rests her spirit still on those with whom
Her step the paths of joyous duty trod,
Bidding them make an altar of her tomb,
Where chastened thought may offer praise to
God."

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In Boston, Oct. 1, Mr. CLEMENT DURGIN, aged 31. With this gentleman the love of learning was a passion that burned within, with an intensity which finally consumed and wore out his earthly frame. He literally fell a martyr to the cause of science, and his premature tomb now stands, with a multitude of others, a memento and a warning to the enthusiastic worshippers at learning's shrine, who forget that the condition of an earthly pilgrimage, is a due attention to the mere physical man; which may be compared to a trusty steed, that will bear us on our journey, only while we afford the necessary relaxation and refreshment. The members of the Boston Lyceum, (of which society he was one of the Curators at the time of his decease) will bear testimony to his untiring

industry and extensive research, as evidenced in his highly practical and useful lectures, delivered before that association, in which he traced, with admirable precision, the rise and progress of the useful arts, and the progress of language from its infancy. The members also of the Franklin Debating Society, of which he was at one time the President, and at all times the zealous supporter, will remember long the ready and able debater, and the warm friend and associate. The Association of Teachers and the Friends of the cause of education, have no small cause to lament his early departure. Those who were privileged with his intimacy, who knew the warmth of his generous friendship, his mild and obliging manners, and saw clearly the germs that promised so much fruit in after life, will long regret, although it would be impiety and ingratitude to repine at a dispensation, which we are assured is founded in wisdom and love. Mr. Durgin occupied what some may deem a humble situation—that of teacher in one of the best private schools in the city of Boston. But the public are fast thinking otherwise. The time will come, if it has not already arrived, when the brightest qualifications and the brightest talents will be consecrated to this all-important and noble profession; and when parents will be more cautious with regard to the character and qualifications of those, to whom they entrust the most solemn and weighty obligation of educating their children.

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In Portland, Me. Col. ISAAC LANE, of Halls, aged 69. He was a soldier of the revolution, and in the last war commanded a regiment of infantry upon the Canada lines, and took part in several engagements during the war. He was many years a member of the Legislature, both before and subsequent to the separation of Maine from Massachusetts, and was a member of the Executive Council of this state at several periods, and once an elector of President and Vice-President of the United States.

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In Granville county, N. C. in August last, Hon. M. HENDERSON, chief justice of the supreme court. Judge Henderson was distin-

guished for his private worth, his integrity and urbanity. At a meeting of the members of the Bar, in Granville county, a series of resolutions was unanimously adopted, declaring—"The loss which the state has sustained in the death of the venerable Chief Justice Henderson, is calculated to elicit our deep regret. The judicial office, in a government of laws, is that in which the community have the profoundest interest; for in proportion to the moral and intellectual elevation of him who fills it, is the respect felt for the laws themselves; and good men deplore, as a public calamity, that such an office should ever be feebly filled: as to the mass of mankind, the step is easy, from a contempt for the organ, to contempt for the law itself. As a judge, the deceased was of inestimable value to North-Carolina. The genius, the learning, the firmness which characterized him, ensured the faithful execution of the laws, and commanded the universal confidence of the public. For a series of years, he presided in the supreme court of this state, and by his profound learning assisted much to establish the high character which that court sustains. To its reported decisions, we may refer with confidence as the imperishable monument of his fame. But it was not in intellectual endowment alone that he stood pre-eminent. He possessed a gentleness and benignity of nature, which threw a charm around his character, and gave to its sterner features a mellow relief. It was this blending of the virtues of the *gen* with those of the *magistrate*, which endeared him to us, and to all who knew him. To pay the last sad tribute of respect to departed worth, to treasure the memory of his virtues, and to imitate his example, is all that is left to us."

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In the Seneca village, N. Y. Oct. 19th, MARY JIMESON, the "*White Women*," aged 91. She was taken captive by the Indians in her childhood, and in spite of all entreaties and persuasions, remained with them to the day of her death. A book, giving an account of her captivity and sufferings, has heretofore been published, which will be perused with much interest, as illustrative of the character of the "*red man of the forest*."

OUR FILE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

In your Magazine for September last, there appeared an article, entitled "The Lost Star," which has called forth some harsh, unfair, and ungenerous remarks from the editor of the "Pearl and Literary Gazette,"* published at Hartford, upon which, with your permission, I would make a few observations. In the first place I never saw the "Shrine," in my life, and never saw nor heard of the article, from which I am accused of borrowing, till some time after your Magazine

* From the "Pearl and Literary Gazette," published at Hartford, September 28:—"All Editors are liable to be imposed upon; and plagiarists will deceive. We regret to see that the September number of the New-England Magazine contains an article, the plan and manner of which, were unmanfully taken from an article which appeared in The Shrine, No. V. which piece was corrected by its author, for that periodical, because it had been printed furtively and incorrectly in the last number of a magazine, which had no circulation. It is pleasant to place the genuine 'Lost Star' in our columns, that its identity may not, hereafter, be questioned; and we regret that the New-England Magazine should have suffered by such a foul imposition."

Is the editor of the Pearl quite sure that the Poem in question "was corrected by its author" for the Shrine? We feel no interest in the dispute, beyond a desire that, since he has seen fit to bring it before the public, the public may not be led into any further mistakes, however trifling.

Ed.

of September reached my hands. I was then told, that a piece of poetry, called the "Lost Star," had been published, some years ago, in Willis's Magazine. After some trouble, I obtained the last twelve or thirteen numbers, and looked through, carefully, as I thought, both the original articles and the table of contents. I could find no such piece of poetry, and gave up the search, supposing either that it was in the first volume of the Magazine, or that my informant was mistaken. A person, who looked more carefully than myself, however, pointed out the piece to me in the "Editor's Table," which I did not examine so closely as the other pages, expecting the article would have its title in the table of contents. This is the first time, to my knowledge, that I ever saw or heard of what the editor calls the "genuine Lost Star." I confess I was startled at both pieces having the same metre and the same motto; but if every word in them had been exactly alike, I should have claimed, for my own contribution, to your Magazine, the merit of originality. I wrote some lines, in blank verse, about a year ago, called "The Lost Pleiad," with the motto, from Byron, which suggested them: "The lost Pleiad seen no more below." This piece lay, as it was written, till August last, when I re-wrote it as it now stands in your Magazine. As the word "Star" seemed to slide more easily into the lines than "Pleiad," I adopted the former title, it appearing to me a good one enough, and without thinking any one individual had *monopolized* the title. I was led to this change, also, lest the reader might be reminded by the lines, of Symmes's beautiful ones, called the "Lost Pleiad." The metre was suggested by perusing Mr. Dana's Buncaneer, and by remembering the "Address to a Mummy," both written in the style of invocation which I wished to employ. I did not adhere to the metre of either, but endeavored to alter it to suit my purpose, without once supposing that any other writer had *monopolized* this "plan and manner." In a word, I wished to write in a serious way what the "Mummy" is in a merry and burlesque one. The motto has been running in my memory a great while. I had an impression I took it from Byron, either from "Cain," or "Heaven and Earth;" but I do not know whether it be in Byron or not. I certainly do not believe it stands there as I have quoted it, and that one would be puzzled to find it there at all. If I had borrowed from the lines which the "Pearl" republishes, is it to be supposed I should have omitted some of the most beautiful ideas in the whole piece, such as those in the 4th, 6th, and last two verses? There are some subjects, in writing upon which two individuals would naturally fall into the same train of thought. If they should write upon such a subject as "Winter," or "Summer," though the *general* train of reflection might be similar, yet we should not expect that *particular* parts of the subject would occur to each. But, in such a subject as "The Lost Star," I believe the thoughts of ten out of a dozen individuals would be directed to the Creation of the world, when "the morning stars sang together,"—to the Garden of Eden,—the Crucifixion, and to the forgotten science of Astrology. They are so many prominent points, if I may use the expression, about which the thoughts would linger. The language would also be likely to take some of its coloring from the phraseology of Scripture. And is the moral to be drawn from the subject an unnatural one, that the same Power, which guides the stars in their courses, who holds the dew-drops upon the blades of grass, directs the course of men, on the earth, or the flight of the sparrow along the sky? There is no similarity in the language of the two pieces, or, at most, not more than can be shown between any two pieces, whether upon the same subject or not, and I do not believe, that a candid judge, who should read over both articles, and bear in mind what I have said above, would say that the "Lost Star," of the

New-England Magazine, is such a poem as a plagiarist would borrow from the "Lost Star" of the "Shrine." I trust, if I should ever be guilty of this kind of theft, I should not, at the same time, be guilty of the presumption of trying to imitate what is inimitable, and of pilfering from so beautiful a specimen of periodical poetry, as the "genuine Lost Star." I repeat, that the article of the New-England Magazine is an original article. The "manner and plan" originated with myself; the thoughts are my thoughts, the language is my language, and the metre and title are every one's, and therefore mine as much as any other individual's. To show the editor of the Pearl, that such things as coincidences in title, motto, thoughts, and even language, are possible, to say the least, I would refer him to the very number of Willis's Magazine in which the "genuine Lost Star" first appeared. Let him read back at a long piece of poetry called "Kizpah," (which, if signatures mean any thing, must have been written by the author of the "genuine" Lost Star.) Then let him turn to Mr. Bryant's late volume of Poems, where he will find some lines also called "Kizpah." Both pieces have the same title, the same motto, the same train of thought, and some very striking coincidences in language. The last item of resemblance may possibly startle him. Yet, for all this, I do not believe the author, in Willis's Magazine, had Bryant's lines in his mind when he wrote. I do not, nor will the editor of the Pearl, say, that he was a plagiarist, and meant "to deceive" and "impose upon the editor." I should have thought it very strange, on the contrary, if his poem had not resembled Bryant's, even though he had never read it. A great portion of the metre, in these two pieces, is the same, though the "genuine" Kizpah adopts but one kind, and the other two or more.

I ought to apologize to the editor of the New-England Magazine and its readers for so long a letter upon so small a subject; and, certainly, nothing could justify so much talk, upon what is of no importance or interest to any one, but a wish to prevent their entertaining, for a single moment, an idea, that they have been imposed upon by a gross and unmanly plagiarism. We are told, on high authority, that "one star differeth from another star in glory," and although all the glory may, in this case, probably be in the star that rose first, yet the other, however dim its light, your readers may be assured, shines with no borrowed lustre. In other words, it is "*genuine*;" and I have only to conclude, in the words of Mr. Puff to Dangle, about a plagiarism on Shakspeare—though I claim more sincerity for myself than he was probably entitled to—"All that can be said is, that two people happened to hit upon the same thought—and Shakspeare made use of it first, that's all."

J. H. W.

"My Books, No. X."

"On the Character of Hamlet,"
are on hand for publication.

"The Origin of Chemistry" is too indefinite in object and application, for our comprehension, and we fear it would be equally so to our readers.

THE
NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1833.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

THIS, kind reader, is the last time, we shall meet under the auspices of 1833. It may, therefore, be well for us to look back upon what is past; not with vain regrets and useless tears, but with the hope, that from its scattered gleanings we may gather something profitable for the direction of our future lives.

The year came upon us amidst the life and buoyancy of the winter festivities. Youth and beauty in their freshness, loveliness, and joy, were perhaps met to dance the old year out, and, in the ardor of young and confiding hope, to welcome in the new. Then followed the less giddy, but not less cheerful circles, where friends and neighbors met to strengthen the bonds of social union, and, by quiet intercourse of soul with soul, to call forth and invigorate whatever is good, and pure, and lovely, in our social nature. And then there were lectures, to amuse or instruct the vacant hour, and to supply materials for thought or conversation; and there were Sabbath days; days of holy rest and religious contemplation. But these were all occasional. We had, besides, the constant luxury of winter evenings at home, when brothers, sisters, children, parents, dismissing quite the anxious cares of life,—all, around the same cheerful hearth, drank in mutual instruction and delight; varying the dull monotony of our modern life by moving incidents of elder time, and keeping alive the generous sympathies of the heart, by oft recurring to the poet's gentle lays, those living streams, that gush, pure and fresh, from the fountain of human feeling. But these happy evenings were gradually shortened, and by and by the Spring came on, with her damp winds and chilling storms, to which, as to a scowling frigate with her rich galleons, we were reconciled by the ample treasures, that they brought in tow. And when the treasures came, and

“ vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attuned
The trembling leaves,”

we wandered forth to participate in the general rejoicings of heaven and earth. Then Summer, almost before we were aware, with loose

robes and hasting steps, passed by, "and autumn and his golden fruits" returned. Thanksgiving, that happy New-England festival, that day of all the year the best, called us and our scattered friends together, and, rich in the possession of well-furnished garner, both for mind and body, we enjoyed the gladsome meeting, and looked forward to the bleak storms, that were gathering, with all the quiet cheerfulness of him, who, from his warm cottage on the coast, beholds the angry billows raging in their fury, or, from his snug retreat on some safe eminence, sees hostile armies rushing to the deadly conflict with all their thundering implements of ruin.

The year is almost gone, and every season has brought its full portion of happiness. The bird's gay carol has cheered our morning hours, and her pensive notes have led to profitable thought at eventide. The magnificent displays of summer have called us out to view nature in her grandeur, simplicity, and beauty, and the cold aspect of winter's stormy skies has compelled us to seek the converse of our fellow-men, to draw yet closer the bonds of domestic love, and to enrich our minds with the precious stores of hidden wisdom, that gifted bards and sages have brought from the secret storehouse of nature for our use. Autumn's falling leaf has preached to us funeral sermons more eloquent than mortal lips can utter; and the general burst of gladness, with which spring's approaching steps were hailed, spoke unutterable things of life and immortality beyond the wintry barrenness of the grave.

Here, kind reader, would I gladly lay aside my pen, and, with a light and merry heart, bid both thee and the closing year farewell. I would not throw a damp upon thy buoyant spirits. I would not dash the innocent cup of pleasure from thy lips, nor cause to pall upon thy tongue the morsel, which has now so keen a relish. I would not, after the Egyptian custom, bring the hideous personification of death into the banquet chamber, to rob the feast of all its charms. But the festive joys that are gone, as they sink farther and farther into the obscure depths of time, smile, with sobered tints and saddened beams, from their far abodes, and, like old friends rising from the dead, admonish us upon what enjoyments we rest our affections. Shall we disregard their admonitions? Is it not well, that the noisy feast of our pleasures should, at times, be interrupted by solemn thoughts, that, even in the spring-tide of our mirth, we should sometimes be stopped short by the ominous words, that must have grated so harshly upon the ear of a prosperous monarch?—"Man, remember that thou art mortal!" Can we receive no instruction or happiness from walking among the tombs of buried hopes, and withered joys, and lost affections; from reflecting with earnestness and feeling upon what they have promised, and what they have performed?

A year is gone. Joys it has brought. But came they from the source whence they were expected? Sorrows too have not been wanting. But dropped they from the imagined clouds, that our presaging hearts had pictured in the distant sky? Friends it has made for us, and friends it has taken away. But in all this, how little have our own plans effected, and how kind has been the provision, by which flowers, that we thought not of, have sprung up by our path to compensate for those, which our foolish inexperience had fondly imagined;

and fountains, that we dreamed not of, have gushed forth, to refresh the souls, which, disappointed in their schemes, had else sunk and fainted by the way. With all its cares and vexations this is a happy world, and we, if faithful to ourselves, are happily formed. Our reasonable pleasures lose nothing in the distance but their dazzling effulgence; and their quiet, sobered light beams upon the soul with a pensive, holy joy. The evils, which hang over us with threatening aspect,—how lightly do they fall, and how soon do the keenest sorrows lose their edge, and in the memory's store-house become the dearest and most precious relics of our lives. Our afflictions even, if we have used them aright; what could induce us to give up all remembrance of them, embalmed and sanctified as they are by the hallowing influence of time?

A year has gone. To the fleeting insect tribes a year is an eternity. Man abides, while years, like bubbles, rise and sink upon the rapid stream of time. But the everlasting hills abide, while generation after generation of our puny race, like frail exhalations of the morn, appear and vanish from the earth; for so have I stood on some majestic mount, and for a time gloried that I could comprehend such greatness, and so far extend my vision. But in the midst of my enthusiasm I chanced to espy the broken fragments of an Indian arrow, and my towering pride was leveled with the dust.

Nations to us unknown have stood upon thy summit, awful mount, as now I stand. As mine, their souls have swelled with the greatness of the prospect which thou hast revealed. Then, as now, thy bold front gazed upon the stars, and the stars lingered on thy bosom ere they rushed upon their nightly journey through the skies. The stars yet shine, and thy bold front is reared in awful majesty amid the heavens. But where are they? the beings of ethereal mould, that swept, like visions of light or spirits of destruction, in love or hate, over thy broad sides, and gazed upon thy unalterable countenance with a depth and energy of feeling, that thou hast never known? They are gone; their race, their names are forgotten; no memento of their existence is left, save the mutilated instruments, with which they hastened the period of each other's fate. Our fathers came, and in the depth of the forest gloom pitched their tents, and passed their lives. They too are gone, and the forests have disappeared. But thy shaggy brow is still the same. Thy rude cliffs, save where the lightning and the storm have shivered their sharp peaks, are still the same. And so it will be, when I am dead, and all traces of my existence are effaced from among men; so it will be, when those, whom I have loved, have perished, and their voices have ceased to echo through thy joyful dells. So too it will be, when the nation, which now fills this wide land, shall, with Assyria, Greece, and Carthage, be known only by the doubtful record of her deeds; and the days, in which she stood, shall be, with the days beyond the flood, buried in the deep, dark waters of time; when the bells, that now gladden the Sabbath morn, and ring back, from hill to hill, and from mountain to mountain, in solemn strains, shall be hushed in eternal silence; when the smiling villages, that adorn thy valleys and soften the rigor of thy imposing majesty, shall cease to be animated by the spirit of man; when forests shall again be clad in their former gloom, and wild beasts of the desert restored

to their primitive abodes. But, proud giant of the earth, it shall not be always thus. The day is coming, when thy high head shall be brought down, and thy pride shall fall ; when thy foundations shall be shaken, and thy huge pillars removed ; when the sun shall cease to greet thee with his morning rays, and the stars of evening no longer play around thy summit. Then shall man, the ephemeral thing that once flitted round thee with hardly more of permanence than thy morning clouds, rise with new purity and strength, and, full of his own immortality, mock at thy evanescent power and greatness, and, swelling with a consciousness of his new-born faculties, and rapt in glorious anticipations of that brighter abode, and those happier mansions, where he is now to dwell, his heart will be

“set on fire
To scorn thy sordid world and unto heaven aspire.”

Yes, reader, so it is. We perish and our destroyers perish. The year decays, and all its speckled vanities decay.

“ Powers depart,
Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
And passions hold a fluctuating seat.”

Our voices, and the voices which have harmonized with ours, will soon be heard no more forever ; our hearts, and the hearts which have beat in unison with ours, will soon cease to throb with sorrow, or to swell with joy. Or, should we chance to live beyond the appointed date, a generation that we know not, will spring up around us, and we shall be surprised to find ourselves strangers in our own dwellings, and at our own firesides. This is a world of change. “ Day follows night, and night the dying day ; stars rise and set and rise. Earth takes the example. ’T is revolution all ; all change.” Why then shall we be anxious to gain possessions here ? If they be not severed from us, we shall be torn from them. Why should we be anxious to prolong our days in this land of fleeting shadows and of passing joys ? For truly, saith the son of Sirach—“ There is no inquisition in the grave, whether thou have lived ten, or a hundred, or a thousand years.” Let us then, reader, seek and use the things of this world without abusing them. Let us mourn, but not as without hope, when those upon whom our affections have been placed, are torn from our embrace. Such is the fate of man, and they are happy. Let us cultivate those feelings, and cherish those virtues, and imbibe that faith, which will support us under the afflictions and changes of this changing life, and bear us in triumph to rejoin our lost companions, who have gone before us to a better world ; for there is, there is another and a better world, where the rose fades not, nor the lily dies ; where the fond heart, faint and sickened by the vicissitudes of this, its mortal pilgrimage, shall be troubled by no changeableness, neither shadow of turning ; where, in the presence of its Father, shall be fullness of joy, and at his right hand pleasures evermore.

LA MOGIGANGA.

Bottom. Let me play the lion too ; I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me ; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, " Let him roar again, let him roar again ! " * * But I will aggravate my voice so, that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove ; I will roar you an 't were any nightingale.

* * * * *

Bottom. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck ; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect : Ladies, or fair ladies, I would wish you, or, I would request you, or, I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble ; my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life : no, I am no such thing ; I am a man as other men are. And there, indeed, let him name his name ; and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

In the year of grace one thousand eight hundred and —, his Catholic majesty, king Ferdinand the Seventh, of Spain, made a tour through the provinces of Catalonia, Navarre, and Arragon. Now the Catalonians are the most disloyal and rebellious subjects of the realm, the Navarros the most intemperate, and the Arragonese the most brutal and unenlightened ; yet, upon this occasion, these several provinces rivaled each other in receiving, with the utmost pomp and circumstance in their power, their beloved monarch, " by the grace of God, king of Spain, and Jerusalem, and the two Sicilies, and the Canary Islands, and the East and West-Indies, etc. etc. etc."

The greatest compliment that the Catalonians could pay him was to keep quiet till he was fairly out of the province. All Navarre got drunk, and the city of Pamplona presented his majesty a beautiful chariot of iron,—thus showing, that the province was not only famous for perfection in hard drinking, but also in hard ware. Arragon, however, was not to be outdone. The descendants of Don Ramiro, laughed at their neighbors of Navarre ; as the pure Gothic blood moved in their veins, the citizens of Zaragoza cried " Ajo del Rey absoluto ! we 'll give him a Mogiganga ! "

This Mogiganga, which the loyal citizens of Zaragoza prepared for the king of Jerusalem and the Canary Islands, was neither more nor less than a procession of men disguised in the skins of various animals, both wild and domestic ; and therein the Arragonese gave proofs of well deserving that reputation for intellect, which fame has trumpeted throughout the Peninsula.

There was living in Zaragoza at that time,—and peradventure he lives there still,—a man named Francisco De la Madre de Dios, or, as he was usually called in the city, Pancho El Fraile ; Pancho being the Spanish nick-name of Francisco, and the cognomen of El Fraile having been given him, because in childhood, being of a sickly and infirm constitution, his superstitious mother clothed him in the garb of a Franciscan Friar ; and, as she firmly believed, by thus propitiating her patron saint, the rickety boy grew up into a fat, hearty, pot-bellied, bandy-legged little man.

This Pancho El Fraile dwelt in the Barrio de la Magdalena, and was the most celebrated personage in that part of the city. He was by trade an *alpargatero*, or maker of *alpargatas*, a coarse kind of sandal, worn by the lower orders of the Arragonese. In person, he was a little tawny fellow, about five feet high, with a long body, and short, crooked legs ; looking, withal, very much like a great andiron. But for this neglect of his outward man, nature had remunerated him with a very inventive mind, and he was famous throughout Zaragoza for his

skill in every thing he undertook. He always made the *pelele*, or man of straw, that was tossed about the city at carnival; puffed the smoke of his cigar through his nose instead of his mouth; and then he could sing and play the *bandurria** with such perfection, that, *vaya!* there was not a maiden in the whole town, who did not love to hear him sing the *Jota Aragonesa*† under her window, and be kept awake half the night by the twang of his guitar, or the click of his castanets.

In matters of this kind Pancho El Fraile had no peer in Zaragoza; though a rival ward of the city, called the Barrio de San Lorenzo, could boast a champion in loves and fandangos, of qualifications but little inferior. This was Geronimo Gil, the barber; and, of course, a cunning hand with the guitar, and a light foot in the jota or the fandango. In person he had altogether the advantage of Pancho; for he was tall and athletic, with a handsome leg, and as dainty a foot as ever wore a sandal. Besides, he had sandy hair, which is deemed a great beauty in Spain; a ferocious pair of red whiskers, that met under his chin. He wore his broad-brimmed hat jauntily, and, as his very complexion indicated, was a great lover of serenades and *muchachas*.

As the Barrio de la Magdalena and the Barrio de San Lorenzo are the most important of the *barrios bajos*, or lower wards of the city of Zaragoza, Pancho El Fraile and Geronimo Gil, the respective champions of each, were very important characters in the popular annals of this lower empire. They maintained, with great zeal and courage, the feud; which had existed between these two wards of the city, from the time of their great-grandfathers, and many a midnight broil and broken head bore witness to the prowess of the barber and the sandal-maker. A custom, long prevalent among the lower classes of Zaragoza, and some other cities of Arragon, gave frequent opportunity for scenes of riot and disorder. Some half-dozen of the best musicians of a *barrio* sally forth with a guitar and three or four *bandurrias*, to serenade their maidens, accompanied by a guard of the stoutest and bravest boys of the neighborhood, armed with clubs, and ready to defend to the last the honor of their guitars. When two of these bands encounter in the street, a contest always ensues, and the conquering party bears off in triumph the guitars of the conquered, as the badge of victory. It can be easily imagined, that, between two such gallant blades as Pancho El Fraile and Geronimo Gil, such encounters were of frequent occurrence.

Whenever a great event occurs in the history of a nation, calculated to arouse the dormant patriotism of the crowd, all the feuds of party sink into comparative insignificance, and are swallowed up by the all-absorbing interest of the occasion. Such was the case in Zaragoza, when the visit of the king became the gossip of the city, and the *corregidor* issued his orders for the preparation and exhibition of a *Mogiganga*. For a while there was peace through all the *barrios* of the city; old enemies were reconciled, and family quarrels laid aside for a season; and even the most implacable foes were happy to be shut up together in the skin of the same jackass, or to move in the respective legs of the same pasteboard elephant.

At length, under the peculiar direction, and by the incredible exertions of the ingenious and experienced Pancho, the necessary prepara-

* A small guitar, much used in Arragon.

† The most noted dance and song of Arragon bear this name.

tions were completed. The king arrived, and alighted at the palace of the archbishop of Zaragoza, amid the shouts of the enraptured populace; though not a few secretly expressed their disappointment on finding that he was not made of gold, as they had heard when boys, and had firmly believed to that very day.

The following morning was appointed for the Mogiganga. In the mean time Pancho El Fraile, whose active imagination never slumbered nor slept, determined to add to the amusements of his majesty, in a manner not specified in the ordinance of the corregidor. When the lamps were at length put out in the city, and the silence of the streets and public squares was broken only by the voice of the watchman, or the echo of the sentry's tread, a band of a dozen stout young men issued from one of the dark alleys of the Barrio de la Magdalena, and took the direction towards the palace of the archbishop. The leader of the band was a short, broad-shouldered fellow, with a guitar hung about his neck, and a strong cudgel stuck into his sash behind. Several of those that followed carried the sweet-toned bandurrias of Arragon, and all were armed with long and heavy clubs. It was none other than Pancho El Fraile, with his bold boys of the Magdalena, on their way to salute the king of Spain with the national song of the Arragonese.

As they turned into the little square, upon which the palace fronts, the music of the guitar and the bandurrias commenced, and three or four high-toned voices chimed into the *Jota Arragonesa*. At the same moment the same sounds burst forth from the opposite extremity of the square. Could an echo be so loud and distinct? No. It was Geronimo Gil, with the stout ballad-singers of the Barrio de San Lorenzo, who, having got wind of Pancho's designs, had intended to anticipate him in his patriotic serenade. The music continued; and, at every beat of the cheerful measure, the two parties grew nearer and nearer to each other.

"Who goes there?" at length demanded Pancho El Fraile.

"San Lorenzo!—Ajo!" was the quick reply of Geronimo Gil.

"Ajo in your teeth! Viva La Magdalena!"

The music ceased in an instant. The serenade and the king were alike forgotten;—nature was too strong for courtesy. El Fraile gave his guitar a swing behind his back, and, drawing his club from his sash, made a leap at Geronimo Gil, and, by a dextrous blow, knocked his stick from his hand. At the same instant he seized the barber's guitar; for a moment it swung high in air, and the next descended, with a terrible crash, upon the bare pate of the unlucky owner. A scene ensued, such as has often made the midnight streets of Zaragoza echo far and wide. But the battle was as brief as it was terrific; for the guard poured out of the palace gate, and the crowd dispersed with the speed of the wind. The leaders of the fray, however, were taken prisoners, and passed the night together on the floor of the guard-house.

In the morning the corregidor would have taken summary vengeance upon the culprits, who, as he said, had been guilty of lese-majesty; but then the Mogiganga must stop, for Pancho El Fraile had the most important part to play. At this critical juncture, his serene and clement majesty, who, thanks to the archbishop's hospitable cheer, had slept soundly through the whole fray, and now for the first time

heard of the atrocious act that had been committed, deigned to interpose his sovereign authority, and a strip of paper, signed *Yo el Rey*, released the corregidor from his embarrassment, and the barber and sandal-maker from prison, and, perhaps, something worse thereafter. Pancho El Fraile was glad to escape so easily, and was as merry as a cricket; but Geronimo Gil plotted revenge for his disgrace and his broken guitar, and soon took vengeance on his unsuspecting rival, as the sequel of this true history will show.

It was now broad noon. The crowd had long filled the little square in front of the palace, and the streets, through which the Mogiganga was to pass, and many a fair Arragonese had grown weary with waving her handkerchief and shaking her fan from the balconies, which overlooked the moving scene below. At length a distant sound of music announced the approach of the procession. The noisy crowd rolled on before it, obedient to the staff of a sturdy alguazil, who opened a passage right and left for the grotesque train that followed. He strutted along with all the dignity becoming his high function, though his sensibilities were evidently hurt by the coarse jests of those around him, and the occasional thwack of a sturdy pair of *alpargatas*, directed with too fatal aim by some unseen hand in the crowd; and here it may be said, in passing, that the refined pastime of slinging sandals in the dense crowds of a holiday, is in high repute among the populace of Zaragoza. Then came the musicians; a band of gay young fellows, playing the guitar and the bandurria merrily, and singing the *Jota Arragonesa*. When they arrived in front of the palace, they opened to the right and left, to let the pageant pass. At that moment the king and queen appeared on the balcony of the palace;—handkerchiefs waved in the air—the sandals flew faster than ever—and one universal shout arose, *Viva el Rey! Ajo!—Viva la Reina!*

Then came the pageant of the Mogiganga. It was opened by some half-dozen boys, disguised like monkeys, and playing a thousand antics. Next followed a very grave and venerable looking donkey, whose duty it was to address the king in behalf of his fellow-citizens of Zaragoza; for this ass, in imitation of Balaam's of old, was endowed, for the occasion, with the power of speech. It was, however, the "inward man" that spake; for the donkey was personated by Pedro Perico, an *esquilador*, or hair-dresser of mules, and his son Juanico, upon whom devolved the humble duty of moving the hind legs. In bestowing the bodies and limbs of these two performers in the skin of a single donkey, it was found necessary to make the joints of the animal's hind legs bend forward instead of backward, and as it was impossible to find room for such feet as those of Pedro and his son, in the hoofs of an ass, holes were left for them to come through. When this strange animal presented himself, the music ceased; and lo! the skin of the donkey's upper jaw was thrown back upon his neck, like the cowl of a monk, and out popped the head of Pedro Perico, and spake as follows:—

"Señor: I, Pedro Perico, and not in reality the jackass I seem, being the most quiet and respectable animal of all this beastly concourse, have been elected by them to lay at the feet of your Majesty, with all due respect, their heart-felt congratulations, on your safe and happy arrival at the very loyal and faithful city of Zaragoza.

“Your Majesty will graciously pardon the silence of Gabriel Bonet, the Ostrich, and Geronimo Gil, the Lion, and Miguel Fuster, the Bull, and Juan Jaca, and Salomon Samper, the Elephant, and my other friends, the animals, which compose this Mogiganga,—all honest people from the Barrios of San Lorenzo and the Magdalena,—great lovers of the wine of Cariñena, and of pig-tail tobacco, and your Majesty, whom Heaven preserve a thousand years! They would all be happy to speak for themselves, but not being able to take off their heads, as I do, they would be under the disagreeable necessity of saluting you some other way. And, therefore, that we may not be wanting in the respect due to your Majesty, I am delegated to express to you, the joy we feel at knowing that the kingdom of Catalonia is again quiet, and, at seeing your Majesty return, as stout and sturdy as an oak, to be present at this august ceremony, which the city of Zaragoza has prepared for your reception.

“And in proof, Señor, that it is so;” (turning round, and laying his right foot upon his breast,) “Animals of all species, each in his own language, cry, *Viva el Rey!*”

As Pedro Perico finished, he pulled in his head;—a long and discordant shout rent the air, and the donkey moved forward. He was followed by a stately ostrich, which made a leg as he passed, and bowed till his beak reached the ground. Next came a very grave and solemn bear,—a grisly wolf,—a stag, with branching antlers,—a bull, pawing up the ground before him,—and an orang-outang, as full of bows and grimaces, as a French dancing-master. When these and fifty other animals of various kinds had passed, a tawny lion, and a huge, misshapen, pasteboard elephant, closed the procession. Astride the elephant’s back sat Pancho El Fraile, swelling with all the conscious dignity of the station he occupied; whilst, from below, Geronimo Gil, wrapt in the tawny lion’s skin, glared at his rival through his shaggy eye-brows, with all the ferocity of the animal he represented. The hour of his revenge was drawing nigh;—he was ready to pounce upon his prey, and tear—his breeches limb from limb.

On this occasion, Pancho was arrayed in all his holiday finery. Around his head he wore a silken handkerchief of many colors, from whose folds a long cork-screw curl of smutty hair dangled upon each cheek. This kind of turban was surmounted by a huge felt hat, with strings at the sides, to sustain the ample and flapping brim. His short velvet jacket was as gay as silken cord and copper buttons could make it, and his whole body was completely swaddled in the folds of a crimson *faja*, or sash, that reached from his chin to his hips, with a broad yellow sun emblazoned in the middle. His breeches were of purple velvet, with a row of bell-buttons down each leg, and knowingly left open at the knees, to exhibit his white linen *calzoncillos*. A pair of sky-blue stockings, reaching only to the ankles, set off, to great advantage, his gigantic calves; and his bare feet were arrayed in a pair of *alpargatas* of most exquisite workmanship. Thus mounted and equipped, his duty was to recite before the King a kind of prose epilogue to the Mogiganga, and bidding his Majesty farewell in behalf of the city of Zaragoza, to drink health and long life to him in a bottle of Cariñena, which the elephant was to reach up, for that purpose, with his trunk.

At the proper moment, Pancho took off his hat, and, bowing low, delivered himself in a speech of as deep and moving eloquence as that of Pedro Perico, the donkey. The goblet was then placed in his hand by the obedient animal, on which he rode ;—and now came the fatal moment !—the proboscis of the elephant, which was moved by a friend of Geronimo Gil, instead of gently depositing the bottle of Carriena in the hand of Pancho, as it had before done with the goblet, swung it high in air, and brought it down with such resistless force on the bare, unprotected cranium of the poor sandal-maker, that it suddenly wiped him from the elephant's back, and threw him sprawling upon the pavement. The people gave a shout—the roaring lion sprang forward, and with his cruel claws seized the unfortunate Pancho in the rear ;—a struggle ensued—in which the alpargatero contrived to get upon his feet ;—but the lion would not release his grasp, till at length the entire rear of Pancho's *calzones* gave way, leaving such a hole behind, that if the by-standers had not caught him in their arms, he would inevitably have fallen through ! At the same moment, an intestine war raged in the body of the elephant ; for oh, unlucky oversight ! whilst the fore legs were moved by a friend of Geronimo Gil, in the hind legs walked a sturdy partizan of Pancho El Fraile. Through the loop-holes, which had been left in the animal's sides for the admission of light and air, the friend of Pancho had witnessed the sad disaster of the little potentate of the Magdalena, and, boiling with rage, had forthwith torn away a part of the elephant's back-bone, and therewith assailed, with sturdy blows, the back and shoulders of his companion in the pasteboard dungeon ; who, turning his body round as well as he was able, endeavored to ward off the blows of the assailant. In the fierce struggle, the elephant was rent in twain ; and the people sent up another shout, so loud and long, that the king of the Canary Islands and his stately queen withdrew from the balcony, much scandalized at what had passed beneath their royal eyes. * * *

And thus ended the ever-memorable Mogiganga of Zaragoza.

THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET.

I WENT, the other night, almost by chance, to see Mr. Kemble play Hamlet ; I say, by chance, for I would not have done it with the serious expectation of seeing that gentleman give a satisfactory performance of the character. I could not help regretting anew, that this, the most intellectual, the most metaphysical, (I use the word in reference to *Nature's* metaphysics,) as well as the most impassioned of all Shakspeare's creations, should not be more frequently set forth upon the stage as it really existed in the mind of the poet ; for, as it is, I apprehend there is no character in the whole drama, about which such miserably wrong ideas are prevalent among the mass of English and American audiences, or which so much needs genius on the part of the actor to raise the conceptions of his auditors to that intellectual and *spiritual* elevation, from which they can obtain at least a glimpse of the poet's meaning. There are many characters, so entirely level

to the comprehension of "the house," that no great genius is requisite on the part of the actor who would personate them. Most of Shakspeare's heroes are more or less of this description ; all the actor has to do is to see that his readings are correct, to have some general conception of the manner suitable to the character, and to make one or two good points. This, in general, will ensure him against an entire failure. But with Hamlet, the case is altogether different. The man, who would personate him, must not only speak, walk, act like Hamlet, but he must *think* like him. We want not only the "soldier's sword" and "the courtier's eye," but the "*scholar's tongue*;" we want the *intellectual* as well as the physical Hamlet. It has just been said that most of Shakspeare's heroes are easily comprehended ; they are so, because, according to the trite phrase, they are true to nature. But Hamlet is not so easily comprehended ; because, though no less true to nature, he is of a nature whose elements do seldom meet as they are met in him ; because, though a man, he is yet of that subtile and poetic nature, which exists in the mind of the poet, and which *differs* not from the world's human nature, only is higher and more intense ; just as the sublimated essence is higher and more intense than the gross materials out of which it is extracted.

It has always seemed to me deeply to be regretted, that we have not, in this country,—whether native or foreign, it matters not,—some one who could *fill up* this part as it ought to be filled, and who could give frequent representations of it, till the common mind was made to realize the character in all its depth. For, independent of the pleasure such acting would afford to those capable of appreciating it as a piece of art, the moral effect of it would be beneficial to the whole public ; since the elevation and refinement of feeling, as well as the intellectual acuteness of an audience would, of necessity, be greatly advanced by such a representation of the character. But the Hamlet, that now occupies the stage, has little in common with Shakspeare's beautiful and impressive creation. He is an ordinary stage hero, (at least in the minds of the majority,) who makes most hearty vows of revenge, counterfeits lunacy, kills and stabs, and is killed himself, at last, when the curtain falls upon his fate and our entertainment. But, as that same green barrier descends, does it ever occur to you, fair lady, or to you, her attendant, or to you, ruder occupant of the pit, that ye have been listening to words, and looking upon actions, which have a meaning and a spirit, beyond all that your ears have heard or your eyes seen ; which neither your own wit could reach, nor the skill and genius of the actor help you to attain ? Perhaps you leave the theatre, thinking that when you have seen the Prince well frightened at his father's ghost, heard him declaim most beautifully at one time, and be most sarcastic at another, and have finally witnessed his death, you have seen all that the play contains. Whose fault is it, if you have not ? Not yours,—for, perhaps, you do not read Shakspeare ; not the Poet's, for he can say, "*what is writ is writ*;" but it is the fault of the actor, who presumes to personate a character to which he is not equal. He may have set before you the outward form of the Danish Prince,—he may have exhibited to you the external Hamlet,—but the *moral* Hamlet is a being you have not yet known, unless by study or other means of information. The man who would play Hamlet

rightly, should be no ordinary man; as yet he is not—at least, on this side of the Atlantic.

The Tragedy of Hamlet is almost a world within itself, so great is the diversity of its incidents and its characters. It possesses, to a very remarkable degree, that characteristic which the critics call unity of feeling; for, in every step along the solemn avenue which leads to the final catastrophe, the great and thrilling themes of Death and Immortality, human weakness amid human wickedness, with the awful lesson that murder has called from on high,—these are constantly pressing upon our minds, in the serious passages, with an almost Greek-like solemnity, as if Sophocles himself were again writing on the destinies of humanity. But we are not left, as the Grecian poet left his auditors, with nought but the sting of death, without the victory over it; for the philosophy of the Christian is seen throughout the whole, while Hamlet's gentle contemplations on death have disarmed it of its terrors. This tragedy, to be well understood, ought to be deeply studied; for almost every line is full of a compressed wisdom, whether it be in the scenes of merriment, which abound in a didactic wit, that instructs while it amuses, or in the scenes of horror, that chill the very blood in our veins, as we give ourselves up to their terrible influence. The characters are, for the most part, of a highly intellectual and moral or immoral cast; wherever we find virtue, it is not a cloistered and sunshine goodness, but the purity of hearts well tried by misfortune and sorrow; and wherever we find vice, it is no petty villany, but the perverted greatness of the boldly wicked, aiming at great deeds of darkness, and crimes, almost without a name in the catalogue of human guilt.

The character of Hamlet possesses, to almost all students of Shakespeare, more attractive and interesting qualities than any other of his heroes. What matters it, if he never possessed any existence save in the creative imagination of the poet; or if he has no existence now, except among the beautiful creations of fiction? We may still feel for him,—nay, we must feel for him as strongly as if he really had lived and “walked about on this our earth;” for he stands before the mind's eye, almost in the distinctness of actual and individual existence. His character claims from us this sympathy, by the great beauty and poetical temper of his mind, by his speculative and melancholy turn, and by the tenderness and purity of his feelings and motives. His unfortunate love for Ophelia, which he is obliged by his cruel fate to forego, when the awful visitation of his father's spirit summons him to avenge his “foul and most unnatural murder,” greatly enhances the interest we take in his misfortunes. When we take up the book, therefore, to read Hamlet, we must be prepared to afford an unusual share of our sympathies; and if we do so, we shall say with Horatio, at the end,

“Now cracks a noble heart; good night, sweet Prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.”

We shall feel as if bidding adieu to one whom we have actually known and loved, and over whose misfortunes we have personally lamented.

The misfortunes of Hamlet are the result of his peculiar character, as much as they are of the circumstances in which he is placed; and

the study of that character will aid us not a little in understanding why every thing in the play is made to take place as it does. He is, then, a person of great refinement of sentiment, dignity of feeling, and acuteness of mind. With sufficient courage and resolution, he is excessively retiring and sensitive; and would always prefer the quiet and contemplative life of a scholar, to all the glitter and show of the Court. While he is living at the University, he is suddenly called to Court by the death of the King, his father; and hardly, as he says, are "the funeral baked meats" become cold, when his mother marries his uncle, who assumes the crown. Hamlet suspects all is not well; he "doubts some foul play,"—and while he is thus agitated with grief for his father's death, astonishment at his mother's conduct, and suspicions of his uncle, he receives a visitation from the grave of his murdered parent. "The awful form, in which the buried majesty of Denmark did some time march," bursts the jaws of the tomb, and pours into the ear of his astonished son, the story of his mother's and his uncle's guilt. The Prince is charged, under circumstances and sanctions of the most awful nature, to revenge his father's death. But while he is thus exhorted to punish his uncle, he is enjoined to preserve a holy caution with regard to his mother. The Spirit says—

"But howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to Heaven,
And to the thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her."

This gives a moral dignity and grandeur to the commands of the Spirit; we see, in this tenderness for the miserable Queen, the mercy and long-suffering of Heaven. It relieves our minds from all apprehension as to the *Christian propriety* of revenging the murder; for we feel assured that the soul of the murdered monarch has not come back to earth, to gratify any selfish purposes of an unholy revenge, but that he has been sent, as it were, by Divine Justice itself, in order that so great a crime may receive its punishment in the eyes of the world.

Now Hamlet is the very last person to be placed in such a situation, to meet such exigencies and misfortunes. He does not want courage, but he is destitute of energy; and his whole nature is too mild and gentle to allow him to undertake a work so revolting to his feelings. He is, moreover, so sensitive, and the horror of the dreadful crimes of his mother and his uncle comes upon him with such an overwhelming force, that he is almost crushed by the weight of his feelings and the responsibility of his situation. Hence he exclaims—

"The time is out of joint! O cursed spite!
That ever I was born, to set it right."

But the voice of his murdered parent must be obeyed. "One has come unto him from the dead;"—one, who, when living, was the object of his filial love and reverence,—that king and father, on whom "every god did seem to set his seal, to give the world assurance of a man;"—and who, now that he is dead, has been sent to him as a messenger from the world of spirits. Accordingly, he rouses every energy of his soul, to meet his dreadful duty, and resolves to live only for this sole end. Among the many distressing circumstances of his

situation, is the tender relation in which he stands towards Ophelia. We cannot question the truth and depth of his affection for her ; and, therefore, his renunciation of it is to be charged, not to any reckless change of feeling or original impurity of intention, but to the stern necessity of his situation, which compels him to give up a treasure, that it almost costs him his reason to resign. Hamlet, after the visitation of his father's ghost, becomes a consecrated man ; he has a work to do, which, from his peculiar character, requires him to shut up every avenue to the kinder feelings of Nature, in order that he may bend up his shrinking spirit to the execution of his task. He feels that to this one point he must direct every thought ; that happiness is not for him ; that it will not do for him to dally in the bowers of ease and pleasure, while the course of fate is sweeping on to some unknown but awful end, lest he should lose all energy and opportunity ; and he therefore resolves to give up his last and greatest treasure, the love of Ophelia.

At the beginning of the second act, we find him with an entire and earnest resolution to proceed in the accomplishment of his father's commands. But he knows that he is watched, and that the strangeness of conduct and manner into which this dreadful discovery—which has been revealed to him—and the great agony of his feelings must betray him, in spite of himself, will excite, still more strongly, the suspicions of his uncle. It is on this account, in order to conceal his purposes, and to hide the cause of his real melancholy, that he resolves to counterfeit madness. He would be thought insane, in order that such a supposition may seem to account for the wild and eccentric conduct into which he is irresistibly impelled by his plans and his distracted feelings. Now Dr. Johnson has said, that there is "no adequate cause for Hamlet's pretended madness ;" since, as he asserts, "he does nothing, which he might not have done with the reputation of sanity." But it seems to be the express design of the poet, to make Hamlet adopt a course which no other man ever would have adopted ; because he wishes to show us how entirely unfit he was for his situation, from the irresolution of his character ; and how inadequate to the accomplishment of his design, would be all the plans that such a person would naturally adopt. The bold and fiery Hotspur would have acted very differently in such circumstances. Instead of musing on crime, and misfortune, and destiny,—instead of sinking under the weight of his own feelings, the moment the words of the ghost died upon his ear, and the dim figure had vanished from his sight, he would have drawn his sword, have gone straightway to seek the king, and there have cleft the skull of his royal uncle, whether at the altar or the festal board. But Hotspur is the youth of high and daring action ; Hamlet is the youth of contemplation. It is not, therefore, as we ourselves, or as any body else, would look at the matter, but as *Hamlet* would look at it, that we are to admit the poetical propriety or utility of his pretended insanity.

But there is a sequel to this pretended madness ; for while he is thus *personating* the insane, he actually loses his reason, at times, by the acuteness of his feelings and his dangerous position in the court. He is exposed to spies and flatterers ; he has been made acquainted with a frightful secret by supernatural means ; his mother is unchaste, and

his father has been murdered ; wickedness seems to turn this world into a hell ; and he stands, as it were, on the confines of this present state of being, and seems to catch glimpses of the chaos beyond, where Fate is sporting with all human affairs. All men, but one, seem villains, and all women, but one, dishonest. He sees through the shallow outside with which vice and hypocrisy would cloak themselves, and he laughs bitterly at the artifice. Hence arises that singular mixture of folly and wisdom, of rambling nonsense and eloquent passion, which flows from him,—partly, because he wishes to be thought mad, and partly, because he cannot help it, and really is mad. It is only when alone with his friend Horatio, whom he can trust and whom he loves, that he talks straight on, like a person in the right use of his senses. Before every one else, he uses words as if they were mere play-things, to be thrown about carelessly and incoherently ; or else, if ever used in seriousness, he makes them the vehicles of a pungent and caustic satire, that burns and sears every object against which it is directed. Yet even his nonsense is eloquent. He draws upon the rich stores of a mind filled with the treasured fruits of study and observation ; and in all his remarks there is a power and truth, which show us the depth of his contemplative mind.

It is on this supposition of Hamlet's real insanity, a supposition of which every careful reader of the play must see the truth, that I would account for his conduct towards Ophelia in their interview which followed the Soliloquy. If we feel disposed to blame him, we may be pretty sure that we have not gone to the depth of his character and motives. Yet there are hundreds of persons who read and witness this scene, with feelings of anger against Hamlet ; who is really as much to be pitied as the unhappy object of his affection, in this very scene. I believe, that, in the first part of the interview, when Ophelia offers to return his presents, he purposely treats her with rudeness, in order to rouse her pride in aid of her feelings, which he knows must be sacrificed, and thus to save her from further suffering. But when she receives his cold denial of ever having given her aught, with such a beautiful and maidenly dignity, and tells him, that

"To the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind,"

he is startled, by the chaste and virtuous dignity of the thought, back to his reflections on virtue and vice. The contrast, between the pure being before him, and all by whom he knows she is surrounded, strikes so forcibly upon his mind, that he forgets it is Ophelia, and asks, with an undisguised astonishment, if she "is honest ?" Ever and anon the idea returns upon him that it is Ophelia ; but it is swept away by the train of thought that seems to have taken possession of him. I believe there is very little in this scene that is premeditated or intended for effect. Ophelia herself believes him to be insane, and she is the best witness we could have ; for there is no *acting*, however skillful, that can escape the keen vision of a woman's love. That this is the true supposition will receive abundant confirmation, when we consider his conduct at Ophelia's grave. It is at a time when his mind has returned to its natural sanity, that he first learns she is dead. He is in the church-yard with Horatio, when a funeral procession enters and

they retire. It is not until the coffin is lowered into the grave, that Hamlet discovers, from the violence of Laertes's grief, that it is Ophelia whom they are burying. He is yet in the back-ground; and it is necessary, for the maturing of his plans, that his return should not at present be known. But when he sees the lifeless body of Ophelia lying before him; when he sees that the grave is about to close over her whom he had so much loved, he can withhold himself no longer: the memory of long years of youthful happiness, the full tide of his once freely-indulged but lately-renounced affection, come rushing to his heart; and, forgetting all his plans, and all the dictates of prudence, he throws himself forward in the midst of those from whom he anticipates danger, to look for the last time on the lifeless object of his love.

Let us pause, for a moment, to pay a slight tribute to the memory of Ophelia. Her sufferings form the most powerful picture of human misery that any poet ever set forth. We see, in her insanity, the unutterable agony of a heart that breaks and "brokenly lives on;" over which not even the consolations of religion have any power; for reason, to which such consolations might address themselves, has fled forever. Nothing remains for her, but the peace of the grave; and when we hear that she is dead, we feel glad that her pure spirit has escaped from the midst of so much crime, and treachery, and misfortune. Her love for Hamlet had grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength. It had been confirmed, on his part, by "all the holy vows of heaven." In the midst of so much happiness, the cruel necessity of circumstances comes in to tear them from each other; and, without knowing the agony that is in each other's hearts, they are separated, to meet only *there*, "where all tears shall be wiped from all faces." And here, when we stand in imagination over the grave of Ophelia, do we ask ourselves what is the lesson that such heart-rending misfortune can teach us? The answer is to be found in the very feelings which the poet has excited in our minds; for "it is the gift of sorrow to be pure:" and when we dwell on such a picture, it is good for us to have been moved by it, though it be unreal. It is a picture, too, which, though unutterably sad, is not wholly unrelieved; for "the grave becomes the source of the sublimest consolations, and death itself falls upon the wretched one, softly and lightly as a passing cloud. How tenderly has the poet described her death! as if he had already given us too much of grief, and therefore wishes, though joy has been thus nipped in early blossom, yet that the flower should fall gently to the ground.

As the play goes on, dangers thicken around Hamlet; he becomes more and more irresolute; he hesitates—and in that hesitation is his ruin; for he is involved in the toils of his enemies, and is swept into the same gulf of destruction into which they are hurried. His last words are uttered in the arms of his faithful Horatio; and to him, the upright and sincere friend of Hamlet, who stands, at the final catastrophe, amid the bodies of the poisoned and the slain, almost the only survivor in that fatal drama, and who is to "absent himself from felicity awhile," to tell the story of Hamlet's misfortunes,—to him we can turn with grateful feelings; for he is one whom we joy to find safe at last from so much peril and crime. G.

MY BOOKS.

NO. X.

VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

"Nullum, quod tetigit, non ornavit."

My copy of this delightful work was the gift of my mother. On that account I hold it more precious than one of the classics of Aldus or Elzevir to the Greek and Latin Bibliomaniac. Besides the value which it derives from having belonged to that well-loved parent,—from having been read by those eyes whose light was and is to me the brightest on earth,—the history of the book gives it new claims to regard.

It was printed while Goldsmith was yet alive;—it came from the London publishers; it is by no means improbable that "Goldy," himself had fingered its pages; at all events it had been near him, and while he still survived it had crossed the Atlantic, and, finding its way into the heart of a back-country New-England village, with his "Animated Nature!" his Histories, his "Traveler," and "Deserted Village," had taught many a humble farmer and mechanic, who owned a share in the library where it was placed, to admire and reverence the genius which produced it, and when that genius departed from this earth, to lament his decease and cherish his memory. On the shelves of that village library, surrounded by two or three hundred companions, it had remained, save while circulating from one fire-side to another, for many a long year,—even from the dark and stormy epoch of '76, till our country had climbed high up into sunshine and security on the mountain of national eminence. But at last it was removed from its accustomed place of repose. The little company, by whom the library was owned, was gradually reduced and scattered by the changes of years, and at last the library itself, by the magic of the auctioneer's potent ivory hammer, was dispersed through the township, and, like the leaves of the Sibyl, scattered to the four winds. In that revolution my mother became the proprietor of the "Vicar," and from her possession it has descended to that of her son.

Its leaves are marked by the fingers of time, as well as by those of countless readers; and if the former have turned them yellow, the latter have adorned them with colors as many as were blended in Joseph's robe, by the translators of King Jamie. It would not be difficult for any one to read in the book, in addition to the characters which Goldsmith and his printer put there, the characters of many a one who has left there his peculiar mark. Let us make a few experiments of this sort.

The very first sentence of the novel may serve to begin with. It is surrounded by a pencil mark almost as black and almost as wide as the moat of an old feudal castle,—or as the Middlesex canal after a violent shower; and in the opposite margin stares forth, in equal blackness, Mr. Burchell's favorite "Fudge!" Now, let us ask you, intelligent reader, "Is it not," as lawyers are wont to say when they lay down a very questionable proposition, and wish to conceal its doubtfulness from the jury,—*"is it not perfectly manifest,"* that the afore-mentioned passage was thus marked by some crusty old bachelor, whose loose practices had begotten a contempt for wedlock, or whose acid humors had been called forth by the frequent disappointments that had followed his efforts to get married? Read the sentence and give us an answer.

"I was ever of opinion," it says, "that the honest man who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single and only talked of population."

Now could any rational creature, whose head and heart are both right in matters appertaining to the sex,—could any married man, (*with children*,)—could any modest woman,—could any lover, thus slur over such a just sentiment? Impossible. None could be found, except some solitary, old, ill-natured sinner, capable of the outrage. We were inclined at first to imagine that this splenetic effusion might have been called forth by a remembrance of the gross contradiction to the sentence afforded by the author's own practice. Goldsmith never married, and has therefore left great occasion to doubt his sincerity. But our imagination was removed by the reflection that "Fudge" could, by no construction, be made to mean what any one would write under the impression of Goldsmith's falsehood:—to wit "you lie!" and, moreover, that the author is not to be made responsible for

the sentiments of the "Vicar," whose opinions, on many subjects, we cannot allow to coincide with those of the novelist. We come then to the conclusion, that these marks of reprobation are the sign manual of an old bachelor;—*Quod erat demonstrandum*.

But, a little further on, we find a succession of tender passages underscored in such a manner, that we cannot but conclude that some "love-sick swain," or sighing damsel, whose lips delighted to *conjugate* the verb *love*, hung over these amorous sentences: so positive are we, that even the exhibition on their heads of the amative bump, fully developed, could not render our convictions more certain. But were proof demonstrative required, we could furnish it in the shape of certain initial letters of two names, here coupled in a bracket, the owners of which, once lovers, and finally man and wife, came within the scope of our knowledge. The initials remind us of an anecdote concerning the school-boy love of him, who probably used his pencil to indicate his favorite sentiments. His name was Abraham, and the name of her whom he loved, from her cradle to her coffin, was Keturah. He had an elder brother Ezekiel, who had once been caught, in a sly corner, kissing a little school miss, not very popular nor very pretty, whose name was Pamela, or, as the scholars called it *Pam. Wilson*. This innocent act of flirtation was greatly laughed at for a whole winter, and occasioned Ezekiel much mortification. Now it came to pass, in those days, that the worthy father of these two boys, being about to engage, as usual, in family prayer, called the children together and made them read aloud in their order of age from the Bible. When 'Zekiel's turn came, he had to read the first verse of the xxv. chapter of Genesis:—"Then again *Abraham* took a wife, and her name was *Keturah*." Quick as thought, his little brother, supposing himself insulted in this public manner, spoke up in reply:—"And '*Zeke* took a wife, and her name was *Pam. Wilson*!" I cannot describe the effect of this retort; enough, to say that the old gentleman was obliged to defer his devotions till evening.

But here are other marks still;—daubs, and scratches, and dog-ears, and rents. Alas! that careless people will throw books upon the floor as playthings for children. Here are the marks of bread and molasses, rubbed from some urchin's lips and chin while he combined the interesting employments of eating and playing bo-peep with that dirty, healthy little brat, his baby brother. And here the mother, with a napkin or kerchief of questionable cleanness, has spread abroad the stains in her clumsy efforts to efface them. But we are inclined to forgive much, in consideration of the profit and pleasure which these village readers derived from the roughly-used book.

Can these thoughts be deemed trivial by any one acquainted with the delight which arises from the memory of the past; from recalling departed hours and long absent friends, the distant and the dead; from comparing the promise of childhood with the performance of after life, and learning lessons, however humble, from experience and observation?

On the cover of this little volume is the name of my grandfather, on the maternal side of the family; and with that name, what a host of sad and yet pleasant recollections are connected! I will mention only one. The last time I visited the old gentleman, he had reached his four-score and sixth year; he had retained almost the vigor and sprightliness of youth, until an accident befel him which seemed to prepare the way for all the usual infirmities of that age, so that I found him visibly close upon the grave. I had brought with me an album, in which I was collecting the autographs of my relations, upon the first page of which I wished his name to stand as the patriarch of the race. But he had lost the control of his muscles so far that he could not guide a pen, and, in trying to comply with my request, his hand so shook and trembled that he made but a blot and a shapeless scrawl. It was his final attempt at writing;—and the hand, whose palsied mark was thus affixed to my book, soon after returned to dust, and the spirit, whose will was rendered gradually powerless over the body, departed to God who gave it.

We have always regarded the circumstances, under which the *Vicar of Wakefield* was written and brought before the world, when considered together with the character of that work, as exceedingly extraordinary. The pecuniary circumstances of the author during its composition, were such as to annoy and harass him constantly; part of the time he was engaged in the (to him) disagreeable and slavish business of teaching; part of the time in the scarcely less disagreeable and perplexing employment of furnishing articles for the periodical press; generally living in the meanest lodgings to which a London poet or professed author

can be confined; constantly involved in debt, and pursued by duns which sometimes obliged him to remain secluded from the open air of day, in order to escape arrest,—and, finally, while he was putting the finishing touches upon this incomparable picture of rustic life, actually seized, by the bailiffs, at the instance of his own landlady, and only rescued from imprisonment by the agency of Johnson, who carried the manuscript of the now-finished novel to Newbury, the publisher, and sold it for sixty pounds.

Yet is the novel marked by not one trait that indicates any irritation or angry feelings, any dullness or despondency on the part of its author; but, on the other hand, it is full of a quiet, enduring good nature, that would lead any one, ignorant of the fact, to suppose that it must have been written by one surrounded with every comfort, and removed from every disturbance. Although many of the characters are furnished with Goldsmith's peculiarities, and thrown into similar circumstances of inconvenience, mortification, and even want, yet they are all filled with the same patient, uncomplaining, careless resignation, and always appear on the broad grin at their own mishaps. In poverty, if they do not at all times elevate themselves so loftily above it, as did Goldsmith himself in "The Traveler," when, seated on his Alpine throne, he exclaimed,

"Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!"

Yet they succeed in extracting comfort from that philosophy, which teaches an equality of enjoyment, or in consoling themselves with the reflection, that they are not so poorly off as they might be, or that, being at the very foot of the ladder, a further descent is impossible, and the next change must be for the better.

When, like the Poet, they have been imposed upon by successful villany, and have allowed their hearts to run away with their discretion, they always find a balm for their mortification, in the assurance that the knave suffers more than the fool, and that he is happier who is cheated without suspicion, than his brother who makes a good bargain with fear and trembling.

The novel is so fine a specimen of composition, so full of merit and beauty, that we are ashamed to learn that it sold for so small a price; that it lay unused, unpublished, in the closet of its purchaser for three years; and, above all, that, during its obscurity, its author seems to have felt no more concern for its fate, than is felt for a foundling child by its unnatural parents. We are indignant that after his genius had created characters whom the world has admired,—after the realms of fiction had been peopled by beings like Dr. Primrose and his faithful Deborah, like Burchell and Sophia, Thornhill and Olivia, Jenkinson the rogue, and Moses the gull, Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, ("I love to give the whole name,") neighbor Flamborough, and farmer Williams, and "Deuterogomist" Wilmot, but especially George and Arabella,—after these had been shaped from the dull materials of every-day life, the poor clay of English society, and filled with Promethean fire, they should have lain hid from universal knowledge in the sordid possession of a printer. Their resurrection from this sepulchre, when the warm breath of popularity gained by his poems extended its influence to Goldsmith's prose writings, seem to us like the digging up to light, life, and admiration, some glorious group of ancient statuary from its earthy bed of ages. Our admiration of the work scarcely exceeds our surprise, that it should have ever been concealed from the public.

It may seem too late in the day now to attempt a review of this production. But it cannot, with any propriety, be considered useless to recall public attention to a work of merit, which they have long admired, and which, perhaps, they admire without reflecting upon the causes that produce their admiration. It will be well to make our emotions the objects of study,—to trace out the connection between our hearts and the writer, and investigate the means by which our feelings are called into exercise. It is certainly due to the author, who has so long and so powerfully charmed us, that we make his performance the subject of reflection and study.

Let us then take up "The Vicar of Wakefield," and, as carefully as possible, examine its story, its characters, its principles, its moral.

Before alluding to its plot or story, it may not be improper to notice its style of thought and expression. Of the style, no description could be more correct than that which the Vicar's eldest son, George, has given of his own,—whose characteristic was "easy simplicity." The ideas arise in the author's mind as the stars of evening come forth from the blue depths of heaven,—bright and clear in simple beauty. No effort nor no confusion is apparent, though the thoughts are innu-

merable, and each one full of its own peculiar lustre. So also with his words, through whose unobserved medium we behold his ideas,—they are as transparent as the atmosphere that transmits the starry glory of the sky,—so that we scarcely ever in reading pause for a moment to notice them; and they are arranged in sentences and periods, which never arrest the eye or fatigue the ear by either their deformity or their beauty,—but carry us along, as sentences ever should, without obstruction, to the desired result, even as the imperceptible revolution of the globe brings us through all the beautiful changes of light and darkness. We consider this peculiarity a very great merit. Authors of modern days, mean in thought and conscious of their meagreness, dress up their ideas as pompously as the characters of a company of strolling actors, and introduce them with a glare which pains the eye, and a music that drowns and deafens the ear. As if born to be gold-beaters, and filled with a natural and invincible tendency towards infinite extension and diffusion, they hammer out their thoughts till their amplitude of extent bespreads the field of vision, while their lightness is such as to defy appreciation. Not so the author of “The Vicar of Wakefield.” He apprehends not the danger of mental exhaustion,—of using himself up;—he rightly esteems language as a mere organ of conveying his meaning to our understandings, and would deem it as foolish to excite our attention by his style, as to distract it by an illuminated MS. or by peculiarities of typography,—or, in conversation, to impede the functions of the ear by attracting our observation to the play of his lips. This excellence, the result in part of a genius confident of its own powers, and in part of a sound discretion, is to be found, in both the prose and poetry of Goldsmith; and so far, therefore, in both these departments, he is to be recommended as an unexceptionable model of a correct style. The same simplicity is conspicuous to the critic in this writer’s use of all rhetorical figures,—which are never forced into unnatural connections, but are invariably brought forward in such a manner as to give additional force and feeling to his composition.

The story of the Novel, like its style, has no complexity. It is the simple, straight-forward, domestic history of an English country clergyman, who began his clerical career, like many an other of the cloth, with a plentiful supply of the good things of earth in his pocket and pantry, and, unlike many of them, with an equally abundant stock of piety and good principle; who was both a scholar and a gentleman—a little disputatious, as his profession are apt to be; and, as they are also apt to be—with reverence let us say it—a little vain of his learning and controversial powers;—who had good sense enough to choose his wife “as she did her wedding gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well,” and to educate his children in the fear of the Lord;—who, after many years enjoyment of an easy fortune, and an easy living, became poor by accident, abandoned his former scene of action and mode of life, retired to an inferior vicarage, and, amidst the wreck of his fortune, preserving a sound judgement and an easy conscience, continued to be happy himself, and make others so. The family adventures, neither very numerous nor very remarkable, are yet sufficient in number and importance, to excite a constant, though not an intense interest. We rejoice in their early prosperity, sit down with them to Madam Primrose’s excellent dinners and unequalled gooseberry wine; smile at the good Vicar’s amusing expedient to rid himself of troublesome visitors; lament the loss of his fortune, and feel indignant that his disputatious propensity should rob his son of the beautiful Arabella Wilmot. We honor the parson for his patient philosophy, and travel with the family into their new scene of labors; sympathize in their vexations, mortifications, deprivations, and tribulations; admire honest, hearty old Burchell; laugh at the credulity and gullibility of Moses and the Vicar, when trading with “*ateleutaion to pan*” Jenkinson; detest the devilish cunning and rascality of the Squire; weep over the fall of the passionate Olivia; and, with a thousand varied emotions of alternate delight and thrilling alarm, hurry through the active scenes of wo, imprisonment, joyful hope, and returning prosperity, which conclude the tale. The succession of events is easy and natural; and none of the incidents are improbable, except, perhaps, the splendid blaze of good fortune, which beams upon the family after their long experience of sorrow and misfortune. The episode of the wandering George, does not diminish the general effect of the story; and, as affording a key to the author’s own personal history, is invaluable. The book is a series of rural pictures of the most fascinating description, woven together by a narrative sure to excite universal interest;—when it appeared, therefore, it rose at once to universal favor, and has

established itself in all recollections and all hearts, not as a work of fiction, but as a record of undoubted truth.

Of the characters, who figure in the Novel, there is scarcely one, whose agency could be dispensed with, whose peculiarities are not distinctly developed, and impressed upon the memory of the reader as forcibly as the remembrance of actual acquaintances, and whose action is not always in keeping with the part assigned him to perform.

The Vicar himself, we regard as the most ably delineated of the dramatis personæ; and, perhaps, as interesting a character as can be found in the whole scope of English fiction. His kindness of heart, purity and depth of piety, patient endurance of troubles of every kind, and parental fondness, recommend him to both our respect and affection; while his ignorance of the world, or, as Goldsmith says, of the "wrong side of human nature," and the several weaknesses into which it betrayed him, make us like him the more;—for community in imperfection produces friendliness of feeling. In our mind, the poet's brother, the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, is identified with the Vicar, as well as with the Parson, in "The Deserted Village." Both the Parson and the Vicar are distinguished by a benevolent disposition manifested in a hundred different forms; by that sound piety, which

"Allures to brighter worlds, and leads the way"—

by that calm content, which, under all ills, still cheered its possessor, and gave him that sunny enjoyment whose illustration called forth the finest figure of speech ever uttered in the English language:—

"As some tall cliff, that rears its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

We love to read the poet's paternal affection in this frequent delineation of his brother's character; and, we love no less to believe, that not in the realms of fiction alone exist characters like his.

In the Vicar's attempt to reform the prisoners amongst whom he was cast, and in the declaration of his sentiments on the proper object of punishments, we trace the origin of that great work of benevolence, which has of late years been carried on in our prisons; it would be gratifying to know that the prison chaplains of the present day adopt a mode of preaching to their parishioners, as excellent as that chosen by the incarcerated Doctor Primrose.

The good Doctor's weak points are very few, and they increase the value of his character by increasing his resemblance to erring humanity. Amongst the thousand vain imaginations—and their "name is Legion—" that have haunted "men of the closet," only one has taken possession of him. *Monogamy* is the phantom by which his brain is bewildered. Deuterogamy is to him a damnable heresy. To prove the sincerity of his devotion to the doctrine that a second marriage is sinful, (alas for Abraham and Keturah!) he rushes into the lists of public controversy, pouring forth pamphlet after pamphlet;—he disputes and quarrels with his oldest and best friend, whose daughter is about being married to his son, and, by offending her father, breaks off the match, and makes the affectionate couple unhappy for years; he writes the epitaph of his loving Deborah, wherein she is called his only wife, and, having framed it as though she were already dead, hangs it up in his parlor for general inspection; and finally suffers the rascal Jenkinson, by flattering his vanity as the great champion of orthodoxy and monogamy, to cheat him out of a horse, and send him home with a worthless draft upon his neighbor Flamborough. The "*hobby*" is a very innocent one,—probably there is not a man of the cloth in existence, who does not ride one more dangerous, and with equal fury. That party spirit, which

saves one small sect,
And damns the world besides,

might as reasonably divide upon the question of marriage, as on any other. If any error of judgement must send us to perdition, it is as well to suffer for matrimonial as for any other sins of that sort.

Had we quarreled with the Vicar for this little folly before, we should have forgiven him in consideration of the amusement afforded us by the complacent assurance and quiet air of self-satisfaction, with which he reproves his wife in jail, for questioning his argumentative power, and bids her leave argument to him, and confine herself to her proper sphere.

The Doctor's spouse is a paragon of housewives,—unrivalled in domestic mysteries,—but, alas for him! a little deficient in intellects. Not the shrewd old Scripture dame, Naomi herself, was more astute in the science of man-traps, (not *swan-traps*,* Mr. Diabolus-typographicus!) nor more familiar with the art of match-making, than is our friend, worthy Madam Primrose, who, with all the weaknesses of understanding and lack of "a fine glossy surface," manages and manoeuvres her girls to admiration. Not a little of her wisdom in these matters has passed from the book which records it, to the heads of its readers,—and, in my own experience, (we must occasionally drop our editorial plural,)—in my own experience have I found the effects of this transmission. Was not my father a parson? Was not my mother an admirer of this book? Had I not several pretty sisters? Did not the old lady, from their scores of beaux, secure for them "the Squire and My Lord?" And did not I play many a little part in the plot uxorial?

We ("paulo majora canamus")—we cannot spare time and paper to draw the family picture of Primrose at full length, lest, like the Vicar's own and only painting, it be found too large for use or ornament, and be left in disgrace leaning against the kitchen walls of our publisher. But every member of that family shall live and move and have a being in our heart. The wandering and adventurous Moses, whose elastic spirit threw off the burden of sorrow, whose love defied discouragement and lived through all his rambling, whose brotherly spirit and courage made the villain Thornhill quail before him; the merry and thoughtless, though innocent Olivia, led astray only by a confidence in her lover, which we cannot but admire, and ready to die at the imputation of guilt; the sober and reflective Sophia, beautiful, but not vain, affectionate, though discreet,—penetrating the disguise of apparent poverty, and discovering, beneath his rough exterior, the real worth of the eccentric Burchell; the pedant Moses, heir to his father's spirit of controversy, vain of his school-boy learning, his mother's pet, and a glorious subject for Jenkinson's speculation in green spectacles; and last, but not least, the generous little urchins, Bill and Dick,—bright, roguish, and dirty, just like the boys of a Yankee village parson,—all, together, form the most admirable family group, that English pencil has ever drawn, or pen described, and show forth more forcibly the delights of innocent, intelligent, rural life, than all the descriptions that could be written in verse or prose.

Besides the Primroses, there is Burchell,—an eccentric, warm-hearted nobleman in disguise,—fall of the finest principles of integrity,—rather suspicious, withal, of mankind,—and, of course, very fond of children, whom he called "innocent little men," and, moreover, considerably exposed to be deceived by ingenious hypocrisy. There is a brace of scoundrels—to wit: the Squire, Thornhill, and his agent, Jenkinson;—the first of whom is an excellent illustration of the total overthrow of all high principles, by the indulgence of lust, and, probably, furnishes a model of what Goldsmith considered to be the general character of the English country gentry; and the last of whom appears to have been a rascal in self-defence, society having denounced him as a rogue, while he was only shrewd beyond his years,—and his course of roguery being closed as soon as an opportunity occurred to become an honest man. Jenkinson is very much of a Yankee, (in the Southern acceptation of the term,) and would have flourished prodigiously in the land of pedlers.

The Flamboroughs, honest, hearty, good-natured farmers; the old man, as Jenkinson said, easily cheated because unsuspicious, and yet always growing richer and richer; and the girls, fat, rosy and clever, loud laughers, violent dancers, and players of the good old-fashioned, ungenteel, English country games of Martinmas eve, and all of them the best friends in the world to the Vicar's family, notwithstanding the occasional coldness and hauteur of Madam Primrose,—though they fill no great space in the novel, are entitled to especial notice—for they alone represent that class of society, which, in both England and America, far outnumber any other,—the clever and well-to-do in the world.

The town ladies must be dismissed with only Burchell's contemptuous "Fudge," although they deserve our thanks for having drawn out some of the most amusing traits of Deborah and her daughters, as well as for originating the most comical adventure in the book, the grand cavalcade of the Primroses, six on two horses, to church.

Mr. Arnold's butler "clothed in a little brief authority," during his master's absence, "plays such fantastic tricks," as head of the family, and as a radical in

* See New-England Magazine for October last. Notice of the Life of Howard.

politics, as made the old Vicar rave. He was intended by the author to personify that numerous party of ignorant and unenlightened political fanatics, by whom the English constitution was, at the period of Goldsmith's publication, threatened with subversion, and with whom the poet manifestly confounds the friends of judicious reform. He was resolved not to be trampled down by king or nobles, and "saddled with wooden shoes!" His character is the only caricature in the work,—and does but little credit to Goldsmith's political sagacity. But we shall speak of his politics in another place.

Finally, we may mention the lovely Arabella Wilmot, whose countenance the poet has scarcely drawn, but which still haunts our memory like the remembrance of a bright dream. She is the lady of the story, although her ladyship betrays the ignorance of lofty female character, by which Goldsmith was embarrassed, and which, perhaps, prevented him from taking a wife, although he had a heart full of social affections. She is a kind of abstraction, as unlike the substantial realities of the Vicar's daughters as phantoms are unlike creatures of flesh and blood. But she is surrounded by an atmosphere of loveliness, not the less admirable because it is almost all that is revealed of its mistress. The prison scene between her lover and herself commends her to our hearty good will.

It is unquestionably true that Goldsmith is very little indebted to invention for his personages; that they are all compiled (not copied) from real life; that before he ever introduced them to the public, under their present names, he had met and conversed with most of them in the living world. He has modified them in his novel to suit his purposes, as the sculptor modifies his living models while transferring their beauties to his marble. His characters are very much like one's every-day acquaintances, yet so varied and combined as to produce on our minds a result far more definite and powerful than is produced by the common course of events. It is in this modification,—in removing from our sight every trait unfavorable to the production of the desired effect, and in the invention of a train of incidents calculated to call forth those traits, the contemplation of which must produce the desired emotion in our hearts, that the strength of Goldsmith is conspicuous.

The perfect naturalness and simplicity of his style, of his plot, and of his *dramatis personæ* (so to call them) are a charm far superior to the power of exciting intense and prolonged interest, which is carried forward, as in modern novels, by a narrative as complex as the windings of a labyrinth, where the memory is tasked almost beyond its powers, where incidents, unless of the most startling kind, are sure to be forgotten, and the style of composition so constantly attracts by its ornament as to heighten the confusion, until, in our intense and baffled curiosity, we are ready to throw down the book and curse the tantalizing author.

The principles developed by the course of events in the novel are appropriate to the actors concerned. But there are sundry general principles, whose prominence and peculiar mode of introduction entitled them to particular notice, as belonging to the author himself. Thus the doctrine of contentment under all circumstances is diffused through the novel in various forms. Sometimes in the shape of philosophy—sometimes in that of pious submission to the divine will. So the political principles avowed by Dr. Primrose, in his long speech to Mr. Arnold's butler, ushered in with so much formality, and forming the very counterpart to those set forth in the poems of Goldsmith, especially in "the Traveler," must be considered the author's own favorite opinions, and as such liable to distinct examination.

Goldsmith was a violent Royalist—a high Tory in his politics. In the character of the wanderer, George, he says, that he every where found in his travels, that monarchy was the best government for poor men; in the person of the Vicar, he declaims against the rich as a class of men continually trampling on the poor, and endeavoring to pull down the throne, which, as "some men are born to rule, and some to be ruled," and as it is better to be ruled by one, than by many, is, and ought to be, dear and sacred to every patriot.

This is the political creed of an educated beggar,—of one who had traveled on foot over most of Europe, and every where finding that the indolent poor were most at ease where there was no bustle of business, and no disgrace of comparison with the industrious and wealthy, returned to his own country to feel that there, where laws protect property, he must pay his debts or go to jail, and, in order to pay those debts, must labor. It was the feeling of poverty, of inferiority to those of larger fortunes, that made our author a royalist. He wished to see no intermediate grade between himself and the throne, and, therefore, hated those who intervened. He showed far more sense, when, conscious of his intellectual eleva-

tion above the common herd, he exulted in the poverty, to which his muse subjected him,—and uttered his feelings of attachment for that “loveliest maid,” “Sweet Poetry.”

“ Dear, charming Nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame is crowds, in solitude my pride.
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and kept me so!”

It is sufficient for us to remark, that any political system, carved and formed according to the wish of a single individual, instead of the general welfare, must be, of necessity, imperfect. This is the character of Goldsmith's doctrine,—and its falseness requires no exposition.

The moral of the story,—by which we mean the general truth intended to be inculcated,—or the general impression intended to be made, is the same as that of the *Deserted Village*;—the fact or belief that the old-fashioned rural modes of English life are the happiest that can exist,—and that even a poor vicar, living on a salary of forty pounds a year, so long as his mind is free from the money-loving, money-getting mania which Goldsmith so hated, can enjoy himself more perfectly than the owner of unbounded wealth. Hence, the tendency of the story is to repress all those evil passions generated by the desire of wealth, to bring into disgrace all those pleasures of sense, which arise from the gratification of propensities that are fostered by riches, and to elevate, dignify, and adorn those natural, simple, and unexpensive, pure and praiseworthy delights, which arise from the social affections, from a love of natural beauty, and from industrious habits in the free air and light of heaven. In this age of avarice, when almost all mankind seem to bow down and worship the golden image, the doctrines of Goldsmith should be every where preached. Poetry, with its love of natural beauty, and its lofty aspirations after something high, above the grossness and coarseness of mammon-worship, has, in general, become a scoff and a reproach; even the pursuits of science, unless they shake down golden fruit, as sensibly and as directly as the machinery of the mint sends forth coin, are decried as visionary and useless. The mountain-torrent looks no longer beautiful, except it turn a water-wheel or feed a canal: the wide-spreading forest charms no more the eye, if a market for fuel or timber be not close at hand: the education of the heart and the development of the faculties, are a waste of time and expense,—and the only art in repute is the art of accumulation. We cannot, therefore, commend too highly a work whose tendency is to correct the prevalent vice of the times, and whose sentiments are so just while they are so warmly enforced by all the charms of composition, as to be sure of almost universal admiration.

We have already hinted, that the Vicar of Wakefield is recommended to our good will by the fact, that we have grown up in the midst of scenes similar to those described therein; and, dropping the pompous *plural*, whose use we dislike, as much as did Goldsmith,* we will now go on to relate sundry reminiscences called forth by the book.

As the pastor of the little church in *Fairfield-Woods*, my father was the object of as much respect and affection as old Dr. Primrose; as his wife, and also, in consideration of her individual merits, my mother, was quite as generally liked; as the parents of the three most beautiful, most intelligent, and most accomplished girls in the parish, the old people were prodigious favorites with the beaux, who so generally flocked to church after my father's settlement in the village, as to comfort the church at large, with the hope of coming spiritual prosperity. My parents had a number of sons,—two of whom, at least, contributed as much as their sisters, to fill up the church, though with worshipers of another sex. I, and a younger brother, like Dick and Bill, too young to play a very important part in the game of life, yet felt our share of the blessings showered upon a village parson's family, by their kind parishioners.

I might fill a book with recollections,—but will only relate a single one. As regularly as the frosts and snows of winter set in, the usual course of parties, sleigh-rides, &c. given by the young gentlemen and ladies around us, was ushered in by a grand afternoon and evening entertainment at the parsonage. This introductory performance was attended, as a matter of course, by every soul in the parish, from the age of fourteen to that of four-score. It was denominated

“THE SPINNING FROLIC.”

Its name was derived from the circumstance, that every visiter brought with him, as a species of tribute, a skein or a *run* (consisting of several skeins,) of flaxen

* See his “Inquiry into the present state of Polite Learning.” c. xi.

thread or *woolen yarn*, the product of their own fields, and flocks, and labor. Bad luck to the person, old or young, who staid away on that great day.

The old people, whose dull eyes dared not be out by night, came early in the afternoon, and departed soon after sun-down. The younger folks made their appearance somewhat later, if they pleased, so as give their seniors an opportunity of visiting by themselves. But as the afternoon drew towards its close, the crowd of visitors increased until it seemed as though every chaise, and waggon, and saddle, or, if the snow had fallen, every sleigh in the village was put in requisition. Every chaise was jammed, and every waggon filled, full of merry boys and girls, and wo to every saddle-horse that, not knowing how "to carry double," rebelled, on that occasion, against the pillion! Dismounted from their vehicles, the visitors with smiling faces and glad hearts, approached the parsonage, were welcomed by my sisters, who gracefully relieved them at once of their superfluous dress, and their annual offering, and then ushered them in to my parents.

When most of the company had arrived, the servants brought in tea and coffee, wine, and sparkling cider, together with every known form of cake, pastry, and confections,—which, circulating for an hour throughout the three spacious and crowded apartments occupied by the visitors, revived their spirits, and increased their vivacity in a manner truly wonderful. Persons never before known to be conversible then poured forth a flood of loquacity,—and as their hearts grew warm, the soberest and most solemn even of the Deacons relaxed into pleasantry, cracked their jokes, and displayed their ivory from ear to ear, while the young folks chattered, and laughed, and giggled, till the house echoed to the music of happy sounds.

Presently the old and gray-headed grand-sires and grand-dames, with step reluctant, departed. The middle-aged lingered a little longer, while the beaux and belles eyed them with impatience, and exchanged with each other significant glances, until some daring rogue of a girl would whisper to mamma her kind fears that she and papa might take cold by riding in the night air; or some prudent eldest son would hint to his father that the horse and wagon had got to be sent back for him and his sisters, "and you know, father, that it won't do for us to stay out very late!" Moved by such various impulses, the married people most generally took leave pretty early in the evening, leaving the unmarried to extend their "frolic" farther into the night. Then began the regular business of the evening. Some suspicious looking bachelors, whose singleness was their only plea for remaining, were obliged to laugh at the quizzical misses, who hinted to them that the *old folks* were all going, or inquired of them whether Mrs. Bachelor was not likely to get the ague from the frost. The young folks generally filled two parlors, and, a division being made according to age, the "East room" was generally occupied by those whose years exceeded eighteen, while all below that age were disposed of in the "West." Rousing fires expelled all remembrance of December, and, with nothing to mar their sport, the tenants of the two rooms engaged in the rustic plays, by which the footsteps of time were hastened along, and their enjoyment heightened, until the old family clock, striking eleven, warned them that all pleasure must have an end, and drove them to their carriages.

The "Spinning" was the grand epoch of courtships. Almost every match made in the village commenced at this great "frolic." It was the most remarkable day in the calendar of Fairfield Woods,—remembered with delight, and anticipated with eagerness. My share was but small in these anniversaries,—for I was a child even when my father removed from that village; but still they have left an indelible print on my memory, and are scored on my heart as among the brightest of my holidays.

TRANSLATIONS OF DANTE.

IN the last number of the North-American Review, in a very pleasing and well-written article on Dante, much commendation is bestowed upon the translation of the "*Divina Commedia*," by Cary, for its "wonderful fidelity," and its freedom from superfluous expressions and ornament. He is commended as having shaken off the fetters of rhyme, and, in simplicity and severity of style, "walking with measured steps by the side of his great original." To this praise, in general terms, we cordially assent; viewing it particularly, we cannot go quite so far as the author of the article. That the translation is wonderfully faithful and free from expressions and ornament not to be found in the original, we freely admit, comparing it with the translation by Boyd, or such translations as Hoole made of Tasso and Ariosto, or even Dryden's Virgil, or Pope's Homer. That, however, in the abstract, it possesses these merits in a wonderful degree, we cannot grant, because it appears to us, that it might have been made to possess them more perfectly.

The author did well and wisely in throwing off the trammels of rhyme, but we think he erred in adhering so closely to the measure of his blank-verse, since this measure is, almost as often as otherwise, too long for his original; that is, the lines of the Italian, fairly and simply translated, will, very often indeed, not make corresponding lines in English of the measure employed. Hence, superfluous words are frequently used to eke out the deficiency, and one line is often run into another, which, though far more excusable, is still a fault that should, if possible, be avoided. It appears to us, also, that occasionally he fails in expressing the meaning of his original, and sometimes does not, to our comprehension, express any distinct meaning at all.

It may be asked, If we would have had him make his version in lines of unequal length? Within certain limits we would, if fidelity to his author required. These limits are rhythm and poetical expression. If these be properly preserved and skillfully managed, occasional variations in the lines, to the extent of a syllable or two, will not so materially affect the harmony, in the mouth or ear of a reader of skill and taste, as the dilution or redundant phraseology will affect the force and spirit of the original; and, if our desire in a translation is to know and comprehend thoroughly these, the noble parts of an author's composition, and not the mere sound, which is of less note,—this is the kind of translation that seems most desirable. At the best, the sound of the original can be but faintly imitated from the Italian, in a language so dissimilar, in this respect, as the English. The resemblance is much like the likeness found by Fluellen between Macedonia and Monmouth, between Alexander the Great, and King Harry. One is poetry and the other is poetry, and that is all the similarity,—very much, indeed, like "a river in Macedon and a river in Monmouth."

Feeling, at the time we read the article referred to, somewhat hungry after criticism, and disposed to indulge ourselves therein, and having, moreover, an hour or two of leisure upon our hands, we amused ourselves with making, after our own fashion, a translation of various

passages therein cited, which, by way of substantiating our remarks, and affording variety to our readers, we shall now proceed to lay before them,—preceded by the original and Cary's translation. Those, who understand Italian, will, thereby, have an opportunity of judging for themselves of the comparative exactness of the different versions, and those who do not, if they will take the closeness of our own upon our word, may judge afterwards of errors in the other; and all may make what comparisons they please between the poetical merits of the two; though in justice to ourselves, we must premise, that we have not labored so much upon the poetical execution as upon the exact, literal, and grammatical fidelity, and have often sacrificed an easily attainable grace in the former to closeness in the latter,—for the sake of making out our main points more clearly, contenting ourselves with showing how much poetry might be united with this exactness.

As our preamble is sufficiently long, we shall begin without farther ceremony, and proceed onwards, with, perhaps, a few occasional stops by the way for particular remarks, or the analysis of any expression that may seem to require it.

“ Quale i fioretti, dal' notturno gelo
Chinati e chiusi, poi ch' il sol gl' imbianca,
Si drizzan tutti aperti in loro stelo
Tal' mi fec' io di mia virtute stanca.” *Dante.*

“ As flowerets, by the frosty air of night,
Bent down and closed, when day has blanched their leaves,
Rise all unfolded on their spiry stems,
So was my fainting vigor new restored.” *Cary.*

Frosty air is a rather wordy expression for cold. “ When day has blanched their leaves,” were *the sun* substituted for *day*, would be a literal rendering of the author, but does not convey his true meaning; vegetables are *blanched* by darkness, not by light, and the term *imbianca*, though literally signifying *whitens*, means so, as we think, in contradistinction from darkness, which *blackens*; that is, as the darkness hides all colors by its obscurity, so the light of the sun reveals them; and *lights* will be the simplest expression for the original term. In the last line the comparison is sadly marred by the substitution of a passive for an active verb.

As flowerets, by the cold of night,
Bent down and closed, when the sun lights them,
Rise all unfolded on their stems,
So did I with my failing courage.

“ Quinci non passa mai anima buona.” *Dante.*

“ Hence ne'er has passed good spirit.” *Cary.*

Good spirit never passes here.

The line here quoted is, if we recollect rightly, the objection made by Charon to the passage of Dante and his guide over the ferry at the entrance of the infernal regions; in this case, *hence* and *hath passed* are manifestly at variance with the meaning of the author, as well as with that of his words.

The following is the inscription represented as placed over the gates of Hell:—

“ Per me si va nella citta dolente,
Per me si va nell' eterno dolore,

Per me si va tra la perduta gente.
 Giustizia mosse 'l mio alto fattore;
 Fecemi la divina potestate,
 La somma sapienza, e 'l primo amore.
 Dinanzi a me non fur cose create,
 Se non eterne, ed io eterno duro.
 Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch' entrate." *Dante.*

"Through me you pass into the city of wo,
 *Through me among the people lost for aye.
 Justice the founder of my fabric moved,
 To rear me was the task of power divine,
 Supreme wisdom, and primeval love.
 Before me things create were none, save things
 Eternal, and eternal I endure.
 All hope abandon, ye who enter here." *Cary.*

The indefinite impersonal *si va* has no exact corresponding expression in English. The nearest to it is the phrase *one passes*, or, more strictly, *one goes*, which is too colloquial for good effect here; and, this aside, the choice seems to be between using a personal verb, as Cary has done, or substituting a noun used indefinitely. The personal verb is liable to the same objection as *one goes*, and we prefer the noun as harmonizing best with the stern enigmatical character of the inscription. Tastes, however, may differ. *City* seems rather too restricted in meaning, though a literal translation of *citta*. Italy, in the time of Dante, was cut up into a parcel of independent, self-styled republics, to each of which some great city gave its name; and as the after description of Hell is rather that of a region, state, or territory, we shall translate it realm; with the more propriety as Hell was not a republic.

Through me the passage to the realm of wo,
 Through me the passage into endless pain,
 Through me the passage among people lost.
 Justice my high founder moved;
 Me created power divine,
 Wisdom supreme, and the first love.
 Before me things created were not
 Except eternal, and I eternal last.
 All hope leave ye who enter.

"Fama di loro il mondo esser non lassa;
 Misericordia e giustizia gli sdegna.
 Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa." *Dante.*

"Fame of them the world hath none,
 Nor suffers; mercy and justice scorn them both.
 Speak not of them, but look and pass them by." *Cary.*

The world permits not fame of them,
 Justice and mercy them disdain.
 Of them let us not speak; look thou and pass.

"Caron demonio con occhi di bragia,
 Loro accennando, tutte le raccoglie;
 Batte col remo qualunque s' adagia." *Dante.*

"Charon, demoniac form,
 With eyes of burning coal, collects them all,
 Beck'ning, and each, that lingers with his oar
 Strikes." *Cary.*

* A line seems to be omitted here, through some oversight.

Charon the fiend, with eyes of burning coal,
Them beckoning, together all collects;
With his oar he strikes whoever loiters.

"Genti v' eran con occhi tardi e gravi,
Di grande autorità ne' lor sembianti:
Parlavan rado con voci soavi." *Dante.*

"There dwelt a race, who slow their eyes around
Majestically moved, and in their port
Bore eminent authority; they seldom spake,
But all their words were tuneful sweet." *Cary.*

Such is the description of those to whom the light of Christianity never dawned, but who otherwise were of worth. They are placed in Hell, but not in torture, in a region of gloom and sadness.

Besides the redundancies of the translation, which, in this instance, are great, we have doubts as to the correctness in meaning with which the last line is rendered. With absolute exactness it reads, "They spake seldom with sweet words;" there is no *but* in the original to give the opposition of the infrequency of their speech and the sweetness of it set forth by Mr. Cary. Without any assistance from the context, the words seem to express the prevailing joylessness of their scanty conversation.

People were there, of slow and solemn eyes,
Of high authority in their appearance;
Seldom they spake with pleasing words.

"Questi, che mai di me non sia diviso." *Dante.*

"He, who ne'er from me shall separate." *Cary.*

He who from me may never be divided.

There is a wide difference between separating from another, and being separated.

"In quella parte del' giovinetto anno,
Che 'l sol i crin sotto l'Aquario temprà,
E già le notti al mezzo di sen vanno;
Quando la brina in su la terra assempra
L' imagine di sua sorella bianca,
Ma poco dura al sua penna temprà;
Lo villanello a cui la roba manca,
Si leva, e guarda, e vede la campagna
Biancheggiar tutta, ond' ei si batta l' anca;
Ritorna a casa, e quà e là si lagna
Come 'l tapin, che non sa che si faccia;
Poi riede, e la speranza ringavagna,
Veggendo 'l mondo aver cangiata faccia
In poco d'ora, e prende suo vincastro,
E fuor le pecorelle a pascere caccia." *Dante.*

"In the year's early nonage, when the sun
Tempers his tresses in Aquarius' urn,
And now towards equal day the nights recede,
When as the rime upon the earth puts on
Her dazzling sister's image, but not long
Her milder sway endures; then riseth up
The village hind, whom fails his wintry store,
And looking out beholds the plain around
All whitened, whence impatiently he smites
His thighs, and to his hut returning in
There paces to and fro, wailing his lot
As a discomfited and helpless man.

Then comes he forth again, and feels new hope
 Spring in his bosom, finding e'en thus soon
 The world hath changed its countenance, grasps his crook
 And forth to pasture drives his little flock." *Cary.*

"The year's early nonage" strikes us as rather a ridiculous expression; when does the year become of age? The "*tresses*" of the sun, seem a thought beyond the mark, for a figurative expression for his beams, which are marvelously unlike tresses; to call them *hair* (*icrin*) is full far enough out of the way, and in order to express the lessened heat of the sun's rays in winter, to speak of his tresses being tempered in *Aquarius's* water-pot, is a climax of metaphor worthy of the euphuistical days of Sir Piercie Shafton. "*Mezzo di sen*" is not very exactly rendered by "equal day" though the sense of the phrase may ultimately amount to the same thing; *to half the vault* (of heaven) is the literal rendering, the meaning of which is most simply expressed by "middle length," since the arc of the earth's surface, or of the seeming vault of the sky, covered by darkness, measures the length of the night, the length of the day completing the circle. The introduction of *as*, in the line "when *as* the rime," is at variance with grammar, and completely mars the sense of the sentence. *As*, so used, supposes either a comparison, or a circumstance of action, and presupposes another action denoted by a verb, responding to the adverb "*when*" neither of which exists in the sentence. "*Al sua penna*" seems to be translated "*milder sway*;" literally it means to her feather, or plume, and we suppose it to be an allusion to the feathery form of the hoar frosts. "*A cui la roba manca*" may be rendered as it is here with the striking out of *wintry*, or as we have given it below. It is one of those indeterminate phrases, the exact translation of which must depend upon the context, or some fancied propriety or adaptation of meaning to the subject.

In what part of the youthful year
 The sun his beams beneath *Aquarius* cools,
 And the nights move towards middle length;
 When the hoar-frost upon the earth puts on
 The image of her sister white,
 Though short duration to her plumes belongs;
 The humble peasant, whose attire is scant,
 Rises and looks, and sees the country round
 All whitened; whence he smites his thigh,
 His house re-enters, and wails here and there,
 Like a lost wretch who knows not what to do;
 Then smiles, while hope springs up again,
 Seeing the world has changed its face
 In a short time, and takes his staff,
 And drives abroad his little flocks to feed.

"Le ruscelletti, chi de verdi colli
 Del Casentin' descendon giuso in Arno
 Facendo i lor canali freddi e molli,
 Sempre me stanno innanzi, e non indarno,
 Che l' immagine lor vià piu m' asciuga,
 Che 'l male ond' io nel volto mi discarno." *Dante.*

"The rills that glitter down the grassy slopes
 Of Casentino, making fresh and soft
 The banks whereby they glide to Arno's stream,
 Always before me stand, and not in vain;
 For more the pictured semblance dries me up,

Much more, than the disease, which makes the flesh
Desert these shriveled cheeks." *Cary.*

The rivulets, that from the verdant hills
Of Casentin' to Arno down descend,
Making their channels soft and cool,
Always before me stand; and not in vain,
For greatly more their image parches me,
Than the disease whence I in looks do pine.

"Ben se' crudel, si tu gia non ti duoli
Pensando cio, ch 'al mio cuor s'annunziava
E se non piangi, di che pianger suoli?" *Dante.*

—"Right cruel art thou, if no pang
Thou feelest at thinking what my heart foretold;
And if not now, why use thy tears to flow?" *Cary.*

Right cruel art thou, if now thou weapest not,
Thinking of what was to my heart announced,
And if thou weapest not, what art thou wont to weep?

"Era già 'l ora che volge 'l desio
A' naviganti e 'ntenerisce 'l cuore
Lo dì ch' han detto a' dolci amici a Dio,
E che lo nuovo peregrin 'd'amore
Punge, se ode squilla di lontano
Che paga 'l giorno pianger che si muore." *Dante.*

"Now was the hour that wakens fond desire
In men at sea, and melts their thoughtful heart,
Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell;
And pilgrim newly on his road with love
Thrills, if he hear the vesper bell from far,
That seems to mourn for the expiring day." *Cary.*

Now was the hour when longing stirs
In seamen, and makes soft the heart,
The day that they have bid sweet friends farewell,
And when the pilgrim inexperienced with love
Thrills, if he hears from far the bell,
That seems to mourn the day which dies.

"Io vidi già nel cominciar del giorno
La parte oriental tutta rosata,
E l' altro ciel di bel sereno adorno,
E la faccia del sol nascere ombrata
Sì, che per temperanza di vapori,
L' occhio lo sostenea lunga fiata,
Così dentro una nuvola di fiori,
Che dalle mani angeliche saliva
E ricadeva giù dentro e di fuori,
Sovra candido vel, cinta d' oliva,
Donna m' apparve, sotto verde manto,
Vestita di color di fiamma viva;
E lo spirito mio, che già cotanto
Tempo era stato con la sua presenza,
Non era di stupor, tremando, affranto,
Senza degli occhi aver più conoscenza,
Per occulta virtù, che da lei mosse,
D'antico amor senti la gran potenza." *Dante.*

"I have beheld ere now, at break of day,
The eastern clime all roseate, and the sky
Opposed, one deep and beautiful serene;
And the sun's face so shaded, and with mists
Attempered at his rising, that the eye
Long while endured the sight; thus in a cloud

Of flowers, that from those hands angelic rose,
 And down, within and outside of the car,
 Fell showering, in a white veil, with olive wreathed,
 A virgin in my sight appeared, beneath
 Green mantle, robed in hue of living flame;
 And o'er my spirit that so long a time
 Had from her presence felt no shuddering dread,
 Albeit mine eye discerned her not, there moved
 A hidden virtue from her, at whose touch
 The power of ancient love was strong within me." *Cary.*

I erst have seen at dawning of the day
 The eastern part all rosy-hued,
 The other sky of fair serene array,
 And the sun's face arising shaded o'er,
 So that, through tempering of the mists,
 The eye endured him a long while.
 E'en thus within a cloud of flowers,
 That from angelic hands arose,
 And down again within and outward fell,
 Beneath a veil of white with olive bound,
 Appeared a female, under mantle green,
 Clad with the color of live flame.
 And my spirit, that now so long
 A time had with her presence been,
 Was not with awe, trembling, o'ercome.
 Before my eyes had recognition ta'en
 Through secret virtue which from her came forth
 Of former love I felt the mighty power.

In the latter part of this passage, Mr. Cary, departing from the original, has confounded the metaphor, by not making the parts of the reality and the simile correspond; and has, moreover, confused the author's meaning, by running two distinct thoughts into one, as will be perceived by a comparison of the two versions, or of his version with the original. On smaller differences we shall not comment, as we have already given our readers enough of minute criticism, for an example of our mode of examination, to enable them to adjust their own powers of vision to the perception of inaccuracies. How our own versions may appear, we cannot undertake to say; the chief merit we claim for them is that of fidelity. In sound, with some few exceptions, they please our own ear, and what man's verses are not musical to himself? We, however, lay them frankly before our readers for what they may be worth, and leave to them to assign the value. S.

SCULPTURE.

THE lovers of the noble art of sculpture, have lately been gratified by a very interesting exhibition at Corinthian Hall. An enterprising merchant of Boston, with more taste, we fear, than regard to his interest, imported a number of copies, in marble, of some of Canova's best works, executed by his pupils. In addition to the statues, several pieces of monumental marble were shown to the public, all chiseled with exquisite skill, and of the most appropriate design. These would have been suitable ornaments to the cemetery at Mount Auburn, which, we hope, is the place of their destination. The exhibition continued

several weeks, and received a reasonable, though rather moderate, share of the public patronage. Compared with similar exhibitions in the great cities of Europe, this display of good taste, by a Boston Merchant is not perhaps entitled to particular notice ; but, compared with everything of the sort, before seen in our goodly city, we hold it to be a subject of no common interest and gratulation.

The art of sculpture is the simplest of all the arts in its materials and means of producing an effect. Painting combines drawing, coloring, light and shade, and many subordinate particulars. It imitates Nature more closely, and conveys to the mind of the observer a greater variety of expression. It has the eloquence of the eye, the mantling blood, the rich and many-colored drapery, at its command. Its hold upon the feelings of the uninstructed is much stronger than that of sculpture. They see in its creations, not the high ideal beauty that dwelt in the mind of the artist, and breathed a life into every stroke of his pencil, but a nearer or more remote likeness to the animated forms around them. Its lofty meaning—its *inspiration*, they no more comprehend, than they comprehend a noble statue, or a glorious epic. But these popular attractions of painting are essentially transient. All our associations with them are tinged with a feeling of their transitoriness. We look to childhood for full, and active, and *blooming* health ; to manhood for muscular strength, but less of the *rose* ; to old age, for the faded color, the sunken cheek, the dimmed eye. Art, though soaring beyond the actual in humanity, is so far bound to it, that it must keep itself within the possible or the probable. Thus, when we gaze upon a beautiful and finished painting, our minds are turned to the contemplation of the conditions under which human life exists. The bloom of youth calls up the thought of manhood and old age. And, in general, we are inclined to moralize on the shifting scenes and the different stages of man's worldly being, by the sight of exquisitely wrought pictures.

But when the mind has become accustomed to the *aesthetic air* of art, the judgement gradually separates the higher from the lower, the principal from the accessory attributes, and reposes on the essential qualities of the works before it. In this stage of the progress of taste, sculpture comes forward, with its simple and austere majesty, to meet the wants of the mind. Its stern and unearthly character, its chaste beauty, are doubtless hardly appreciated at first. The fascinations of color are yet on the mind like a spell. Severe Form, and the simplest expression of character, to be understood, require an abstraction from the senses, that is not easily, nor without repeated efforts, attained. The wish of a learned gentleman to paint the Venus de Medici, and the surprise of the honest old lady, when looking on Chantrey's Washington in the State-House, that "the General was so *pale*," were not at all unnatural. But, in proportion to its simplicity, the art of sculpture has a concentrated power over the imagination and the heart, when the mind has become somewhat accustomed to its laws. If color is associated with the idea of transitoriness, *Form* is essentially immortal. It was a dogma of an ancient system of Philosophy, that *Forms* existed, as antetypes of all things, from eternity. This may seem a little mystical, but it is the expression of a truth, which has an important bearing on art. Form is eternal. It exists in the mind,

and partakes of the mind's deathless nature. It is absolutely necessary to the conception of an idea of any object whatever; and the true meaning even of the word *idea* is *form*. We think of God, as having a Form, and we are told that God created man in his own likeness.

Sculpture is therefore better suited in its essential nature to convey the idea of unending duration. The material in which it works is admirably adapted to produce this effect. A beautiful or sublime conception of an artist, when once wrought up in the marble, stands there forever. Time has scarcely any power over it. The Apollo has remained, the grandest triumph of art, a god embodied in the breathing and moving marble, undimmed and undecaying, for sixteen or eighteen centuries; and the figures that adorned the Parthenon, excite as strong an admiration in the British spectator, while he gazes upon them, in the British Museum, as they did in the cultivated Athenian, four hundred years before the birth of Christ.

But we are wandering from Canova. Sculpture had fallen low before the time of this great man. He was the first among the moderns to call up from past and distant ages the true idea and the correct principles of his art. He banished from sculpture the grotesque barbarisms, which had usurped the place of antique grace, simplicity, and majesty. He may, in truth, be considered the founder of a new school, whose practice is guided by the broad principles of the ancients,—the principles of beauty derived from the ideal, and founded on nature. The statues exhibited at the Corinthian Hall are copies of some of his most interesting works. From these may be selected the group of the Graces, and the Hebe, in small, as probably the most attractive. The Dancing Girl, though a beautiful figure, is not altogether to our taste. There seems to be a little affectation in the attitude, and a simpering sentimentality in the position of the head and expression of the face, which, to say the least, are inconsistent with the higher beauties of the art. But the Graces are a most exquisite group. It is impossible to look on them, and not be filled with a sense of their surpassing loveliness. Their forms are developed with a perfect mastery over the technical learning of the art, and a most finished conception of beauty. Taken singly, they are perfect; taken together, they are a combination of perfections. Their attitudes are most excellent to show the graceful outline, and the swelling fullness, which charm the eye, and captivate the imagination. An ancient epigrammatist said, "The Graces seeking to find a temple, which shall never fall, took possession of the soul of Aristophanes." They have surely thought better of their first choice, and, in modern times, set up their worship in the soul of Canova. The figure of Hebe is among the most celebrated of Canova's works. The small copy exhibited in Corinthian Hall is a most beautiful piece of art. The marble, as if conscious of the perfect innocence of the being it represents, shows no defect, not a single colored vein to mar the delicate beauty of the Goddess of Youth. In this work, Canova exhibits his fine perception of simple and antique grace. All buoyant with immortal life, the Divinity appears in a form just bursting into the perfection of womanhood. Her attitude, her drapery, her contour, all at once inform the eye, of Youth, and Health, and Joy, ministering at the Festival of the Immortals.

Just as we had finished these few remarks, we heard with satisfaction that a new work of our countryman, Greenough, had just arrived in Boston. We have always looked forward with peculiar interest to the course of this most promising artist. We well remember his commanding figure and intellectual countenance while at college. His taste for art was strong; the inspiration was upon him; and when he left the walks of academic life, it was to study, and imitate, and rival the great works in the classic land of Italy. His whole life has thus far been most truly the life of an artist. With a mind richly cultivated by the treasured beauties of ancient and modern poetry, with a love of sculpture, as intense and self-forgetting as ever animated a human breast, with a generous ambition to acquire a name that shall do honor to his native land, and with a genius and industry to which nothing is denied, our young countryman bids fair to place himself in the same rank with Phidias and Praxiteles of the past, and with Canova, Thorwaldson, and Chantry of the present. God speed him.

The statue of Medora is modeled from Byron's description in the *Corsair*.

In life itself she was so still and fair,
That death with gentler aspect withered there;
And the cold flowers her colder hand contained,
In that last grasp as tenderly were strained
As if she scarcely felt, but feigned a sleep,
And made it almost mockery yet to weep;
The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow,
And veiled—thought shrinks from all that lurked below—
Oh! o'er the eye death most exerts his might,
And hurls the spirit from her throne of light!
Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse,
But spares as yet the charm around her lips—
Yet, yet they seem as they forbore to smile,
And wished repose—but only for a while;
But the white shroud, and each extended tress,
Long—fair—but spread in utter lifelessness,
Which late the sport of every summer wind,
Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind;
These—and the pale pure cheek became the bier—
But she is nothing—wherefore is he here?

Beautiful poetry this! But go, reader, and gaze on the sculptured marble. The artist has surpassed the poet. Taking his general idea from Byron, Greenough has wrought it into a form of loveliness, and given it a tenderness, a pathos, a deep and solemn beauty, before which the gayest talker and the most frivolous laughter are silenced in a moment. No loud tones have been heard in that sad presence. It is the abode of death, but death in the perfection of melancholy beauty. Criticism is hardly possible. The deepest emotions of the heart are moved, and we come away with a sober and chastened feeling, and with an image of soft and gentle loveliness impressed upon the soul, which will abide there forever.

The chiseling of this beautiful piece is beyond praise. In the most subordinate particulars, it is finished with exquisite delicacy. The soul of the artist was in the work, and animated every part of it. The repose of the attitude, the sweetness of the expression, the flow and transparency of the drapery, are as near perfection as they can be. The wavy hair floats over the pillow in gentle undulations, wrought

with the finest delicacy of handling. Every part of the form, the lines of the mouth, position of the head, the contour of the neck, the bust, the arms, the hand holding the flowers, and the draped limbs, are rendered with the utmost skill, harmony, chasteness and proportion. Before the beauties of this achievement of cultivated genius, description falters. We borrow a few lines from Lord Byron, which, by a slight change of application, more closely illustrate this piece than the passage from which it was professedly taken.

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,
 Ere the first day of death is fled ;
 The first dark day of nothingness
 The last of danger and distress ;
*(Before Decay's effacing fingers
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers)*
 And marked the mild angelic air—
 The rapture of repose that 's there—
 The fixed yet tender traits that streak
 The languor of that placid cheek,
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,
 That fires not—wins not—weeps not now—
 And but for that chill changeless brow
 Where cold obstruction's apathy
 Appals the gazing mourner's heart
 As if to him it could impart
 The doom he dreads yet dwells upon—
 Yes—but for these and these alone
 Some moments—ay—one treacherous hour
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power,
*So fair, so calm, so softly sealed
 The first, last look, by death revealed.*

We have been told by gentlemen, who have visited Mr. Greenough's studio, in Florence, that Homer is his constant companion. The beautiful simplicity, and the vivid, *animating* genius of this poet, in whose verse the personages of the scene stand distinctly before the reader's eye, with the perfect outline and fully-developed form of statues, is a singularly appropriate teacher for the sculptor. In his poetry, there is nothing grotesque, exaggerated, or unnatural; but there is much that is supernatural or ideal. In this, Homer differs much from other early poets;—Dante, for example, whose immortal work is full of the most strange conceptions;—and in this respect, too, Homer, rather than any other poet, should be in the hands of the sculptor. Homer was the copious fountain from which the ancient artists drew their conceptions of simplicity and beauty. When Phidias was asked whence he derived the idea of the Olympian Jupiter, he replied by quoting the famous lines in the Iliad, which describe the Father of Gods and Men as shaking Olympus by his nod; and an ancient critic remarked, that this statue was so wonderful and sublime, that Jupiter himself must have revealed his form to the vision of the artist.

It is a pleasant thing to contemplate a young American following the same career with the great men of antiquity. The bard of Chios teaching a native of the western world the same lesson of truth, and beauty, and grandeur, that he taught of old in the schools of Athens, must excite the dullest mind to a train of agreeable reflections.

Mr. Greenough has evidently benefited very much by his classical taste in literature. He is perfectly free from fantastic ornaments, and

tasteless trickery; he shows a preference of the pure and the simple over the gaudy and ornate; he confines himself strictly to the legitimate objects of his art, and now bids fair to rival the first masters in tenderness and grace, in propriety and dignity, in chasteness of design, and perfectness of execution. How far he will succeed in works of a more stern and sublime character, his countrymen have as yet had no opportunity of judging. In a few years we shall all have the privilege of seeing with our own eyes. To embody in enduring marble the imposing form of the **FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY** is a work, which the proudest genius should deem itself happy in accomplishing.

SCENES ABROAD.

This wide and universal theatre,
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play. **SHAKESPEARE.**

A bad world I say! I would I were a weaver,—I could sing all manner of songs. **IBID.**

It was on as cold a night as the good burghers of Gotham remember to have heard of since the days of Peter Stuyvesant, that Percival Russel, muffled up in the ample folds of a "whole circle" cloak, and bountifully bandaged about the ears with a red silk handkerchief, stepped into his carriage, which had been awaiting his pleasure for the last hour. "Francis!" quoth he to the shivering coachman, "drive to Mrs. Clinker's, in Bond-street." "Yes, sir," replied Francis, ceasing to beat time with his feet on the pavement,—and off whirled the gay Percival Russel to Mrs. Clinker's grand ball.

Percival Russel was a wealthy orphan, fresh from his travels. From early youth his inclinations had been entirely unrestrained by the tender solicitude of any relation or friend,—but he grew to man's estate under the auspices of a guardian, who was too much absorbed in the percentage, which would accrue to him from his ward's estate, to take into consideration the cultivation of the young man's mind and morals. It is not, therefore, to be wondered at, if our hero, exposed as he was to the thousand temptations of a great city, became wild and wayward in his habits, and drained the cup of pleasure to the dregs. He went through with the ceremony of a college course, and took the accustomed farcical degree at the end of it. Then he bethought him of happier climes—of those blissful abodes where the key of mammon unlocks the delights of life in rich profusion. "France is a delicious spot," thought he—and in a week he was on the way to Havre.

Three years elapsed, and our hero returned, a whiskered exquisite;—but he had not crossed the great deep in vain—he had read the universal book of man, and had profited by it;—natural good sense supplied, in a measure, the defects of education, and, becoming a man of the world, he learned to despise the pleasures for which he had so eagerly panted.

What befell our hero, will always befall young men of good common sense, who are unrestrained in their pursuit after pleasure. Oppose the wishes of such a person, and he will set you at defiance, and, on

the first opportunity, plunge into the lowest hell of dissipation and debauchery. But allow him to give loose to his *penchant* for a little time, and he will weep over his folly, and return in sackcloth to the path of rectitude. It is always well to instill into the mind of youth the wholesome lessons of morality; nay, it is almost indispensable for his general welfare. Early counsels are ever the compass which guides us in the great cardinal points of life; but our own experience is the chart, which must save us from its rocks and quicksands. But we will not prolong a theme, which admits of so much speculation.

Our hero's wealth was not his sole attraction,—he was handsome and agreeable, and his hand and heart were yet in the market. It may be supposed that a person, possessing so many rare attractions, had no reason to complain of neglect from the world, especially from that portion thereof, which naturalists have styled the fair sex. Many a young heart beat high, when the arrival of Mr. Percival Russel and two servants, without wife or children, was proclaimed in the Gazette. That disinterested tenderness so peculiar to the female heart seemed to have acquired new force, and dreams of conjugal felicity flitted before the fancy of many a modest demoiselle.

The clock had just struck eleven, when our hero entered the spacious ball-room of Mrs. Clinker, which shone with beauty, fashion, and wax candles. He leveled his glass at a gay group of young belles, busily engaged in chatting with half a score of Pearl-street foplings. Our hero mused a moment. "It is only for me to speak," thought he, "and the most beautiful among them is mine forever,—but woman delighteth not me." All eyes were soon directed towards our hero, and a hum of voices succeeded. "Young Russel, just from Europe," whispered Mrs. Pettibone to Mrs. Knowal. "Wonder who can introduce me?" replied Mrs. Knowal—a lady noted all over town for her *pushing* propensities. "Mr. Smith!" eagerly exclaimed a small shrill voice, breathed from the maternal lungs of a human body, flounced and fringed to the eyes, "my dear Mr. Smith, where is our Charlotte?" "Sophy, my love," said a turbaned burlesque of humanity, "hold up your head, child, and never blush, my dear, because a stranger looks at you." Sophy was a sweet, affected little beauty, in her eighteenth year, and had been petted to a fault by her doating mamma. Sophy did *not* blush, and her mother knew it; but her head drooped after the latest fashion, as she met the courted glance of Russel,—and the brilliant hue, which the excitement of the scene had imparted to her pretty cheeks, might well be mistaken for the blush of bashful simplicity. As she had foreseen, our hero singled her from the crowd, and instantly advanced towards her, "the theme of tongues and cynosure of eyes." "Miss Sophy Nickens, if my eyes do not deceive me," said he, bending gracefully as he spoke.

Miss Nickens seemed agitated, stared our hero witchingly in the face, and extended a sweet little hand, white as the snow of Caucasus, and of that peculiar *tournure*, which the barbarity of our Saxon sires has compelled connoisseurs to distinguish by the inelegant though expressive adjective *plump*.

"Can it be possible!" she exclaimed, wondrously surprised; "my old friend, Mr. Percival Russel! Ah! the happy days of childhood which we passed together!—but I suppose you have forgotten those

days, Mr. Russel. Some ancient historian, I think it is Cicero or Homer, remarks, that they who cross the sea, change not only their native sky, but their minds also,—a sweet idea, is it not?"

"What! my dear Miss Nickens,—do you think it possible for one, whose heart beats warm with life, to forget scenes in which *you* are associated?"

"Fie! Mr. Russel," interrupted a tall young female, who, happening to possess the malignancy of a traveling English-woman, passed for a wit, "are you not ashamed of turning the heads of those to whom nature has allowed but a scanty pittance of brains?"

"You mistake me, Miss Cuttem,—it is precisely the class you mention that I forbear to flatter."

"Your deeds certainly verify your declarations," retorted the lady, glancing bitterly at poor Sophy, who looked timidly into our hero's face for protection.

Russel was vexed. "Madam," said he, with all the civility and solemnity he could assume, "I am not conscious of having flattered *you* this evening."

The abashed satirist looked unutterable things, and flung off in a pet to another part of the room, where *wit* was less understood.

Our hero had just resumed the broken thread of conversation with Sophy, when a tall youth, whose invisible-green coat and fancy colored mustaches, put in no common claim to notice, saluted him with—"My dear fellow, how d' ye do,—we met last in Italy, methinks; ay, it was in imperial Rome herself."

"Very glad to see you, Nipperkin; allow me to present you to one of my oldest and most valued friends."

"A deadly bore this Nipperkin," thought Russel, as he stepped towards Miss Squills, the only daughter of an eminent druggist. Miss Lydia Squills was in the prime of life, and rested her claims to favor on a fine set of teeth, a perennial smile, and the reputation of belonging to the redoubted body of *bas bleus*. She also had been among the early friends of our hero, and, sooth to say, he was no stranger to the lips of Liddy Squills, as he was wont to call her. The usual salutations passed.

The fair Lydia smiled languidly on our hero. "I *do* hope, Mr. Russel, you will not leave us again—at least not until you have provided yourself with a *compagnon de voyage*."

"Do you really wish so, my dear Miss Squills? It is indeed very kind of you to take an interest in the lot of one so insignificant; but beauty is ever the temple of benevolence,"—and Russel sighed as if his heart would break. "Let us change the subject," he continued, observing a sentimental reply frowning on the fair one's lip,—"*it is too triste* for so gay a presence. I think you made a remark about Italy."

"Exquisite Italy!" exclaimed Miss Squills, rolling her eye-balls "in a fine frenzy," towards the chandelier—"you are indeed *too* happy, Mr. Russel, in having visited that heavenly region: of course you went to Rome—saw the Coliseum, the Vatican, the Capitol, and St. Peters—you must be quite a connoisseur in painting and sculpture—no doubt you were initiated into the secrets of the Carbonari, and enjoyed the rare honor of kissing the Pope's toe—am I not right, Mr. Russel?"

A common hero would have been somewhat confounded by this voluble discourse. But Russel knew woman too well to feel at all surprised. He knew that there existed a certain class, to whom information was never the object in view, but merely the pleasure of hearing themselves talk, and of exhibiting the "depths profound" of their sagacity, and the variety of their acquirements. He accordingly answered all the interrogatories of the lady in the affirmative.

Italy was soon exhausted—then followed Germany with its scholars and poets; Switzerland with its romantic scenes and mechanic ingenuity; France with its refinements, pleasures, and splendid literature; old Spain, "renowned, romantic land," with its former grandeur and melancholy decay, and finally the over-governed regions of John Bull, with its everlasting grumblers, corrupt aristocracy, and its myriads of mighty names.

"Of course," said Miss Squills, "of course, Mr. Russel, you visited all the sights worth seeing in London—the Abbey, the Tower, the Museum, St. Paul's, Drury Lane, and a hundred other curious places—oh! what delightful associations these things must have called up, to feel that you stood in the same spot where the wits of Elizabeth, Charles the Second, Anne, and the Georges had stood before—ah! Mr. Russel, you were indeed *too* happy." "So!"—thought our hero—"it is through at last. Yes, my dear Miss Squills, I have indeed been fortunate—apropos—what has become of our friend, Miss Nokes?"

"There she is," said Miss Squills—and she advanced towards a good-natured looking damsel, and led her towards our hero. "My dear, don't you remember Mr. Percival Russel? Mr. Russel, allow me to introduce you to Miss Nokes." "Ter Teufel," muttered Russel, "worse and worse—Miss Nokes," and he assumed his sweetest smile, "Miss Nokes, allow me the honor of dancing the next cotillon with you." The party addressed replied by an inclination of the head and a low unmeaning giggle. He led her to the head of the room. "Mr. Russel," said she, "I had quite a dispute with Juliana Jenks to night, the provoking thing! and I think I had the right of it. I asked her why a feather fell as soon as a guinea in an exhausted receiver—she attributed it to the centripetal force of natural phenomena—but I said it was owing to the non-resistance of atmospheric influences—which do you think was in the right?" Russel was ready to faint. "Oh! I am quite of your opinion," said he—and he prayed inwardly that the dance might cease. It did cease after the usual quantity of novel figures had been perpetrated, and Miss Nokes was led into retirement with feelings of no common satisfaction.

During the service of that redeeming virtue of all dull evenings, supper, our hero attached himself to a full-fledged witling, who was ever straining her imagination for a bright idea,

Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.

"Permit me to help you to a glass of Champagne, Miss Squib," said Russel. "Nay, Sir, you have taken these *pains* in vain—there is no *real pleasure* in drinking *sham pain*." Our hero stared the speaker in the face, doubting whether he should laugh or weep at such pawnbroker's wit: he balanced a moment between a smile and a tear,

MATTHEW CAREY.

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AN AUTHOR OF THE BRANCH VOLUME OF THE BRITISH ESSAY IN BANKING
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Declaration of the RICHARDSON, & Co. 1793

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Certification of the R^d Rev^d Dr. Lecky to a Rev. Bro. Dublin

and then burst into laughter. "See if Mr. Russel's carriage is at the door," said he to the servant, and he hastened to put on his cloak.

"Francis!" cried he as he entered the coach. "Yes, Sir," quoth Francis. "Drive like the devil, Francis."

"And such is the world," thought Russel when the door was closed; "all seems fair and true until the bitter fruit of knowledge undeceives us—and then we find, alas! that our eyes have been dazzled by a 'whited sepulchre.' "

B.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MATHEW CAREY.

LETTER II.

WHEN I determined on emigration, I hesitated between New-York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, and was finally led to prefer Philadelphia, because I had lately received a parcel of papers from this city; among others the Pennsylvanian Packet of June 10, 1784, and Bradford's Weekly Advertiser, of about the same date, which contained an account of the proceedings of the House of Commons against me. In Philadelphia, therefore, my case was known; and of course the oppression I had undergone, I was led to conclude, would probably make me friends there.

In sailing up the river Delaware, the America, which was under the care of a drunken pilot, ran aground on the Brandywine shoals, and was in imminent danger—but, after a long struggle, was finally got off, by the aid of a number of hardy passengers, and half a dozen sailors belonging to a vessel bound for Jamaica, which had been wrecked at sea. They were taken off the wreck by a Philadelphia vessel, bound for London, which we met, and which removed them to the America.

As this vessel was a clipper, very sharp built, and aground at high water, there was a great alarm among the passengers, who were bewailing their hard fate, to be in such imminent danger, after a safe passage of three thousand miles. Men six feet high displayed the utmost consternation, and actually shed tears. Trunks and boxes were opened to secure money, and trinkets, and other valuable articles which were in a small compass, and could be carried about the person. The alarm was greatly increased by the frantic conduct of the pilot, who lost his self-possession, and ran about distracted.

Behold me now landed in Philadelphia, with about a dozen guineas in my pocket, without relation, or friend, and even without an acquaintance, except my *compagnons de voyage*, of whom very few were eligible associates.

While I was contemplating a removal into the country, where I could have boarded at about a dollar, or a dollar and a quarter a week, intending to wait the arrival of my funds, a most extraordinary and unlooked-for circumstance occurred, which changed my purpose, gave a new direction to my views, and, in some degree, colored the course of my future life. It reflects great credit on the Marquess de La Fayette, who was then at Mount Vernon, to take leave of General Washington. A young gentleman of the name of Wallace, a fellow-passen-

ger of mine, had brought letters of recommendation to the General; and having gone to his seat to deliver them, fell into the Marquess's company, and in the course of conversation, the affairs of Ireland came on the tapis. The Marquess, who had, in the Philadelphia papers, seen an account of my adventures with the Parliament, and the persecution I had undergone, inquired of Wallace, what had become of the poor persecuted Dublin printer? He replied, "He came passenger with me, and is now in Philadelphia," stating the boarding-house where I had pitched my tent. On the arrival of the Marquess in this city, he sent me a billet, requesting to see me at his lodgings, whither I went. He received me with great kindness; condoled with me on the persecution I had undergone; inquired into my prospects;—and having told him that I proposed, on the receipt of my funds, to set up a newspaper, he approved the idea, and promised to recommend me to his friends, Robert Morris, Thomas Fitzsimons, &c. &c. After half an hour's conversation, we parted. Next morning, while I was at breakfast, a letter from him was handed me, which, to my very great surprise, contained four one hundred dollar notes of the Bank of North-America. This was the more extraordinary and liberal, as not a word had passed between us on the subject of giving or receiving, borrowing or lending money; and a remarkable feature in the affair was, that the letter did not contain a word of reference to the enclosure.

In the course of the day I went to his lodgings, and found that he had, an hour or two previously, departed for Princeton, where Congress then sat, having been in some measure driven from Philadelphia, by a mutiny among the soldiers, who were clamorous for their pay, and had kept them in a state of siege for three hours in the State-House. I wrote to him to New-York, whither, I understood, he had gone from Princeton, expressive of my gratitude in the strongest terms, and received a very kind and friendly answer.

I cannot pass over this noble trait in the character of the illustrious Marquess without urging it strongly on the overgrown wealthy of our country, as an example worthy of imitation. Here was a foreign nobleman, who had devoted years of the prime of his life, and greatly impaired his fortune, in the service of a country, separated by thousands of miles distance from his native land. After these mighty sacrifices, he meets, by an extraordinary accident, with a poor persecuted young man, destitute of friends and protectors—his heart expands towards him—he freely gives him means of making a living without the most remote expectation of return, or of ever again seeing the object of his bounty. He withdraws from the city to avoid the expression of the gratitude of the beneficiary. I have more than once assumed, and I now repeat, that I doubt whether in the whole life of this (I had almost said) unparalleled man, there is to be found anything, which, all the circumstances of the case considered, more highly elevates his character.*

* It is due to myself to state, that though this was in every sense of the word a gift, I regarded it as a loan, payable to the Marquess's countrymen, according to the exalted sentiment of Dr. Franklin, who, when he presented a bill for ten pounds to the Rev. Mr. Nixon, an Irish Clergyman, (who was in distress in Paris, and wanted to migrate to America,) told him to pay the sum to any Americans whom he might find in distress, and thus "*let good offices go round.*" I fully paid the debt to Frenchmen in distress—consigned one or two hogheads of tobacco to the Mar-

I immediately issued proposals for printing the *Pennsylvania Herald*, which was extremely imprudent, as I was so utterly unacquainted with the temper and manners of the people. In a word, I was as destitute of some of the most important qualifications requisite to carry on a paper in Philadelphia, as I had been in Dublin, when I there commenced the *Volunteer's Journal*. I ought at once to have gone to work as a journeyman printer, and deferred entering into business on my own account for a year or two, until I had become acquainted with the country and those among whom my lot was cast. But foolish pride prevented me from taking this rational course, which I have often since had occasion to regret.

I soon supplied myself with types, but had no press. A Scotch bookseller and printer, of the name of Bell, had recently died in Philadelphia, and his stock, in which there was a press, was to be sold at auction about this time. As the press was very old, and very much impaired in usefulness, I expected to have it a bargain. But Colonel Oswald, who printed the *Independent Gazetteer*, and who viewed my operations with a jealous eye, commenced that hostility, which, ultimately, as will appear in the sequel, nearly cost me my life. He bid against me; and as I had absurdly fixed on a day for publication which was so near that I had not time to procure a new press, he continued bidding till he raised the price to about fifty pounds currency, or, one hundred and thirty-three dollars, being one third of my whole fortune, and about the price of a new press.

My expectations of a remittance of the sum due me by my brother, were almost entirely disappointed. Of the amount I received but fifty pounds. The *Volunteer's Journal* finally perished, partly by the persecution of my brother, but chiefly by means of a paper set up under the auspices of government, with a similar title, which drew off a portion of the sale of the original paper, and most of the advertising custom.

At length I issued the first number of the *Pennsylvania Herald* on the 25th of January, 1785, which "dragged its slow length along" with slender hopes of success. On the 25th of March, same year, I took Mr. William Spotswood and C. Talbot into partnership, when the paper was enlarged; but still it did not make much progress, until I commenced the publication of a regular series of the debates of the House of Assembly, which was here quite a novelty. To this undertaking I was led by the following circumstance. A town-meeting had been called at the State-House, to take into consideration the calamitous state of the trade of the country, at which I attended, in the midst of a large concourse of citizens, in order to give the public a statement of the proceedings. Jared Ingersoll, Esq. addressed the meeting with great effect. I sat down on my return home to write merely the heads of his speech—but found it run so smoothly, that I gave it in a regular series in the third person. When I handed it to Mr. Ingersoll for the purpose of examination and correction, he made only a few slight verbal alterations, and declared that he could scarcely have done it so well himself, as he had spoken without notes.

guess, (I believe it was two, but am uncertain,) and, moreover, when, in 1824, he reached this country, with shattered fortunes, sent him to New-York, a check for the full sum of four hundred dollars, which he retained till he reached Philadelphia, and was very reluctant to use, and finally consented, only at my earnest instance.

I naturally concluded that if I could publish a speech from memory, without having taken a single note, I should certainly be able to take down debates, with the advantage of a seat, a table, and pens, ink and paper. Accordingly, on the 27th of August, 1785, I commenced the publication of the debates of the House of Assembly, without the least knowledge of stenography. I abridged and took down the leading words, and was enabled to fill up the chasms by memory and the context; and as the printers had then more scruples about pirating on each other, than some of them have at present, none of them republished the debates, of which the Pennsylvania Herald had, for that session, the exclusive advantage. John Dunlap, a respectable revolutionary character, who printed the Pennsylvania Packet, offered me a liberal compensation for the privilege of republication—but I declined, knowing that it would deprive the Herald of the very great superiority it possessed.

In the following session, Mr. Dunlap hired a stenographer, the well-known Thomas Lloyd, who, though an excellent stenographer, so far as taking down notes, was a miserable hand at putting them in an English dress. I learned his system, which was one invented by the Jesuits at St. Omer's, but did not succeed better with it, than I had done before.

At this period, parties ran as high in Pennsylvania as they have done at any time since. The denominations were Constitutionalists and Republicans. The former were supporters of the constitution then existing, which conferred the legislative powers on a single body, styled the House of Assembly, and the executive department on a President and executive Council. The Republicans were zealous for a change in the legislature, so as to have two branches,—a Senate, and House of Representatives. There were various minor points of difference unnecessary to be particularized.

There was at that time a society of foreigners established in Philadelphia, from various nations, English, Irish, Scotch, French, and West-Indians, who styled themselves the newly adopted sons of the United States. Among the leaders were A. J. Dallas, the unfortunate Gerald, who, I believe, died in Botany Bay, Counsellor Heatly, — Coulthurst, &c. &c. I was a member. The society was in perfect accordance in political opinions with the constitutional party, to which it became an auxiliary. As there were in it a number of zealous powerful writers, they greatly annoyed the Republican party.

Colonel Oswald, who was the mouth-piece of the latter party, assailed their opponents with great virulence, and particularly their new auxiliaries, whom he grossly abused as foreign renegadoes. I wrote a reply to one of his attacks, in which were the following remarks which did not warrant the very acrimonious, and personal attack which followed, on the part of the Colonel.

“National reflections are in every case as *illiberal* as they are *unjust*,—but from Americans, they are something worse. Yes, sir, I say they are something worse. It is a bold saying, and may prove disagreeable to nice ears—but it is not the less true. They are, sir, *ungrateful* to the highest degree. It is a fact, too recent and too notorious to admit a doubt, that a great part of those armies, that nobly gained America her independence, were ‘*aliens*,’ or ‘*foreigners*,’ many of whose countrymen are now subjects of obloquy and reproach. I mean, French, Germans, Irish, &c.

"I shall conclude with one remark, that it gives me pain to see the conductor of a free press, so capable, from the energy of his writings and his intrepid spirit, to defend the cause of liberty, debase his paper by such illiberality."
Philadelphia, Nov. 7, 1785.

A long and most violent controversy took place, which continued for some weeks, and was terminated as follows:

Colonel Oswald having commented on some of my paragraphs, which expressed *doubts* of sundry current rumors of the day, I replied as follows, with great severity, irritated by the infuriated style of his attacks—which were not confined to politics, but clearly manifested a desire to destroy me in the public estimation, and to prevent any chance of my success in life.

"I am, sir, as you say, in doubt about several things. But there is one thing of which I never entertained any doubt, which is, that the *literary assassin*, who basely attempts to blast a character, IS A VILLAIN—whether he struts in glare of day, a *ferocious Colonel Oswald*, with a *drawcansir countenance*, or skulks, a Junius, concealed for a quarter of a century. M. CAREY."

To this Colonel Oswald replied.

"Your being a cripple is your main protection against personal insults, which your *oblique insinuations* would otherwise challenge.

ELEAZER OSWALD."

My rejoinder was as follows:

"On this I alludes to, is a mind the read he paid his ad there afterwar time, being m replied, that th down stairs: a mark further period, that th an equality wi

frequently holds out threats of *coming to the point*."

"It is possible some of them, when discovered, *might come to the point*." Gazetteer, No. 215.

"But if fighting delights them, then *come to the point*." No. 220.

aph, which the Colonel of. It cannot fail to re: father of a girl to whom n, but who having gone down stairs. In some ove affair succeeded—he her father had *kicked him* ent there since. One re, is not to be told at this e in which I would be on a man whose newspaper

This correspondence I republished in "The Plagi Scurriliad, a Hudibrastic Poem, addressed to Col. Oswald." As soon as he received a copy, he sent it to me, by a Capt. Rice, who, pointing to the above passage, said, "Col. Oswald considers this as a challenge." I coolly replied, "It was so intended, sir." He was proceeding to talk about time and place and other preliminaries, when I cut him short, and told him, I had nothing to do with those arrangements, and referred him to a French gentleman, a Mr. Marmie, of the house of Turnbull, Marmie & Co. to whom, presuming the affair would end in a duel, I had applied to act as my second. This interview was on Monday morning, the 16th of January, 1786. The seconds fixed on Saturday, the 21st for the meeting. In an hour or two after the first visit, Capt. Rice called on me a second time, and told me that the affair had made great noise—that there was danger of our being arrested, and bound over,—and that therefore it was necessary to anticipate the time. Although there was great impropriety in his calling on me, instead of Mr. Marmie, I assented to Thursday. In another hour or two, he

assure the reader that the leading sentiment of my mind, and which gave me considerable uneasiness, was, the utter inequality in which we stood in regard to connexions. My antagonist had a wife and five or six children depending on him; whereas there was not a person in America who had a drop of blood, kindred to me, in his or her veins. This reflection exacted a pang.

We stood at the distance of ten paces. As soon as we had taken our stations, Captain Rice, Colonel Oswald's second, cried out in a voice of thunder—"Gentlemen, if either of you steps beyond the line, by —— I will blow his brains out." I was horror-struck at the idea this speech conveyed, as if we were murderers—and the impulse of the moment was, to throw my pistol at his head.

We fired at the word of command. My pistol, as might have been expected, was harmless. Colonel Oswald shot me through the thigh, a little above the knee. It was reported and currently believed, that he said he fired low, as he did not wish to kill, but merely "*to wing*" me. His long experience with fire-arms, renders this idea probable. Had his ball been half an inch or an inch lower down, it would have struck the joint, and rendered amputation necessary. It went through the thigh-bone.

I did not feel the stroke. The first knowledge I had of being wounded, was when I found myself on the ground, and the blood spouting out of the wound, as water spouts from a *jet d' eau*. Some of the spectators informed me afterwards, that when I was struck, I sprung from the ground half a foot or a foot into the air.

The wound was bandaged on the field, as well as it could be done in such circumstances. I was brought home and ordered to be kept quiet, and no visitors to be admitted. And here I performed a gratuitous act of justice, which was probably one of the best acts of my life, but which did me considerable injury.

During the course of the controversy, some of the correspondents of the Pennsylvania Herald, had thrown out strong insinuations against the courage of Colonel Oswald, which I had published. After the duel, in which his conduct disproved the allegation, while smarting under a wound that endangered my life—a wound, the result of a wanton attack on my private character, I deemed it right to retract the accusation, which I did in the following words, in the Pennsylvania Packet:

"Having on Wednesday last had a *rencontre* with Colonel Oswald, which to my great satisfaction has not terminated to his injury, and he having behaved himself as a gentleman and man of honor, I with pleasure embrace this opportunity of retracting what I have asserted, derogatory to his character.

Philadelphia, Jan. 20, 1786.

M. CAREY."

This gave high offence to the Irish, who had taken great interest in the affair on my side, many of whom never forgave me for what they called a degradation. My second, Mr. Marnie, a man of a nice sense of honor, was unappeasably offended. He forsook me; and when I sent for him, and complained of his absence, he said, with the most perfect *sang froid*, that as I had taken the affair into my own hands, he would have no more concern in it. I never saw him afterwards.

By neglect and mismanagement, the cure of the wound was not completed till fifteen or sixteen months had elapsed, during a part of

which time, I had to be lifted up and down stairs, and during the remainder, had to use crutches.

Here let me state a most curious fact.

During the controversy, I had advanced charges of plagiarism against Colonel Oswald, which I had substantiated by quotations from Junius and the North Briton, which were taken in some instances verbatim, and in others with slight variation, by the Colonel; and many of which, however applicable they were to the Duke of Bedford and the Duke of Grafton, had no application whatever to me. I concluded the essay with the words: "*I have now done with Colonel Oswald.*" A friend to whom I showed the essay, advised me not to retain that idea as circumstances might arise that would render it necessary for me to resume the controversy. Accordingly, I took the paper, and altered the conclusion to read thus: "I would now hope I have done with Colonel Oswald; but if I am rightly informed, there is in his composition, too much of that quality which, in good men and applied to good purposes, is termed *perseverance*, and in bad men and applied to bad purposes, is termed *obstinacy*, to allow me to be very sanguine on the subject." After the duel, as soon as I was allowed to read, the first book I took up, was Tristram Shandy—and I at once opened on the very same words applied to Uncle Toby. It is easy to conceive my fright. The book dropped from my hands, and I was seized with a cold sweat, as I thought with what apparent justice the charge might be retorted on me. But I had not read Tristram Shandy for probably ten years. This extraordinary fact fully proves the truth of the maxim, that "*Le vrai n'est pas toujours vraisemblable.*"

M. CAREY.

Philadelphia, Nov. 12, 1833.

THE PROSPECTS OF POETRY AND SCIENCE.

WE are glad to see the Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge turning their attention to subjects connected with the imagination and the taste. One of the greatest evils of the Lyceum System has been, that science, subjects involving facts, experiments, and demonstrations, have been attended to almost exclusively, from the very nature of the case. But the nature of the case need not always remain, as it was at first; nor has it so remained. The public may have become tired of one class of subjects, and the lapse of time may have fitted them to receive another and higher class. The opposite character and subjects of the two courses of Lectures that will occupy the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge for the present season—we mean those of Professor Ticknor and Professor Farrar,—without suggesting any comparison, may furnish the hint to a discussion of the intellectual tendencies of modern society. The intellectual signs of the times are not better illustrated than in the progress and history of Poetry, compared with those of Science. It becomes, therefore, a curious and interesting question, whether the present condition of Learning and of Society is favorable to the development of high poetic talent? Are we to see no more Iliads or

Divina Comedias? Are we to have no more Shakspeares, or Chaucers, or Miltons? Will the great masters in the Italian never be equaled? Whatever chances may be claimed for the spontaneous growth of genius in all ages, countries and states of society, it is pretty clear that this very diffusion of knowledge, together with the present condition and character of society, is far from being favorable to the development of high poetic talent.

If we go back to those periods when the great poets of any country lived and wrote, we shall find, in every instance, the whole constitution and appearance of society so entirely different from any thing, which we see in modern times, that, if it were not for some universal characteristics in our nature, we might almost say that human nature had undergone an entire change. In a comparatively rude and uncivilized state of society, every feeling and passion is in the full vigor of early development: the face of nature leaves upon the imagination impressions that are more vivid, in proportion as there are fewer thoughts and associations in the mind, to call off its attention in a thousand different directions. There is an intermediate grade, between absolute barbarism and the refinements of civilized life, in which the senses and the intellect are more open to strong and active influences. Poetry, in such a period, will at least be vigorous and striking in its imagery; for it is a period when the great common mind seems, as it were, to wake out of a slumber, and not yet to be sated with the view of objects that meet the sight. Moreover, in such a transition state of society, traits of character are more strongly marked; for the refinements of artificial society and the manners of social intercourse have not yet come in, to reduce all character to nearly the same level, as well as to throw over all things a uniform appearance, suppressing the bolder and more prominent features of the scene. In such ages, too, there is generally little learning and still less education; but when the rare seed is sown, it falls upon a soil that is more luxuriant, in proportion as it has been hitherto uncultivated. But, in modern times, the advantages of learning are offered to all; and it appears to be "the evident tendency of all literature, to generalize and to dissipate character, by giving to all men the same education and the same common stock of ideas."

The great Poets, who lived in such states of society,—and certainly all the greatest poets, the world has ever seen, appeared long before their respective nations had reached their present cultivation,—enjoyed this keen perception of the beauties of nature, and of all that is powerful and captivating in the manifestations of character. They wrote, and in many cases entirely occupied the field. But it may be asked, Why do not their successors excite in us the same kind and degree of interest, when they write under the influence of modern feelings?—for it would seem that they must come home to us more nearly. One reason seems to be, that the works of a modern poet do not bear that freshness, vigor, and originality; because we see that the Poet is a person of the same habits and pursuits as our own; that he is subject to the same influences and the same manners. He seems to bear the same relation to others, that we bear to our neighbors; acting, thinking, and feeling precisely as we should expect. But are not the modern poets true to nature, as well as the great masters of the art? Un-

doubtedly in most cases they are. But the nature, to which the great poets are true, is that which embraces the deep, and powerful, and immutable, in the attributes of human character ; it is permanent and independent of all particular customs and habits, of thought and feeling. The modern poet may occasionally get a glimpse of this sublime and universal nature, though very rarely ; and he is soon driven back from the height to which he has risen, by the withering influence of fashion, and custom, and prejudice, until his sentiments are often the mere echo of what is transitory and fluctuating. But why can he not divest himself of these trammels ? He cannot do so entirely, because his whole education and all the generalizing influences of an extensive literature forbid it. Accordingly, it has been said by a critic that Shakspeare will be read as long as the English language shall endure ; while no one can predict that many modern poets will be remembered half a century longer ; for he is the poet of man's essential and universal nature, while they are the poets of the *nature* of mere fashion.

But where are Byron, and Scott, and Göthe, and all the other modern poets ? They have written what we are wont to call poetry ; and is it inferior to that of earlier and less civilized times ? Their poetry is inferior, in one sense ; and that is, as a part is inferior to the whole. By this, it is not meant to compare their respective bulks of poetry—for a single ode may contain more than whole volumes ; but that the poetry of modern writers, instead of being that great mirror, in which the universal traits of man are seen reflected, is but the portraiture of individual characteristics and passions. Byron, for instance, does not rise to that height whence he can look down on the *whole* human race. He is one who stands in the crowd, though aloof and alone—but yet *among* the crowd, if not *of* them—and pours, through the focus of some single passion, the burning and concentrated feelings of his own *individual* bosom. This is the character of almost all modern poetry. It is not universal feeling, embracing and embraced by the universal heart of man ; it is individual feeling, dwelling upon its own griefs or its own joys, stamping more of the character of the poet upon his works, than is needful or useful—more, that is, of his mere character as an individual—and overlooking, in this kind of “ Selfish System” of poetry, the great and permanent characteristics of humanity.

Göthe, indeed, has risen above a great deal of this, and has seemed to take hold of mighty attributes and principles. But then he is mystical, shadowy, and far from being level to universal comprehension ; so that his own countrymen do not always understand him, and when they do, we are not aware that they always believe him. Besides, we doubt if any one, German or foreigner, can claim for him that reaching insight into the spiritual depths of man's nature, which is exhibited by Sophocles or by Shakspeare, and which is instantly felt by all mankind, to be unerringly true ; nor can he be said to have equaled the English poet in knowledge of man, as he is in the actual world ; or the Grecian poet in apprehending the relations man bears to the universe, and which stretch far into the spiritual world, up to the throne of God.

The poetic talent, then, if there is any truth in these observations,

is, in its highest function and chief excellence, becoming more and more rare in modern times, from the generalizing and equalizing influences of education and social refinement. But, why should there not arise,—among some nation not yet civilized, but at the period of that transition state from barbarism to cultivation which has been supposed favorable to the development of this talent in its highest form and vigor,—a poet of equal power with the great masters of times past? Such might be the case, if the circumstances were the same. But civilization and refinement do not now *gradually* spring up in barbarous countries, and gradually leaven the whole mass of society, as they did in the nations of antiquity, or during the middle ages of Europe. They come now to the shores of uncivilized countries, on the full tide of commercial adventure and speculation. The colony is planted—the foreigner crowds upon the native—the old race disappears before the new; and thus the whole people are changed, without that gradual development of peculiar and national characteristics, as well as of the greater attributes of human nature, during which materials for a high poetry are most abundant. But even if we are to have no more poets like those who have been, they are enough for one world; they are enough for the countless generations who shall fill our places when we are gone, as they have been for all who preceded us; and so long as the present or any thing like the present intellectual dynasty of the world shall remain, they will fill that void in man's nature, which is ever craving after the lofty, the sublime, and the beautiful. As Mr. Coleridge has said of Homer, they stand aloof and alone, each in his proper niche, “on the Hill of Parnassus, where perhaps it is not possible *now* for any human genius to stand with them.”

Let us turn now to the other illustration of the intellectual tendencies of the age,—Science. How is it with this branch of human learning? Has it, like poetry, started at once almost into the fulness, vigor, and beauty of maturity, and reached a point beyond which it is not likely to pass? Is there reason to believe that the extension of civilization, and the multiplication of those relations, which bind men together in society, will be unfavorable to its further advancement? These are questions, which, of course, are to be answered in the negative; and which meet the reason for such an answer in the very nature of science itself. In the first place, as a branch of human learning, its cultivation depends upon the *reasoning* faculty; and this faculty is always increasing in strength, in proportion to its exercise. In the second place, science has for its ultimate object the relief of the wants and the melioration of the physical condition of mankind. Here then is a foundation, on which its improvement may safely be left to rest; since the wants of men will always continue to make demands upon it; and, in proportion as the world becomes filled, and as men invent for themselves those constantly multiplying wants which are inseparable from human society, in the same proportion, the occasions for scientific research will be increased. Finally, science depends much, for its growth, on the lapse of time. Accordingly, as age after age passes away in the continued observation and study of nature, observations and experiments are multiplied; new qualities are developed, new principles discovered; old theories are rejected; and, what is of great importance, the diffusion of knowledge increases the number of

those, who are able to test the claims of any new theory ; so that the concentrated light of thousands of minds is poured upon it, either to elicit new truths, or to expose its native errors. It is very true that many branches of discovery seem to be entirely filled up, and that the present age has reached a high rank, on the scale of the exact sciences. But we surely cannot suppose that there are no more discoveries to be made, or that the physical condition of man has been improved as far as it may be.

The tendency, then, of modern intellect, is to that class of ideas which are addressed to the reason ; while, as the increase of civilization and the diffusion of knowledge advance, the imagination loses its vigor and beauty. As the work of observation and discovery goes on, the materials for science are multiplied, while those for poetry are diminished ; because poetry, in all that regards or springs out of the natural world, is conversant with nature, as it is presented through the delusions of the senses, while science aims to ascertain its true characteristics, and to dispel all delusion whatsoever. On many accounts, we have doubtless reason to be thankful that subjects connected with science do occupy so large a portion of the aggregate attention of mankind ; for, undoubtedly, its perfection tends to diminish the great amount of human misery. If we can carry our thoughts forward to the period when the world shall have become old and ripe, when every element in nature shall have undergone investigation, when all branches of natural science have been brought to perfection, and the "great globe itself" has been thoroughly searched and known, we can readily conceive, from what has already been done, that poverty and disease, and the "thousand ills that *flesh* is heir to," will have but a feeble dominion over man ; and that the generations of the earth will pass away, by the gradual cessation of the functions of life which is consequent upon old age, rather than by desolating pestilences or acute diseases. It is, also, in some measure, true, that the moral and physical conditions of society are intimately connected ; and we have reason to believe that they will continue to improve by a reciprocal action upon each other.

But great and desirable as these things may be, still there are evils which may grow out of this exclusive attention to scientific pursuits. We may neglect those subjects that are allied to the imagination and the taste ; we may come to regard those branches of learning that are addressed to our moral and spiritual natures, as of secondary importance, when compared with those, which advance our physical condition. In such case, the moral and physical cultivations of society will no longer keep pace with each other. It is very true that the sciences have great influence in refining and sharpening the intellectual powers of those who cultivate them. But then they are and always will be regarded, by the mass of mankind, as being merely subservient to the purpose of increasing their physical comforts. "*Utility*" is their cry ; and, accordingly, the man of science makes utility the end of his studies and inquiries. The individual student, too, in this kind of knowledge, is apt to acquire a narrowness of mind, by dwelling too much on minute objects. He goes on, from day to day, searching out the nature of a mineral or the formation of an insect's wing, and, after he is buried in the *minutiæ* of nature, he forgets that the system of

things has wider relations between its parts than those which he has made the objects of his study. The mind may thus become wedded to littleness, while great conceptions are beyond its grasp. This effect has been well described by a modern poet.

Inquire of ancient wisdom ; go, demand
Of mighty Nature, if 't was ever meant
That we should pry far off, yet be unraised ;
That we should pore, and dwindle as we pore ;
Viewing all objects unremittingly
In disconnection, dead and spiritless—
And, still dividing, and dividing still,
Break down all grandeur ; still unsatisfied
With the perverse attempt, while littleness
May become more little ; waging thus
An impious warfare with the very life
Of our own souls.*

We repeat, therefore, that we are glad to see other subjects brought before the public, belonging to the province of taste, by those who furnish these intellectual entertainments ; and we wish to say a word, in concluding this article, on the reading of Shakspeare. Much as Shakspeare is read, and studied, and criticised, we cannot help wishing that he were read more. Much as we value the current literature of the day, when we see the annuals that lie on the centre-tables, and the novels that are put up in the book-cases, we cannot help wondering why parents do not oftener put Shakspeare into the hands of a son or a daughter, or have him oftener in their own. Do we want the delights of fiction, and its instructive delineations of character ? Where can they be found in such abundance and such variety as in Shakspeare ? As we approach the charmed circle, where he creates and multiplies around him the beings of that world of his, so perfect in itself, so varying and yet so permanent, so full of all which we see around us in life, and of all which we do *not see*, but which we know to be there,—how do they crowd upon us in all the distinctness of their imperishable existence ! How do we feel ready to hail them, as they sweep by us, as if they were not creations of the mind, but actual and living beings ! The old philosophy of the schools taught that all created things had their abstract corresponding types in the all-embracing mind of the Creator, each of which was the representative of all similar created things. In the relation of Shakspeare to human nature, this fanciful idea may be applied without fiction ; for the beings in the creating circle of his imagination are the types and ideas of all human kind. Within that charmed circle, is the gentle and devoted Juliet, and there is the human and inhuman monster, Caliban ; there are the Weird Sisters, ugly, revolting shapes, and the airy and graceful Fairies ; there is the tender and moralizing Hamlet, the youth of contemplation, and there is the bold and impatient Hotspur, the youth of high and daring action ; there is the sincere and faithful Horatio, and there is the hellishly false and hollow Iago. Wolsey, who has reached the summit of ambition, only to be hurled into the depths that yawn beneath, is in bold contrast with the young monarch, Harry the fifth, with “the world all before him.” The crazed and

* Wordsworth. *Excursion*, Book IV.

broken-hearted Ophelia stands beside the fortunate, the wise, and happy Portia. All passions that agitate the human breast, all feelings that stir within the human heart, have there a fit representation and portraiture. All men are there ; and there, too, as in a mirror reflecting creation as well as man, are the grandeur and the loveliness, the awful power and the gentle breathings of nature.

Why did Shakspeare know how to exhibit man under such varieties, so accurately and consistently ? Why should he, above all other men, be so happy in representing the various characters produced by different climates, institutions, manners, and peculiar circumstances ? What has enabled him to transport us so entirely to those regions and those scenes, whither his imagination has taken her flight ? He never traveled into foreign countries ; he never saw, with his *outward* vision, the thousand forms in which human nature reveals itself. He lived, for the greater part of his life, and all the while that he was writing his plays, in the heart of London ; closed up within the narrow walls and smoky atmosphere of a great city, where the exterior of things wears and always must wear a peculiar, uniform, and unbroken appearance, save to him who looks upon it with an eye of more than ordinary penetration. Nor was Shakspeare a learned man ; that is, as other men are learned—in books. Where, then, did he get this wonderful knowledge of man ?

The truth is, he received it from a source whence he drew all his other treasures. It made a part of his poetical inspiration ; it came to him by intuition ; it was breathed into his mind, by the spirit of wisdom itself. Undoubtedly, he observed such men as fell under his notice, with a keen and searching eye. But we cannot suppose him to have relied much upon observation. He sought and found, in the depth of his own spirit, that knowledge which other men acquire partially, by piece-meal, and through the tedious and costly means of learning and experience. His knowledge was accurate, it could not be mistaken, for it laid hold of and comprehended the first and eternal principles of man's nature. G.

THE PLEASURES OF VICE.

By some, 't is said, that vice, of man the toy,
Is half his wisdom, and is all his Joy ;
Though formal preachers, garrulous and vain,
Our sins may censure in a drawling strain ;
Yet gay the heart o'er which the vices breathe,
And sweet its flowers, whatever thorns beneath ;
Vice wings Ambition in its noblest flight,
Vice builds for Love an arbor of delight,
Shines in the bowl, and trembles on the string,
Supports the beggar's smiles, and cheers the king :
Eden is lost ; but partial is the pain,
Since that, which lost it, can restore again.
So thought Tom Rice, and bid the vices come
In wine and cider, brandy, gin, and rum.
A constant guest was he, while growing old,
At those vile shops, where man's worst bane is sold ;
At first his life was decent ; and his wife
Was dressed most tidily, and freed from strife.

Her hearth was clean ; her sportive children raised
The smile of nature when the peat-fire blazed ;
Nor did Tom ever love, directly, drink ;—
He only loved to talk, and not to think.
He hated home, he never paid his debts ;
He shot at turkeys and encouraged bets.
But O, to talking lips, there oft does come
A little thirst, and, next, a little rum ;
And all may see, if watchful to explore,
Who drinks a little, craves a little more.
Thus Tom went on, by hope and pleasure led—
His clothes grew ragged, and his nose grew red.
His wife, by want and sorrow mortified,
Stormed at her lazy spouse, and sometimes cried.
O I have seen her wild and tangled hair,
As if a thousand mice had nestled there ;
Have seen her garments, round her body furled,
The spoil of all the rag-bags in the world ;
So dirty, too, as if the sullen jade
Had never heard that soap was ever made ;
A rug about her head ; her slip-shod feet,
Grimed with the mud of every dirty street.
Yes, I have seen the girl, once fair and nice,
Transformed. By what? Why, by the Joys of Vice.

Tom, too, her husband, by the self-same rule,
Found that his wisdom proved him for a fool.
One night (his cash and credit nearly spent)
To his dear spot, the grog-shop, Thomas went.
It stormed,—the winds blew loud ; the pattering rain
Came down in sheets ; 't was dark ; but all in vain—
Tom needs must go—he went—began to sip
His nutmeg beverage from a mug of flip ;
He drank, and sung his song with warmest glee ;
The more he drank, the more good-natured he ;
He grew religious, too, and often swore
He had that reason read his Bible o'er ;
And found it there recorded, firm and sure,
A man *might* drink provided he was poor ;
Kings must not guzzle wine ; but poor men may,
And who 's more poor than I, says Tom, I pray.

The hour of parting came, and Tom must go
Home from the sweetest heaven he found below :
'T was a dark, windy, blowing, dismal night ;
His head was heavy and his heels were light ;
(In such a night, with such a brain as thine,
'T was hard, O Tom, to draw a perfect line :)
He lost his way ; and, most unlucky, found
The very heaven and earth were turning round ;
He met a ditch and never rose therefrom—
It was the dying bed of drunken Tom.

Some say a hog, (I scarce can think it true)
That very evening, lost *his* balance too ;
And, rolling in the ditch, where Tom reposed,
Together, side by side, their eyes they closed ;
If so, their grave-stone might read rather queer,—
“ Weep, reader, weep ; two hogs lie buried here.”

Take, then, ye young, a poet's best advice ;
And, if you like them, choose the *Joys of Vice*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A History of Harvard University, from its foundation, in the year 1636, to the Period of the American Revolution. By the late Benjamin Peirce, A. M. Librarian of the University.

The habits of Mr. Peirce's mind fitted him eminently for the labor of writing the history of Harvard College. To the attainments of the scholar he added the sagacity and experience of the man of the world. His industry was untiring, and the successful application of it, is clearly enough shown in his elaborate catalogue of the Library in four large octavos. In point of taste and style, Mr. Pierce's writing will stand a fair comparison with the purest English compositions of the day. His language is chosen with a severity of judgement, and his sentences are formed with an accuracy of construction, that will stand the test of the sharpest criticism. The materials of his work are sought in their original sources, all of which Mr. Pierce examined with the minutest investigation, and left scarcely anything for future writers to do, towards illustrating the history of Harvard during the same period.

Then the work, in point of style, authority, and the interest of the subject, possesses uncommon attractions. When we read it, we feel that its excellent author was animated by the heartiest love of his Alma Mater, and that his picture of her various fortunes is not a mere cold delineation, but is wrought up with the ardor of one whose heart was in the work. His sketches of the characters of the successive Presidents are drawn with a masterly hand, and evince a rare and refined knowledge of human nature. We would turn our readers attention to the character of President Leverett, as a good example of this kind.

His qualifications for the office were not only eminent in degree, but singularly various. It is seldom that a man can be found, at any time, who unites in his person so many of the talents and qualities, which are desirable in the head of a University, as were possessed by President Leverett. He had a "great and generous soul." His natural abilities were of a very high order. His attainments were profound and extensive. He was well acquainted with the learned languages, with the arts and sciences, with history, philosophy, law, divinity, politics; and such was his reputation for knowledge of men and things, that, "in almost every doubtful and difficult case," he was resorted to, for information and advice.

To his wisdom and knowledge he added great firmness, resolution, and energy of character. His great abilities being consecrated to the service of God and of his generation, he was never deterred by difficulties or dangers from any undertaking, which Providence seemed to impose upon him. He prosecuted his plans with invincible constancy, diligence, and cheerfulness. The accomplishment of them was frequently the reward of this untiring perseverance; but if at any time his efforts were not attended with success, his strength of mind was equally conspicuous under the disappointment. It was in truth not *his own* will, but the will of *God*, that was his rule of life; *this* will be discerned in the failure, as well as in the success of his undertakings; and whatever was the result of them, he enjoyed at least the satisfaction arising from earnest, zealous, and faithful endeavors to perform his duty.

In common with others, who have rendered important services to mankind, and made themselves truly great, he early acquired, and retained through life, the invaluable habit of industry.

He possessed also those attractions, which are conferred by the graces; being, from the sphere in which he has always moved, a gentleman, as well as a scholar and a man of business.

All his endowments, natural and acquired, all the operations of his mind and heart, were subjected to the control of religious and moral principle. He was a pious and good, as well as a great man. As might have been expected from one so enlightened, he was liberal and catholic in his sentiments and feelings; and though, among the various institutions of the commonwealth, he had the preservation of its religious establishments greatly at heart, "he did not place religion so much in particular forms and modes of worship, or discipline, as in those substantial and weighty matters of the Gospel, *righteousness, faith, and charity.*"

With so many solid and brilliant recommendations, and with the experience, which his former connexion with the College (as Tutor) had happily given him, he brought to the station, in which he was to pass the residue of his days, a spirit of government, which was never, probably; manifested in greater perfection. Such was the weight of his character; such his reputation for talents, learning, and virtue; such the "majesty and marks of greatness in his speech, his behavior, and his very countenance;" and so admirably did he temper severity with mildness; that the students were inspired with reverence and affection for him at the same time. The result, it is almost unnecessary to say, was obedience and order.

Those princely qualities distinguished him, indeed, when a young man, and a Tutor in the College. "For forty years together," says Dr. Colman, "he has *shone in this place*, and in the eyes of *this society*, in near a *meridian* lustre. For his *morning*, which we do but just remember, was so bright that it seemed to us even then the *noon* of life; and the College and country greatly *rejoiced* in his early and uncommon light. Near forty years past we saw the College flourishing under his wise instruction and government, his faithful watch, his diligent and authoritative inspection. We then beheld him esteemed highly in love and honored greatly by those that were his *fathers* in age; and as for us, we revered, feared, and loved him as our father, and as if he had been then gray in the President's chair. *The young men saw him and hid themselves, and the aged arose and stood up. Then men gave ear to him, and waited and kept silence at his counsel. His glory was then fresh in him and his speech dropped upon us.*"

Mr. Peirce is not simply a grave and solemn historian. An agreeable vein of quiet humor runs along some parts of the work, which is in fine keeping with the subject. Our Puritan ancestors, with all their excellencies of character, it must be confessed, had many laughable peculiarities. Mr. Peirce never fails to treat their memory with that respect which their sturdy independence, their love of good learning, and their disinterested sacrifices deserve; but, at the same time, he is not insensible to the mirthful emotions, which their absurdities, in conduct and opinion, inspire.

It is curious to see how nearly the little puritans resembled students of later periods. We are apt to think that a breach of decorum, or a sally of dissipation is a thing impossible to occur, when freshmen wore wigs and knee-buckles, and the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures were read daily and publicly. But that it was not out of the range of possibilities, the following paragraph will show:—

Such was the operation of these laws for some years longer; till, in the natural progress of things, occasions arose for the vigorous application of them, and for such alterations and additions, as resulted at length in another revisal and amendment of the code. Those occasions were sometimes furnished by "profane cursing and swearing" among the students; "by their frequenting alehouses;" by their "*improving* persons in fetching liquors;" by "the extravagant expenses at taverns and retailing houses, for wine, strong beer, and distilled spirits," incurred by some of the undergraduates, and their "taking up such liquors on score, until

their accounts amounted to a very enormous sum," a practice, which, from "the too liberal use of such liquors," was supposed to have occasioned most of the disorders in the College.

Sometimes the evils to be remedied were "the breach of the Sabbath, more especially in time of public worship," the remedy for which was "the Tutors sitting in the meeting-house so as more conveniently to oversee the scholars;" "combinations among the undergraduates for the perpetration of unlawful acts;" the "disorders of which they were guilty, by being absent from their chambers, contrary to law, at unseasonable times of night;" "the crime of taking cuts out of books" belonging to the public Library; the loose practice of "going and staying out of town without leave;" "the costly habits of many of the scholars, their wearing gold or silver lace, or brocades, silk night-gowns, &c. as tending to discourage persons from giving their children a college education, and as inconsistent with the gravity and decency proper to be observed in this Society;" "the extravagances of Commencement," and irregularities on that occasion; the "disorders upon the day of the Senior Sophisters meeting to choose the officers of the class," when "it was usual for each scholar to bring a bottle of wine with him, which practice the Committee (that reported upon it) apprehend has a natural tendency to produce disorders;" "riotous disorders frequently committed on the quarter-days and evenings," on one of which in 1764, "the windows of all the Tutors and divers other windows were broken," so that, in consequence, a vote was passed that "the observation of quarter-days, in distinction from other days, be wholly laid aside, and that the undergraduates be obliged to observe the studying hours and to perform the College exercises on quarter-day, and the day following as at other times." The prominent evil to be combated at one time, notwithstanding there was no theatre yet in Boston, was theatrical exhibitions; and it was voted in 1762, that no student should "be an actor in, a spectator at, or any ways concerned in any stage-plays, interludes, or theatrical entertainments in the town of Cambridge or elsewhere," under the severest penalties. Discipline, however, took an opportunity now and then to relax its brow, as in 1761, when a vote was passed "that it shall be deemed no offence, if the scholars shall in a sober manner entertain one another and strangers with punch (which, as it is now usually made, is no intoxicating liquor,) any law, usage, or custom to the contrary notwithstanding." But of indulgences it was not liberal. It could not be, and preserve its character; for the "Sage, called Discipline," though not morose, tyrannical or prying, is by nature, serious, watchful, exact, rigid. Occasionally some striking occurrence called for the interposition of the lawgivers of the College; as in 1755, when "great disorders committed, and even indignities and personal insults offered to some of the Tutors by some of the pupils," produced the appointment of a Committee of the Overseers to make inquiry into them, and drew from that Board a vote of censure upon the Scholars; and as in 1766, when there were "great disorders among the Students, tending to subvert all government."

But the most fruitful source of trouble, was the *Commons*. This was not only the case in the days of our ancestors, but has been until within a very few years. What *intestine commotions*, what rebellions, what speeches at class-meetings, what memorials, what remonstrances, have not the college commons given rise to, even in our day! It seems a strange thing, that a century and a half should have gone by, before it was learned that a very simple remedy would prevent all difficulty from this quarter,—that is, to put the commons on the same footing with all other boarding establishments, compelling none to resort to them, but fixing a reasonable price for such as chose to avail themselves of such a convenience. We hear, now-a-days, of no trouble arising from bad butter, bad coffee, or bad meat. We hear of no petty thefts, no boring into molasses barrels, no carrying off of picked turkeys or dressed pigs; but all goes on as quietly and orderly as in the best regulated house in town. This plainly shows, that however well our ancestors understood things spiritual, they were children, compared with us, respecting things carnal.

We close our notice of this admirable work, by quoting the following extraordinary passage. What would be said if a Sophomore or Junior of this "enlightened age," should be whipped in the library, under the superintendence of Mr. President Quincy and Dr. Ware, with the solemn ceremonial of public prayers?

Among the alterations, one of the most remarkable related to the penal laws. At the period when Harvard College was founded, one of the modes of punishment in the great schools of England and other parts of Europe was corporal chastisement. It was accordingly introduced here, and was no doubt frequently put in practice. An instance of its infliction, as part of the sentence upon an offender, is presented in Judge Sewall's MS. diary, with the particulars of a ceremonial, which was reserved probably for special occasions. His account will afford some idea of the manners and spirit of the age: "June 15, 1674, Thomas Sargeant was examined by the Corporation finally. The advice of Mr. Danforth, Mr. Stoughton, Mr. Thacher, Mr. Mather (the present) was taken. This was his sentence;—

"That being convicted of speaking blasphemous words concerning the H. G. he should be therefore publicly whipped before all the scholars.

"2. That he should be suspended as to taking his degree of Bachelor. (This sentence read before him twice at the President's, before the Committee, and in the Library, before execution.)

"3. Sit alone by himself in the Hall, uncovered at meals, during the pleasure of the President and Fellows, and be in all things obedient, doing what exercise was appointed him by the President, or else be finally expelled the College. The first was presently put in execution in the Library (Mr. Danforth, Jr. being present) before the Scholars. He kneeled down, and the instrument, Goodman Hely, attended the President's word as to the performance of his part in the work. Prayer was had before and after by the President. July 1, 1674."

Mr. Thomas Sargeant deserves to be immortalized as the *last of the whipped*. We commend the subject to some of our poets, who have exhausted the "Last Man," the "Last Supper," the "Last Bottle," and the like. What an unwrought mine of feeling, sentiment, and imagery, does this theme present,—THE LAST OF THE WHIPPED,—to the digger after poetical ore.

This history is brought down to a period just before the American Revolution. We should have mentioned before, that the editorial labor was performed by Mr. John Pickering, whose name is identified with American scholarship. Will not the same accomplished mind and ready pen carry on the work which Mr. Peirce so happily began?

The Shade of the Past. For the Celebration of the close of the Second Century since the establishment of the Thursday Lecture. By N. L. Frothingham, Pastor of the First Church.

To this repetition of a title-page, we add an explanatory sentence. For the benefit of some, into whose hand our Magazine may fall, and who may not know the fact, it should be stated distinctly, that a weekly Lecture is held on Thursdays, at the First Church in Boston, at which the ministers of the Boston Association officiate, ordinarily, in alphabetical succession.

With the sermon before us, we can find but one fault, and that we can express in four words:—It is too short. When it is perceived, as it is by every reader, that the subject, in itself, without the too common aid of tiresome amplification, is pregnant with interesting historical facts and affecting reminiscences,—and when it is also perceived that the text is one of the most poetical and appropriate that

can be found in the scriptures, to raise the spirit of eloquence, to inspire the imagination with thoughts unlimited even by the boundaries of the past, to "transport us beyond the ignorant present," and make us "feel now the future in the instant,"—we can hardly pardon the delicate,—we had almost said, the fastidious—brevity of the discourse. To make our readers sensible of the justness of this criticism, as well as to show our own thankfulness for whatever the author is induced to present to the public through the press, we shall offer no extract from his present production, but (begging pardon of the publisher for the liberty we use) transfer it entire to our pages. Here it is :—

Jos iv. 15. *Then a spirit passed before my face.* What is the past, but a spirit, a shade, an image, like that which Eliphaz the Temanite saw in his vision? It is an unsubstantial, hollow form, from which the life has departed. We call it up as from the dead. It flits before the fancy like one of those dim ghosts, that peopled the under-world both of Grecian and Hebrew poetry, and that present themselves to us again in the melancholy mythology of the North, robed in grey mists and faint meteors; in either case possessing no part of their former strength, and uttering their speech in the sigh of the night-wind or a whisper out of the dust.

My brethren of this association seem to have assigned me the task of summoning forth such a shade, when they have bidden me go back almost to the time, when this land was first peopled by Christian men; and to describe the origin and fortune of a Lecture, which was once thought of the utmost importance to the church and the state, but which we are left to support with thankless pains, comforted indeed by the sympathies of one another, but little cheered by the public at large. Two hundred years,—that have departed as all years must, but not into the utter forgetfulness, in which most of the generations of men lie buried,—are required to gather a few of their faded recollections, a few semblances of the great life that once thrilled through them, as if into an empty, air-drawn figure. We are to question it, and it is to admonish us.

And if the time that has elapsed since our lecture was founded glides before us like a spirit, when brought under the wand of historical invocation,—what is the lecture itself, on the account of which I am bidden to invoke and interrogate it, but a shadow of what it once was, a sort of spectral impersonation of former influence and honor! One feels as if he were dealing with scarcely a real subject; as if he were asking of one phantom to tell him of another; as if he were surrounded but by aged recollections, and could be responded to but by signs and echoes. He might wish to bow his head silently, like Saul at Endor, while the old veiled seer comes up; or be ready to tremble like Job's friend in the text, as the indistinct vision passes by him. He will be thought reasonable, at least, in regretting that he has not the necromantic skill of some, to bring the absent and forgotten before your eyes, and to speak to you as with a voice from the land where all past things are gathered darkly to their repose. For his own part, he has looked long and intently after what might be disclosed to him, but with so little success as to be almost ashamed to tell what he has seen. "It stood still, but he could not discern the form thereof."

There is an obscurity hanging over the early years of the Thursday Lecture—or, the Fifth-day Lecture, as it was anciently called,—which it is difficult to account for, and which the most diligent search that I could make has been unable to clear away. It is well known that the institution of it is dated from the ordination of Mr. Cotton, just two centuries ago, as teacher over the church, that was then the only one, in this town. The testimony to this point is of the most satisfactory kind. Governor Winthrop tells us, in his Journal, that on the 17th of September, 1633, "the Governor and Council met at Boston, and called the ministers and elders of all the churches to consider about Mr. Cotton his sitting down. He was desired to divers places, and those who came with him desired he might sit down where they might keep store of cattle; but it was agreed, by full consent, that the fittest place for him was Boston; and that (keeping a lecture) he should have some maintenance out of the treasury." The fittest place was indeed Boston, that appears to have received its name out of compliment to him,—while he was yet preaching at Boston in Lincolnshire those doctrines, that brought him into question with the high commission court, and compelled him to fly for his safety, disguised and under a feigned name, to these ends of the earth. He was

accounted the ablest man on this side of the sea, and his lecture rose at once into an object of deep and general concern. On the very first month of its establishment an order of court was passed, prescribing the hour at which it should be attended, one o'clock in the afternoon. The order, however, could not have remained long in force, and mid-day became the time, when this important service, by which the magistrates were instructed, and the churches advised, and the people warned, was performed. Its influence was felt in the conferences of ecclesiastics, and at the council board of state. It exerted its various power upon the customs and even the dress of that generation, upon the order of discipline, the tenets of faith, and the laws of the land. Such was the well-known efficiency of our Lecture, while it was yet young in its work, addressing itself to a community, that was growing indeed, but still thin and scattered.

And here, before proceeding to any account of its further celebrity and spread, I will ask you to stop for a moment, and look behind the facts that have been already mentioned and are generally understood, to consider a circumstance even earlier than any that has been named; one that is on every account worthy to be mentioned in this connexion, and the rather as it wears an air of novelty. The Thursday Lecture does not only carry us back to the days of the first settlement of the country, but to the native land of our forefathers. It is connected with the old world, as well as with old times. It was preached in the English Boston by the same fervent ministry that brought it to ours. We can follow it from the fens of the Witham to the New-England coast. The grandson of Mr. Cotton assures us, that his famous ancestor kept "his ordinary Lecture every Thursday," while he was under the directions of the Bishop of Lincoln, and in friendship with the noble Earl of the same title. One cannot but be struck with the thought, that the eloquent voice might have been heard many and many a time rolling among the stately Gothic arches of St. Butolph's, which came here to fill a poor meeting-house, having nothing better than mud for its walls and straw for its roof; and that under one of the loftiest cathedral towers in Europe, lifting itself up as the pride of the surrounding country, and a landmark to them that are afar off on the sea, this very institution had its origin, which has long shown not even the vestiges of its ancient renown, but is dying, under our eyes and hands, a lingering death. I imagine it not only associating the present with a remote age, but bringing together the opposite shores of the Atlantic Ocean. I hear the heavy bell calling John Cotton's hearers together in prelatical England; and the knell falls faintly around me of the intervening generations that have gone away, one after another, into silence.

In returning from this digression, which some may think full imaginary enough, to the history of the beginnings of the Lecture among ourselves, the next fact that meets us is one that does not partake at all of the fanciful. It is the substantial reality of a market, set up now for the first time in this place. On the 4th of March, 1634, as Governor Winthrop informs us, "By order of court a mercate was erected at Boston, to be kept upon Thursday the 5th day of the week, being the lecture day." And shortly afterwards he adds, that "at the lecture at Boston, a question was propounded about veils. Mr. Cotton concluded, that where (by the custom of the place) they were not a sign of the woman's subjection, they were not commanded by the apostle. Mr. Endicott opposed, and did maintain it by the general arguments brought by the apostle. After some debate, the Governor, perceiving it to grow to some earnestness, interposed, and so it brake off." It is curious to compare these two mementos, laid so closely together; the solid provision for the public convenience, and the flimsy discussion on female attire between the austere of governors,—for a governor was disputant as well as umpire,—and the gravest of divines. Both indicate the character of the time; its deficiency in what seems to us indispensable, and its zealousness on what seems to us indifferent. They could neither of them be passed over in the sketch which is now presenting; for there is but one more circumstance of similar antiquity to be mentioned. It is furnished by the unprinted records of this church, and relates in the most illegible of hands a fact of which it is impossible to mistake the interpretation; that some excommunicated person, whose name I will not be the first to disturb in its long sleep, was compelled to confess, among other misdemeanors, his "sometimes forsaking the Lecture," for the sake of indulging in his vices;—a simple allusion, but one that shows distinctly enough the reverence in which the service thus "forsaken" was held.

Here then we may consider the first era of it to be completed; and a few words will describe the aspect which it now wore. It was a meeting of all that claimed

or deserved respect in the neighborhood. The magistrates were present, the Governor of the colony with his counsellors; and after its appropriate offices were ended, it was followed by a convention of the people, at which municipal regulations were adopted, and questions of every kind were discussed that engaged the minds of the men of that day. "Whatever Mr. Cotton delivered," says an historian, "was soon put into an order of court, if of a civil, or set up as a practice in the church, if of an ecclesiastical concernment."

The curtain of nearly half a century now drops before the scene. We see nothing and hear nothing behind it. It was the period, when the Lecture was steadily advancing to its highest point of show and popularity, and yet precisely that, which has left the least account of itself; like the true prosperities and well filled power, that love best to go on their way with a rejoicing quietness. I will but lift the screen, and exhibit to you, as on a stage, or in a picture, the appearance that it presented during this period. The thatched meeting-house has disappeared and given place to a more commodious and worthy structure; and towards this, on every fifth morning of the week, there is a flowing together of the people from many a mile round. The villages send their yeomen and pastors. The walls of Harvard College, that have risen at Newtown, contribute of its few students and fellows to swell the train. All other instruction must cease, while the lips of the benignant old patriarch Wilson, of the eloquent and commanding Cotton, of the zealous Norton, of Oxenbridge the well beloved, who broke off his own preaching of this very Lecture to be carried to his death-bed, are dispensing diviner knowledge. The schools dismiss their pupils in the forenoon, and are kept no more that day, in order that no one may be deprived of so great a privilege. The rough weather of a climate, yet sterner than it has since been, scarcely thins the assembly, that comes to warm itself with fervent words and the glow of a common interest and the breath of its own crowd, in a cold place. What an array is here of dignity, and sanctity, and comeliness! What squares of scarlet cloaks! What borders of white but artificial hair! What living complexions,—of a less shining whiteness, and less presumptuously red,—upon many fair but solemn faces, which the arguments of Cotton have divested of their veils! And lest any thing should be wanting to so important an occasion, and lest a single interesting association of life should be overlooked or unconnected with it, I hear the list of names repeated with a loud voice, of those who "intend," as the good phrase still is, to make themselves the happiest of mortals. Thus the recreations of the young and the meditations of the old, the order of the churches and the guidance of the state, the market-place and the marriage-ring, have their remembrances bound together in this ancient service.

In the year 1679 it sustained an alteration, of too much consequence to be here passed by. The church of Boston was no longer one. The thickening population at the North required another edifice for their accommodation, which had already existed for thirty years; and religious dissensions,—a less happy and a less honorable motive,—had planted, somewhat violently, a third church at the South. Hitherto, the Lecture had been conducted by the pastors and teachers of the old congregation. But feebler hands than their predecessors were now bearing up its ark. The great names of the former time had become names and recollections merely; and the question necessarily arose, whether there might not be some enlargement of the present practice. The question did arise;—but in a shape that we should hardly have looked for. A singular record is found at this date in the books of the First Church. It seems that there was passed "an order and advice of ye magistrates, yt all the elders of this towne might joyntly carry on the 5th day lecture." An order from the magistrates! And Cotton but a single generation in his grave! Where was the old bond of alliance, between him who spoke from the sacred desk and him who sat in the state chair? One would think that in that age of visions his angry spirit would have passed before their faces, making all their "bones to shake." The times had changed, however, though a portion of their temper, in opposition at least, was still remaining. The reply was expressed in the following vote: "In answer to ye Honed Magistrates about the Lecture; Tho as an injunction wee cannot concur with it, but doe humbly bare our witnesse against it, as apprehending it tending to ye infringement of Church Libertie: yett if the Lord incline the hearts of the other Teaching officers of this towne to accept of desire of our officers, to give yr assistance with those of this Church, who shall bee desired to carry on their fifth day lecture, wee are willing to accept theire help therein." It was nobly said;—with a proper respect for themselves, and a reasonable jealousy of political interference

with religious offices. One can only lament, that with all the mixture of human feelings, there can be the slightest pretence to suspect them of any but the best. One can wish to forget that they were yet unreconciled, though after a quarrel that had lasted as long as the siege of Troy, with their seceding brethren of the Old South ; who had from the beginning the best of the argument, and manifested throughout, perhaps, the better temper. But whatever our judgement may be,—and it should certainly not do them a wrong and dishonor,—the event was, that from that time forth, other ministers, as they were added to the Congregational name, bore their part in these exercises, and many new gifts and powers were brought in, to aid in a venerable work.

There is now another interval of blankness for twenty years, and when we look again the scene is changed. “The world hasteth fast to pass away,” says an apocryphal writer ; and how could the Thursday Lecture enjoy its immunities for ever ? We see it declining now from its high ascendancy, though still preserving a certain dignity in its waning and its descent. Towards the close of the century, Dr. Cotton Mather “gave notice that the lecture was to begin at 11 o'clock instead of 12 ; reproved the town's-people that attended no better ; and declared that it would be an omen of their not enjoying it long, if they did not amend.” Our severe weather began now to act as a preventive, or to patronize an excuse. In the mid-winter of 1715, during a violent snow-storm from the north-east, the worshipers not only could be counted, but offered, by their unprecedented fewness, a temptation to count them ;—and a Chief Justice assures us that the audience, barricaded as it might have been by the driving tempest before the services should have exhausted themselves, consisted but of sixteen women and two hundred men.

We may well pause, after such an instance of deterioration, and, unwilling to pursue any farther the course of neglect, take refuge in a great public event, which sixty years afterwards shook the whole land, and ended in throwing over our withered Lecture a momentary glory ;—as the frost paints the dying leaves of the woods with more magnificent colors than when they flourished the freshest. During the siege of Boston, it was for a few melancholy months suspended ; and the deliverance of the town renewed it in the midst of universal acclamations. Individuals may be yet alive who beheld its crowded assembly that day ;—a day that was suited to remind men of the foundation of the colony, while celebrating its redemption and freedom,—that saw one great era looking back to another, and battle and victory stretching out their mailed hands to greet all the ancient memories of peril and destitution, and “small” but unconquerable “things.” The officers of the army of Congress gave their attendance, throwing a military splendor over the house of prayer ; and there was Washington himself, that “Captain of the Lord's host” for a continent and for mankind.

The Lecture might have closed its doors after this. It had had enough of honor. I will add nothing further to its history. The rest is told by our own recollections of the wise, and good, and eloquent, who have cast their words upon its deserted walls ; and whose voices—O, how gladly would we bring back, though it were but for a moment, from the lonelier chambers into which they have died away !

“A spirit passed before my face.” Let me return to the text, and end the discourse as it was begun. The spirit in the book of Job did not disappear till it had uttered its short word of admonition. “Shall mortal man be more just than God ?” The spirit which we have ventured to accost may have something else to tell besides its story of accidents and changes. Before it is swallowed up in the shadows of the night, from which we have summoned it, let us listen to its advice. It says to us,—Have no regrets for what cannot be called back. Make no complaints concerning what could not be otherwise. Utter no lamentations over the decay of observances, that cannot for ever be observed ; nor over the decay of piety, as if it were indicated and expressed by any thing of this kind that is done or left undone. “Strengthen the things that remain,” and that you would not willingly let die ; but lay it not to heart too much, if you find that you cannot reverse the decree of their mortality. Do not mistrust the present. Do not tremble for the future. The world that has been changing hitherto, will change more. Forms will give place to forms ; opinions will grow obsolete, usages be laid aside, and establishments fall ; but truth will gain, and improvement go on, and religion, that immortal one, healed of its hurts and released from its thralls, draw freer and freer breath. Reflect, that the institutions which have become less used, have become less required. A multitude of means, new and full of life, spring forward into

the place of every one, which age has impaired, or circumstances have dispensed with. Rejoice, that whatever is lost by the wearing out of a single instrument, is made up a hundred fold by other facilities. Rejoice, that individual influence and authority have become less, that the strength of an enlightened public sense might become more. The most famous of all your divines professed that "he loved not to sleep, till he had sweetened his mouth with a piece of Calvin." But that taste has altered. Some of you, like the fire-kings, profess to savor the drug, while it is only a cunning substitute that you swallow in its stead; and others plainly say, that such sugar of lead was fit only for the palates of an iron generation. Be instructed in lessons of humility, thankfulness, hope, by the shade of the past. Mourn for nothing. Despair of nothing. Be persevering and be content. "Shall mortal man be more just" than time and destiny, and the God who is over both?

Alvah: a Poem by S. S. Osgood. Being Sketches from the Life of the Author.

This professes to contain "Sketches from the Life of the Author." It is a rhyming narration, written mostly in the treacherous octosyllabic measure, the dangerous facility of which has cheated many a youth into poetry, who should never have ventured beyond plain prose. We do not fully comprehend the drift of this tale. It has no beginning nor end, and, therefore, cannot be an epic, according to the definition of Aristotle. What, then, is it? That is a question for the reader to answer. Mr. Osgood's language is flowing, and, in some passages, highly descriptive. But it betrays a want of correctness, a want of practice, an unskillful *handling*, so to speak, which place this poem far below his real powers in this kind of composition. There are many flat lines, some bad rhymes, and not a few, considering the length of the poem, violations of grammar. For instance,—

' Alvah! I almost thought *thee* dead,
So pale *you* were, &c.

and—

When *thou*, in sorrowing beauty,
Wept o'er thy mother's tomb;

This line, too, is not very poetical,—

Had faded from my eye's command.

The following rhyme is not particularly good,—

And yet, they struggled there *together*,—
The wave has triumphed o'er the *other*.

This line, we suppose, is very pretty—but—

Shall be her hallowed *peri rest*.

What is a *peri rest*? Again,—

From whom proceeds that *lucid* light?

What light is that which is not *lucid*?

This line is awkward,—

Which *but* to breathe, is *but* to be.

This passage is not *lucid* enough,—

I did not know the hell 't was there
Of triumph's smile,—the lip that curled
In scorn of all 't was Nature's heir.

There is not *much* poetry in this couplet,—

It was not so,
I would not go, &c.

Here follows a compliment to the ladies,—

But there were others, that could feel,
For women have not hearts of steel.

No—but they *steal hearts*!

The simile in the following passage, is objectionable.

And in the morning, when my eyes
Were opened, they with glad surprise
Ran o'er,
For as I dreamed,
It strangely seemed,
Before
My sight in perfect form,
Like to a cloud within a storm,
A being, beautiful, appeared,
It faintly smiled, *as me it neared*; &c.

Now, first,—what does the poet mean, by saying his eyes *ran o'er*? Ran o'er what? Is it ran o'er, that is, *scanned* this beautiful form; or, is it ran o'er with tears, from very fullness?

And, second,—In what particular point can a beautiful vision, in the form of a fair lady, be said to resemble “a cloud within a storm?” Xantippe was, it is true, a horrible scold, and once dashed a pail of water on her unhappy husband's head—upon which he *coolly*, though not *drily*, remarked, that “a shower naturally followed thunder.” This woman was very much like a cloud within a storm, or a storm within a cloud.

Seriously, we do not think this effort in the poetic line a very happy one. So many things go to make up good poetry—the clear conception,—the choice and nervous expression,—the correct discernment of metrical and moral harmonies,—besides the sifted learning of studious years,—and a deficiency in any one is so fatal to the success of a poet, that no man should undertake the task, without “sitting down and counting the cost,” or he will be sure to fail.

Sketches and Eccentricities of Col. David Crockett, of West-Tennessee. New Edition.

The gentleman, who is the subject of these “Sketches,” was not much known beyond the circle of his neighbors and fellow-hunters, till, a few years ago, when, by one of those strange and erratic concurrences of circumstances, which sometimes happen in the political system, he was found in one of the seats of the House of Representatives of the United States. For which of his “eccentricities” it was that he was thus distinguished by his constituents, or for what peculiar talent it was that he was selected to represent their interests in the National Legislature, we have never been informed. It would hardly be worth the while, perhaps, to inquire—since such an inquiry might lead to an examination of the reasons why some scores of other gentlemen have been made subjects of like distinction and notoriety. Col. Crockett, we believe, to be a very honest well-intentioned gentleman,

and, thus far, superior as a legislator, to some of his cotemporaries, who exercise a greater influence in Congress; and we have no doubt that he is a very amusing companion, in societies where the backwoods vernacular, and the anecdotes of the uncultivated son of nature, are more sought for, and better relished, than the refined conversation of the scholar, and the instructive communion of the intelligent and sober. Doubtless, the anecdotes related of Col. Crockett, and the oddness of his thoughts and expressions, *as they fall from his lips*, may not only make the multitude laugh, but extort a smile from the cast-iron countenance of the profoundest gravity; but *to read them in a volume*, is but "lenten entertainment." The wit, if there were any originally in his sayings, evaporates in their passage through the press, and leaves little or nothing for the reader, but what reminds him of the atmosphere of a bar-room, on the morning succeeding a *feast* of whisky and cigars. The writer of these "Sketches" has, creditably to himself, withheld his name, and, in that respect, we cannot but think he was more careful of his own reputation than he has been of that of his *illustrious* subject, or that of the multitude of counsellors of which that subject is so useful and ornamental a member.

Selections from the Writings of Mrs. Sarah Hall, Author of Conversations on the Bible; with a Memoir of her Life.

This little volume will doubtless be interesting to the friends and acquaintances of the lady, whose merits are commemorated in it. Beyond that circle, few will be found to respond to the ardent praises of those who knew and loved her, in her life-time. That she was a woman of strong sense and a somewhat cultivated mind, with much taste, and a most upright moral judgement, is abundantly obvious. That she was a woman of genius, in any high sense of that term, will be asserted only by those, whose discernment is led astray by the partiality of personal friendship. She fulfilled with religious fidelity all the duties of life—as a daughter, wife and mother—and that "is woman's highest praise." Her literary attainments were acquired by snatching from her daily occupations an occasional leisure hour—such as will occur in the busiest life of man or woman—and devoting it to reading. In this respect, her conduct affords a useful moral, which many ladies might listen to with profit. There is one point, however, which is in no respect to be commended, either to man or woman—*her late hours*. We are told that she sat up till 12, and sometimes 2 o'clock, engaged in her literary pursuits. In most cases, this is a *slow suicide*, and ought to be spoken of in the same terms as are now applied to the use of alcohol.

The selections from Mrs. Hall's writings are preceded by a brief memoir of her life. This is drawn up with no great skill in arrangement, or felicity of expression. The reflections are for the most part exceedingly trite, and never show much depth of insight into the human mind. As to the sketching of character, there is scarcely an attempt. But the narrative is rather agreeable, none the less so, perhaps, for the overweening fondness exhibited by the author for his subject, and the exaggerated estimate he appears to have formed of her real abilities. Mrs. Hall's own writings are full of good sentiments, expressed in an

easy and natural style. They are sentiments such as would be expressed by any reflecting and well-educated woman, who should attempt to throw her ideas into the form of essays. As to their containing any traits of brilliant genius or deep and original thinking—they do no such thing. The first two pieces—on Female Influence, and on Female Education, contain many judicious observations, and are marked by the characteristics of true feminine refinement and taste. The letter on baptism we do not profess to judge, inasmuch as the subject is beyond our ken.

As to the poetry—it is precisely of that sort which is not allowed by “Gods, Men, or the Columns”—*mediocre*. Every man and woman who has come to years of discretion has written just as good—nay, we have ourselves, in our rhyming days, bedevilled several landscapes, waterfalls, and the like, into rhyme, and so has every one of our acquaintance—and so has every body; but we do hope they will not appear among our posthumous works.

But to return to the prose—which, after all, is the wholesome, everyday fare in literature—we close our remarks with the following excellent passage on duelling.

If it was ever the privilege of woman to be distinguished by a virtuous opposition to immorality, it is now, more than at any former time, their duty to give their utmost aid to the suppression of duelling. They have now emerged from the seclusion of a domestic life, and in every part of Christendom are taking an active part in societies for the promotion of benevolence and religion—of that religion which requires the suppression of all vindictive passion, and forbids a man to take the life of his fellow man. Let me ask then—does your practice correspond with your professions? Does that Bible, which you are straining every nerve to circulate, declare that the Supreme Lawgiver will not commute with the murderer—has He said, “Thou shalt take no satisfaction for the life of a murderer, he shall surely be put to death?”—and do you encourage or even palliate duelling? I know you will repel the charge and proclaim your innocence. But do you seize every opportunity of bearing your testimony against it? Do you not approve by your silence?—Do you not rather even accede to the impious proposition that there may be cases where men are compelled to fight? Be not imposed on—such a case can never occur! Yield not your principle to the infidel who tells you what is intrinsically wrong, can by any possible conjuncture of circumstances be made right. Let not your understanding be imposed on by the fallacious argument that injured honour is *satisfied* by the exposure of life! A more absurd position never insulted common sense! No man ever incurred the guilt of destroying human life, without being an object of horror to all the upright part of mankind;—nor, if he be not lost to every virtuous feeling—without being haunted by the spectre of his crime during all the remainder of his miserable days. Then they will tell you that the pistol alone will awe men into good-manners,—a precious confession truly in the nineteenth century! In this enlightened age when all the arts that cheer and polish social life are cultivated—when that religion which breathes only peace and good-will to men is leading barbarism in triumph! Gentlemen—for the vulgar are not duellists—seem not to reflect upon the disgrace implied in this declaration. Very few men are so audacious as to vindicate this violation of all that is wise and good, in the abstract. Their better sense is ever throwing in the salvo—“I am no advocate for duelling—it is only to be resorted to in extreme cases;” and women are sometimes weak enough to accede. Why, this is all they ask—the headlong passions of men, or their treacherous friends, can always make the extreme case their own. Again, they cannot brook the contempt of the world—the man who refuses a challenge is despised! By whom is he despised? By those whose esteem ought almost to be spurned! Show us the man who has refused a challenge on religious principles—and we will show him one whose *honor* is exalted by the forbearance. But says the disputant—“I am not a religious man, and therefore I could not avail myself of that apology.” We shall not wait to tell him what he *ought* to be, but will argue with him on the measure he has meted out to himself. In our

Christian land no man chooses to be termed *irreligious*. Every man professes his respect for religion—of course he must be supposed to possess some degree of religious principle himself. Does it then require any extraordinary share of piety to enable a man to refuse to break a known command? But let us admit the worst—let the man who refuses to fight, encounter the contempt of the world—such a world as it is! He will be a martyr in a noble cause, and he will assuredly “have his reward.”

Although we thus call upon women to use all the efforts in their power—we are very far from believing that they alone have the power to abolish duelling. Women are proverbially timid, their horror at the shedding of blood is therefore ascribed more generally to the tenderness of their natures, than to just principles.

Men are indeed awed by public opinion, but it must be the opinion of the whole community: it must be universal before it will have strength sufficient to restrain the bad passions of violent spirits. While human nature continues to be what it now is, and what it ever has been, men will always be found ready to vindicate the relentless wretch who outrages the first principle of the civil compact, whilst he contemns the laws of the Supreme Ruler. The strong arm of power then, we repeat it, is the only barrier against the fell destroyer. If women do indeed possess any influence on the hearts of men—let them listen to our demand for that protection, which they vaunt as their high prerogative. We ask them to protect our domestic peace the dearest of our possessions! And, is it not time that those to whom we have committed that peace, should consider their responsibility? *Affairs of honor* are not now done in secret—they are proclaimed on the house top! With unblushing audacity the *intention* is made the subject of public discussion—and this not only in the case of rash and headlong youth,—our very senators do not disdain to run the gauntlet of all the newspapers of the day, and become the very scorn of the vulgar! Shame, shame! on the barbarism of our boasted land!

Travels in America, by George Fibbleton, Esq. Ex-Barber to His Majesty, the King of Great Britain.

The exaggerated and partial statements of British travelers in the United States are a fair subject of satirical retort. This book is an attempt to burlesque the publications of some of the late tourists with whose company we have been favored. We know not who is the author; but we must say he has failed. Considering the capabilities of the subject, it is a matter of surprise that it has not drawn out more wit, more amusing description, and more pointed ridicule. We read the book through without enjoying a single good hearty laugh, though predisposed to do it with all our might. Mr. Fibbleton purports to be an Ex-Barber to his Majesty, who has lost the royal countenance, by proposing some reform in the art of shaving. In his disgust at the institutions of the old world, he determines to better his fortune and “butter his bread” in the new. To this end, he embarks for New-York, where he is received with open arms, in the fashionable circles. He there runs a distinguished career, until, in a hapless moment, while on his knees before a rich old maid, whose favor he has won by a plentiful besprinkling of *soft soap*, he lets out his secret, and is, of course, rejected with infinite horror. Being now turned out of good society, he betakes himself to his ancient and respectable profession, but meets with little success. After devising various expedients to replenish his now exhausted pockets, he resolves on suicide, but is rescued by the impertinent interference of a republican sailor. This, of course, gave him a deeper disgust with the institutions of the country, and might have led him to some deed of desperate daring, had he not been rescued from impending destruction by the open heart and open purse of an Irishman, fresh from the Emerald Isle. After this happy

improvement in his circumstances, he goes forth to see the country, and collect the materials, like his predecessors, to make a book. For this purpose, he travels to Albany, visits the Springs, takes by mistake the road to Pittsfield, meets Major Downing, by whom he is enlightened on American politics, returns to New York, and finally embarks for England, heartily sick of his former radicalism, and cured of every republican longing.

A plan like this opens a wide field for humor, to a man of the right kind of talent. The author of this book has missed his aim. His style is too loose and low; he tends constantly to vulgar jokes and indecent ribaldry: his notions of true wit are borrowed from any thing, rather than the keen, and polished, and flashing instrument, wielded by the great satirists of our literature—by Pope, Addison, Byron—by Paulding and Washington Irving. There is doubtless much in the fashionable society of New-York, as well as in other great cities, that deserves the sharpest scourging of the lash of ridicule—but no good will come to it from such coarse caricaturing as this volume contains. The dandies are bad enough—God knows; if indeed such insignificant things come under his notice at all—but genuine ridicule alone, such as is *felt* to be true, and is known to be genteel, can touch the feelings—or the place where feelings usually are—of this almost incorrigible race. There are a few good hits scattered along the pages of this book, but *apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. We have, as we said, read it through; but with pretty much the same lugubrious melancholy as we read, a year or two since, that incomparable collection of sorrows—the Comic Annual.

The Book of Commerce, by Sea and Land, exhibiting its Connection with Agriculture, the Arts, and Manufactures. To which are added a History of Commerce, and a Chronological Table, for the Use of Schools. Illustrated by a Map, and numerous Engravings.

The Child's Book of the Atmosphere.

The Book of Sports, by Robin Carver.

We can add nothing to the titles of these books, but to say, that the first named is published by Allen & Ticknor, and the others by Lilly, Wait, & Co. They are intended for children, and will doubtless be found adapted to their capacities. But of this we make no direct affirmation—not disposed to speak unadvisedly on the merits of what we have not read, beyond the titles.

POLITICS AND STATISTICS.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Annual Visit to the State Prison. On Thursday, the 17th of October, His Excellency Gov. Lincoln, Lieut. Gov. Armstrong, and the Executive Council, with the Secretary of the Commonwealth made their annual visit to the State Prison. Reports relating to the general state of the Prison, health and moral condition of the convicts, were presented by the Board of Inspectors, the Warden, Physician, and Chaplain of the Institution, and were read to the Council by the Governor. The favorable character of the reports, and the general prosperity of the Prison, called forth some interesting and highly gratifying remarks from the Governor, in which he spoke of the difficulties which had been met and overcome in producing that moral reformation in the general concerns of this establishment, which, from its condition, was so much needed, and from which such favorable results had followed. He alluded to the valuable services which had been rendered by a distinguished individual, (Rev. Louis Dwight,) in bringing about the reform, and considered the state under peculiar obligation to that gentleman for his unwearied perseverance in the cause of prison reformation.

After visiting and inspecting the work-shops, Prison, and Hospital, His Excellency and the other visitors repaired to the Chapel, where the convicts were addressed by the Governor in a series of very interesting remarks, occupying nearly an hour in their delivery. He spoke of the object of their visit, which was to make a personal examination into the conduct of the officers of the prison, and also of the treatment which they received from those placed over them. He spoke of the official relations in which he had, for so long a period, stood to the institution, which, he remarked, would soon terminate, and that he probably was addressing them for the last time. In alluding to the reports received from the Inspectors, Warden, Physician, and Chaplain, of the favorable statements, of the general order, obedience, and industry which had prevailed in the insti-

tution, he spoke of the interest which he had constantly felt for the moral improvement and prosperity of the establishment, and the gratification his visit, on this occasion, afforded to himself and his associates in the executive branch of the government. His Excellency then called to their minds the causes which led to their confinement, and consequent privation of the enjoyments of the social relations of society; requested them to reflect with seriousness upon the manner in which they had spent their time previous to their commitment, and urged them to make a wise use of the privileges with which they were favored, for a moral and religious improvement. He reminded them of the kind treatment they received from those placed over them, and that they were not subject to that severity which was practised in many similar institutions.

On the subject of pardons, his Excellency remarked, that those only who had become thoroughly reformed from their vicious propensities, could expect or would receive such a favor; and those who were in confinement under a sentence for life, for having been three times committed to this prison, he observed, had no claims upon the Executive for mercy. They had been discharged again and again; and had as often committed crime, knowing full well the consequences that inevitably would result from a recommitment to this prison. By their bad example they had forfeited all their rights, and they must, as men capable of knowing right and wrong, be fully sensible that they deserved no other favor than such treatment in prison as its laws and humanity dictated. He remarked, however, that he would not have even such *despair*, but they must not expect a remission of their sentences, until, by a long course of imprisonment, and by sincere repentance and a thorough reformation, they had, in some measure, atoned for their misdeeds, and rendered themselves suitable objects of executive clemency.

His Excellency closed his remarks, (of which the above is a very imperfect sketch,) by expressing his fervent hope

and prayer, that those now in confinement would justly estimate the great moral privileges with which they were favored in this institution; and would make such improvement under them as not only to be prepared to enjoy the society of their families and friends in this world, should they be permitted to leave this place, but by unfeigned penitence and contrition of heart, be fitted at last for the enjoyment of that habitation where they may forever live in the presence of a pure and holy God.

Convicts. Whole number in the prison, October 1st, 1832, two hundred and twenty-seven; received since, one hundred and nineteen. There have been ninety discharged, and six have died during the year, leaving, as the present number in the prison, two hundred and fifty.

Of the financial concerns of the institution, we understand that they are even more favorable than they were the previous year. The income of that year exceeded the expenditures by three or four thousand dollars. [Bunker-Hill Aurora.]

NEW-JERSEY.

Expenses of the Government. The Newark Daily Advertiser says the usual appropriation bill was passed at the late session of the legislature; giving to the Governor, for the current year, a salary of \$2,000; the Chief Justice \$1,200; the two Associate Justices, each \$1,100; the State Treasurer \$1000; the Law Reporter and Chancery Reporter, each \$200; the Attorney-General \$80; the Quarter-Master General \$100; the Adjutant-General \$100; the Vice-President of Council, and the Speaker of the House are each allowed \$350; and the members of either House \$3 a day during the sitting of the Legislature, and \$3 for every twenty miles travel in going to and returning from the seat of government. The Clerks of the two Houses are also each allowed \$3 a day, 8 cents for writing every 100 words in the records, and for copies to the printers. The Sergeant-at-Arms and the Door Keepers, are each allowed \$2 a day. It is proper to add that the Governor receives, being ex-officio Chancellor, fees for his Chancery duties, and that there are perquisites, though considerable in amount, attached to the duties of the Justices of the Supreme Court. The Attorney-General also receives fees in all cases of criminal conviction. The legislature, at the late session, authorized the Governor to borrow ten thousand dollars, at 5 per cent. on the

faith of the state, for the purposes of the Commissioners in building the new Penitentiary.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Mason and Dixon's Line. Mason and Dixon's Line is so called from the names—Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon—of the two gentlemen who were appointed to run the unfinished lines, in 1761, between Pennsylvania and Maryland, on the territories subjected to the heirs of the heirs of Penn and Lord Baltimore. A temporary line had been run, in 1739, but had not given satisfaction to the disputing parties, although it resulted from an agreement, in 1732, between themselves. A decree had been made, in 1685, by king James, delineating the boundaries between the lands given by the charter to the first Lord Baltimore, and those adjudged to his majesty, (afterwards to William Penn,) which divided the tract of land between Delaware bay and the Eastern sea on one side, and the Chesapeake bay on the other, by a line equally intersecting it, drawn from Cape Henlopen to the 40th degree of north latitude. A decree in Chancery rendered the King's decree imperative. But the situation of Henlopen became long a subject of serious, protracted, and expensive litigation—particularly after the death of Penn, in 1718, and of Lord Baltimore, in 1714—till John, and Richard, and Thomas Penn, (who had become the proprietors of the American possessions of their father William,) and Cecilius, Lord Baltimore (grandson of Charles, and great grandson of Cecilius, the original patentee) entered into an agreement on the 10th of May, 1732. To this agreement a chart was appended, which ascertained the site of Cape Henlopen, and delineated a division by an east and west line running westward from that Cape to the exact middle of the peninsula; and from this middle point (between the bays of Chesapeake and Delaware) was to be drawn a line northward so as to form a tangent with the periphery of the semicircle drawn around Newcastle (agreeably to the deed of the Duke of York to William Penn;) and that this line should be continued northward still, till it reached the 40th degree of latitude, which would be fifteen English miles due south of Philadelphia. From this point, a west line was to be drawn across and twenty-five miles beyond the Susquehanna river, to the western limits of Pennsylvania—leaving the line not actually run, though virtually drawn, to be the boundary be-

tween Maryland and this state. This was precisely one century after the original charter to the first proprietor of Maryland—and was certainly favorable to the heirs of Penn., in consequence, not merely of the decree of James, appointing the 40th degree of latitude as the boundary of Pennsylvania, but from their own calmness and circumspection; for the grant of Maryland to the Baltimore family, may seem to sanction their possession of territory to the 41st degree. Be that as it may, the necessity of an agreement was urgent from the circumstance of the British government being in treaty with the proprietary of Pennsylvania for the purchase of their rights. This impelled Lord Baltimore to the arrangement of 1732; which he endeavored to invalidate as soon as the emergency was overcome. Chancery suits, kingly decrees, and proprietary arrangements, followed,—which eventually produced the appointment of commissioners to run the ‘temporary line.’ This was effected in 1739. But the case in chancery being decided in 1750, new commissioners were appointed who were to ascertain the semi-circle described from the centre of New-Castle with a radius of twelve miles. Objections originating about this centre and the periphery, throw the case again into chancery, to have a recognition of horizontal admeasurement, and of statute miles—which (with other circumstances) compelled another agreement in 1760; and this effectually terminated such protracted and vexatious altercations. This agreement was enrolled in the English Court of Chancery, and enforced as above mentioned in 1761. The chart and surveys of the former (not of the latter) agreement are among the public records of our commonwealth. [American Sentinel.]

GEORGIA.

The following is an extract from the Message of Governor Lumpkin to the Legislature of the state of Georgia, now in session, and comprises all that is said in the Message having a bearing on the relations between the General and State Governments. Commencing with a glowing picture of the health, prosperity, and resources of Georgia, and a grateful acknowledgement to the great Author and Disposer of the destinies of men and of nations, for such inestimable blessings, the Message proceeds thus:

“In the midst of all these multiplied blessings, it is truly mortifying to witness the restless spirit of agitation and

political excitement, which has been engendered and vigorously kept up amongst the people, calculated, if not intended, to alienate their affections from their own beloved political institutions. That the value of our Federal Union should have become a familiar subject of calculation, is truly alarming, and argues little for the patriotism of those who encourage discussion upon such a subject. Who could have believed, ten years ago, that, at this early day, we should have witnessed speculative discussions upon such a theme; or that it could have become the leading topic of a *certain class* of politicians? The Union of the states, *one and indivisible*, is no longer the *motto* of every American citizen! These “signs of the times” speak volumes of admonition to every lover of constitutional liberty, and should fire the bosom and nerve the arm of patriotism in the cause of the Union. Notwithstanding these threatening evils, it is gratifying to see that our admirable system of free government, based upon the will and affections of the people, continues to unfold the appropriate ability contained in its structure, to withstand the assaults of foreign and domestic foes. The enemies of our government, whether open or insidious—under whatever specious form or pretext—appear to be doomed to discomfiture, whenever they attempt to alienate the affections of the people from that government, which is, emphatically, the offspring and nursing of their own effort and care. The people may alter and change, as to them may seem fit; but that they would destroy that mighty governmental fabric, reared by the toils and cemented by the blood of their fathers—merely for the aggrandizement of selfish demagogues and strife-stirring politicians, is *not to be expected*. The spirit that guided our Washington has hitherto pervaded and saved our country. The champions of civil and religious liberty, of popular rights and constitutional government, have thus far succeeded and triumphed over all opposition. Therefore, we should not be dismayed at the symptoms of yielding integrity and treasonable ambition, which have been engaged in estimating the value, and threatening the dissolution of our Federal Union. I am willing to charge the errors of all such, rather to selfish delusion, than traitorous design; and will, therefore, hope that the clouds which at present overshadow our political horizon, may quietly pass away, before they gather into a ruinous tempest.

But it has been truly said, "that the condition on which God granted liberty to man, is perpetual vigilance." We, therefore, fellow-citizens, as the sentinels of the people, should exercise the most unceasing vigilance, and suffer not ourselves to be led astray "by every wind of doctrine." Let us follow in the footsteps, and adhere to the doctrines, of Washington, Jefferson, and Madison, and so far as the influence and example of Georgia will extend, our Republic will be safe."

Internal Improvements. An epitome of a report recently submitted to a public meeting in Georgia, on the success of the schemes of Internal Improvement projected in Virginia, North and South-Carolina, and Georgia, presents the following facts:—The Eatonton and Athens roads in Georgia, are links in a grand scheme to intersect the other three states. The Charleston road will be extended to Columbia, without delay; northwardly, the opening of the Petersburg rail-road, and the commencement of a rail-road "from Norfolk to Fayetteville," will end, in a union of successive rail-roads, until Georgia shall be connected directly with Virginia, the capital, and the Northern states. On the south, the same road is to be extended to Columbus and Montgomery, carrying, it is expected, considerable travel and trade to the Atlantic shore, which has heretofore gone to Apalachicola Bay. The extension of these roads to Tennessee is an important feature of the plan. In stating these views, an account is given of the peculiar geographical position of that country, which is worth transcribing. Parts of four states form an immense valley, with no outlet for commerce available to much extent. North-Alabama, East-Tennessee, the western part of North-Carolina, and the Cherokee Counties of Georgia, form, together, a body of land of about twenty-four thousand square miles, surrounded by mountains, lying almost entirely within three hundred and fifty miles of Savannah and Charleston, and with literally no means of reaching a market, but through the Tennessee river, a long and winding navigation, of which the difficulty is greatly increased by the obstructions of the Muscle Shoals.

The average distance from the Ohio and from the Atlantic is nearly the same. The advantage in favor of the latter market is, therefore, greater, other circumstances being equal, to the amount of the whole expense in time, labor and cost, of reaching an Atlantic market

from the Ohio. Calculations are made to show that by carrying these roads into that country, the distance from Knoxville to New-York will be diminished from three thousand to eleven hundred miles of travel, and the time from thirty-five or forty, to about ten days. One third of the line of road is already made.

OHIO.

Cincinnati Schools. A report of the Board of Trustees of Common Schools in the city of Cincinnati, made to the Councils, is published in the Gazette of that city. About eight thousand dollars have been expended during the year, for tuition, and there is a balance on hand of six thousand five hundred dollars. Nearly three thousand dollars have been expended in buildings, and there are nearly eight thousand dollars of a building fund on hand. The City Council have taken measures to raise by loan the further sum of fifty thousand dollars, authorized by the legislature in aid of Common Schools. The report furnishes no details of the number of schools or scholars, nor the method of instruction.

TENNESSEE.

Circuit Court. In the Circuit Court of the United States, for the Eastern district of Tennessee, Benjamin Baily, a white, was indicted for the murder of another white man, in the Cherokee county in that state. On a plea of the jurisdiction of the Court, the question of the constitutionality of an act of Congress, passed on the 3d of March, 1817, came into discussion. This act provides, that any Indian, or other person, who shall, within the United States, and within any territory belonging to the Indians, commit any offence, which if committed in any district under the exclusive jurisdiction of the United States, would be punishable by their laws, shall suffer the same punishment, as is provided by those laws for the same offences, if committed in any place or district under the sole and exclusive jurisdiction of the United States. It was maintained on the part of the prosecution, that this act gives jurisdiction to the United States Courts of all crimes or misdemeanors, committed on Indian territory, within the limits of a state. The plea was sustained, and the prisoner discharged from the custody of the Marshal, by Mr. Justice McLean, upon the ground, that Congress has no constitutional power to enact a law for the exercise of general

jurisdiction over any Indian territory whatever, within the limits of a state, except in regard to such offences as relate to commercial intercourse with the Indians, as distinct communities; such jurisdiction can be only exercised in the territories of the United States, or in places within the states, whereof the jurisdiction has been specially ceded.

ALABAMA.

During the last two months, considerable difficulty has taken place in Alabama, in consequence of steps taken by the General Government, to remove intruders or squatters from the Indian lands in that state. One of the first steps taken, resulted in the death of a person named Owens. He had, it is stated in the Charleston, S. C. Courier, dispossessed one man of his house and land, and a young girl of a valuable farm, robbed the Indian graves for articles which he subsequently offered for sale, and committed other illegal acts. For these, the United States Marshal ordered him to leave the Indian County, but he refused, and when force was used to expel him, he attempted to blow up the Marshal and his party with gunpowder, during which attempt he was shot.

The state had previously laid out the whole Creek nation into Counties, and ordered the Judges of the Circuit Courts to hold terms in them as in other Counties. At the next term of the Court for Russel County, after the death of Owens, a bill of indictment was found against certain soldiers of Fort Mitchel, "for the murder of Col. Hardeman Owens," and subpoenas were issued for the file men and for Major McIntosh, the Commander of the Fort. The Major refused to pay any regard to the mandate of the Court, and would not suffer his men to be arrested. An attachment was then issued, which Major McIntosh would not allow to be served,

and the Sheriff made oath that he could not take the men or the officer, for fear of death. Upon this, the Court sent express to the Governor of the state, for military power sufficient to enforce the doings of the Court. A correspondence then ensued between the Governor, Gayle, and the proper officers of the General Government, in which he stated his views of the jurisdiction, contending that it rested with the state government, and not with the United States. The Secretary of War, in reply, denies that any thing stated by the Governor goes to exempt the Indian lands in the state of Alabama, from the same measures that have heretofore always been taken by the United States in such cases, and cites similar cases as having occurred under former administrations. The Secretary of War concludes the correspondence with stating that the troops of the United States have been directed to remove all intruders from the public lands. "They are instructed to do this with as much moderation as possible. Time has been given by the Marshal till the 15th January next, for the peaceable inhabitants to remove."

Since this correspondence the general government has sent Francis S. Key, Esq. Attorney for the District of Columbia, to Alabama, with instructions to assist the United States Marshal, to have the troops submit to all legal process without resistance and without hesitation. But, in order to guard against all vexatious proceedings, to have the case, in every instance, brought immediately before a Judge of the United States, for his determination. Mr. Key is also instructed to aid the Attorney of the District, to examine the whole state of the affair, and especially to take care, that while the laws of the United States are enforced, the laws and the judicial authorities of Alabama should be duly respected.

DEATHS,

AND OBITUARY NOTICES OF PERSONS LATELY DECEASED.

In Thomaston, Me. on the 25th of October, Hon. DANIEL ROSE, aged 62. Dr. Rose graduated at Yale College, in 1791, and subsequently devoted himself for many years to the practice of medicine, in which profession he maintained a high rank. During the late war, he was called into the public service and was distinguished for his skill and the accuracy of his judgement in the Engineer Department. For several years he was a member of the Legislature of Massachusetts. After the separation he was a member of the Convention that framed the Constitution of Maine. Was appointed to the Board of Commissioners of Public Lands under the Articles of Separation, was three years successively elected to the Senate of Maine, and was one year President of that body. In 1824, he was appointed Warden of the State Prison, which office he held till 1828, when he was transferred to the Land Agency of the state, and continued in that situation, with the exception of a year, till his decease. To the discharge of the various public duties to which he was called, as well as to the duties of his profession, he brought the aid of a strong and discriminating mind and a sound judgement. It may be justly and emphatically said of him, that in whatever public situation he was placed, he was invariably found capable, faithful, and honest. In his private relations he was esteemed most by those who knew him best. The poor, especially, within the circle of his practice as a physician, will remember him with gratitude.

In Hartford, Con. Nov. 17, ELI TODD, M. D. Physician of the Retreat for the Insane in that city. In the death of this truly great and most excellent man, society has lost one of its brightest ornaments, the profession one of its most eminent and useful members, and the institution over which he presided a Superintendent and Physician of the highest order of intellect, combined with a benevolence of character and kindness of feeling rarely equaled. Long will that institution mourn the loss of this ardent friend and patron, and most fortunate will it be, if it finds a successor endowed with the same pre-eminent qualifications of mind and heart.

Dr. Todd was born in New-Haven, Con. about the year 1769. He graduated at Yale College in 1787—afterwards studied his profession with Dr. Ebenezer Beardsley, of that city, who had deservedly a high reputation in his profession. Dr. Todd settled in Farmington, Con. in very early life. He was early distinguished for his ingenuity and professional tact,—for his ardor in the pursuit of science, and his correct judgement in the practice of his profession. He soon became extensively known as a physician, and while yet a junior in his profession, was well appreciated by his older brethren, and at this early age he was able to recognize amongst his friends some of the most distinguished physicians of his native state. Of these, Dr. Lemuel Hopkins, Dr. Munson, and Dr. Daniel Sheldon stood pre-eminent.

Dr. Todd continued his residence in Farmington upwards of twenty years, when he left for New-York. Such was his popularity in Farmington, such the ardor of their friendship for him, and especially such was their confi-

dence in his medical character and skill, that they took immediate measures to induce him to return. They made him liberal offers, and manifested so much confidence and affection, that his generous feelings yielded to their entreaty, and his return among them was hailed with great joy.

He continued to reside in Farmington till the autumn of 1819, when he established himself in the city of Hartford, to which his fame and his practice had long before extended. He immediately went into full practice in that city, and very soon became the favorite counsellor of almost all the physicians of the city and neighboring towns. This removal improved his field of practice, and he immediately rose to the head of his profession, and was consulted more extensively than any other physician in the state.

In the spring of 1821 an unusual number of cases of insanity took place in Hartford and its vicinity. Dr. Todd was of course consulted in most of them. He saw, more clearly than ever before, the difficulty of managing such cases in the houses of their friends. His attention was led by this to the establishment of an Asylum for their comfort and restoration. It was a subject of delightful contemplation to his ardent and benevolent mind. He suggested the idea to some of his brethren, and it became the subject of conversation at their friendly visits. In the spring of 1822, Dr. Todd brought the subject before the Hartford County Medical Society, and gave it such an interest, that the Society instructed their Fellows to carry it before the Medical Convention of the state, which met in Hartford soon after.

Dr. Todd was one of the Fellows. The subject was presented to the Convention in so interesting a manner, as to produce a unanimity unequalled in that body, and they appointed a committee to report the next day on the expediency of immediately commencing this enterprise. Dr. Todd was chairman of this committee. Their report, which was ably drawn up, portrayed, in a brief and forcible manner, the wretched condition of this unfortunate class of fellow beings.

A committee was appointed to devise ways and means to establish an institution for the relief and cure of insanity. Dr. Todd was again the chairman of this committee, and in all their transactions was a most conspicuous actor,—his ardor kindled the energies of others, and it is not too much to say, that to him, more than to any other, is the state and country indebted, for the establishment of that excellent "Retreat."

When the Retreat for the Insane was nearly completed and ready to go into operation, the eyes of all its friends were turned towards Dr. Todd, as the Superintendent of the Medical Department. Long and perseveringly did he resist all their entreaties—he wholly declined taking charge of an institution, which he had so much agency in establishing. Here the delicacy of his feelings was strongly manifested—he would not bear, for a moment, the thought, that his zeal in this benevolent cause should, by any, be attributed to a selfish motive.

He was, however, unanimously appointed by the committee, whose duty it was to make the selection. His friends unitedly urged him to

take the responsible station—and he at last yielded to their solicitations. He commenced the duties of his new station on the first day of April, 1824. A new field was now opened for his ardent and ingenuous mind, as well as for the exercise of the best feelings of his heart.

For all the duties of this new station, his qualifications were of the highest order, as subsequent experience has fully exemplified. In the management of the insane, he was most fruitful in expedients, and exhaustless in resources. He rarely failed to calm the irritable, and to inspire hope and confidence in the timid and melancholic. He looked at the cause of disease as by intuition, and saw, more readily than any man I ever knew, the secret springs and movings of the minds of the insane.

He was no less capable of securing their confidence and affections. All the inmates of the house loved him as a parent; they would flock around him and bless him, solicit his attention and favor, and urge his return. In his intercourse with them, he was gentle, conciliatory, and full of kindness—at the same time, so dignified as to secure respect, and acquiescence in all his plans for their restoration.

Few institutions in the world, of this character, have been more successfully managed than the Retreat, while under the care of Dr. Todd. He took it in its infancy, without patients, and almost without resources, adopted a plan of management peculiarly his own, carried it into successful operation, raised it to the highest character, by the proportion of its cures and the comfort of its inmates, of any public institution in the world. In this, too, he has raised himself a name for genius and philanthropy, as imperishable as the cause of humanity itself; a name which few can aspire to, and fewer still can obtain.

Dr. Todd's devotion to the Retreat, did not prevent his doing much business abroad. As a counsellor, his reputation was deservedly high. His honorable feeling towards his brethren, no less than his interest and sympathy for the sick, endeared him to all his friends and all his patients. He was always popular with his medical brethren, and received the highest honor from their hands, which it was in their power to bestow. He was Vice-President and President of the Connecticut Medical Society, Vice-President and President of the Hopkins Medical Association, which last honor he held at his death.

Political honors were tendered him and urged upon him, but he uniformly refused them. Some years ago, he was urged to take charge of the Bloomingdale Asylum for the Insane, near New-York, and more recently, of the State Lunatic Asylum, in Worcester, Mass., all of which his attachment to his favorite Retreat induced him to decline. Till the moment of his death, the welfare and prosperity of that noble institution, was the subject of his constant solicitude. During the last three years, Dr. Todd has had distressing paroxysms of disease in which the heart participated largely. For the last year, the symptoms of fatal lesion of the vital organs of the chest, have been successively developed. Till late in the season, he devoted the summer to his health. As cold weather approached, he returned to his home. With the same unfavorable appreciation of his own symptoms, as he would have had in the case of another, he was fully confident that they must soon terminate

his existence. He waited that event, with Christian fortitude, and Christian resignation, and at last yielded his spirit into the hands of him who gave it, in humble confidence, through the mercy of the Saviour, of a full fruition of endless bliss hereafter.

Of the character of Doctor Todd, it is difficult to speak in other language than that of high panegyric; so much so, that a true delineation of it would be liable to be mistaken for the ebullition of a friendship, blinded to his faults by partial prejudice.

His mind was endowed with those peculiar traits, which, by way of eminence, have received the appellation of *genius*. In matters of science and literature, he was an enthusiast. In the investigation of any subject, he was thorough and patient—his impressions were strong, his perceptions clear. He was remarkable for lucid views, and rational deductions, and particularly for the ingenuity of his reasoning in the explanation of cause and effect. This has led some to suppose that he was visionary and hypothetical. But, if his mind delighted to range in the field of speculation, in the investigation of a subject, he had a happy talent of divesting himself of all his theories, and, when he acted on any occasion, he was a practical man in all respects. He never suffered his judgment to be warped by the visions of his fancy. He was truly a matter-of-fact man, and, in the practice of his profession, depended more on experience than on science; so much so, that it was a frequent observation of his, that medicine was rather an art, than a science.

Doctor Todd was not exclusively a physician; he was a philosopher and a scholar: fond of reading and of study, he was at home on most subjects of science; his mind was stored with facts and observations, so numerous, that it was like a rich mine, full of treasures, polished by the correction of a refined taste, ready, on the first opening, to excite admiration and interest.

In his manners, and his feelings, the contemplation of his character is no less interesting. His manners were highly refined, easy, graceful and prepossessing. Possessed of an unusual share of colloquial eloquence, flowing from the rich stores of his cultivated mind, and benevolent heart, he would be listened to with delight and instruction at all times, and on all occasions.

Dr. Todd was a genuine philanthropist: his feelings were ardent, his benevolence knew no bounds. In the practice of his profession no pecuniary considerations ever influenced him in the discharge of its duties. The prevailing motive of his whole life seemed to be, to diminish the wants and sufferings of mankind, to extend their happiness and improve their characters. His charity and hospitality were proverbial, his integrity firm and unbending, his moral character was without a stain, and wholly above suspicion. He had a high sense of honor, was firm in his friendships, and, although most careful in all his conduct, ever ready to palliate and forgive the faults of others.

During his last illness, his Christian character shone pre-eminent in his patience under sufferings, his meekness and fortitude under severe trials, his kind feelings and sympathy to the distressed, and a humble reliance on the Christian's hope, for forgiveness and acceptance by his Father in heaven. [Worcester Spy.]

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